Sept. 4, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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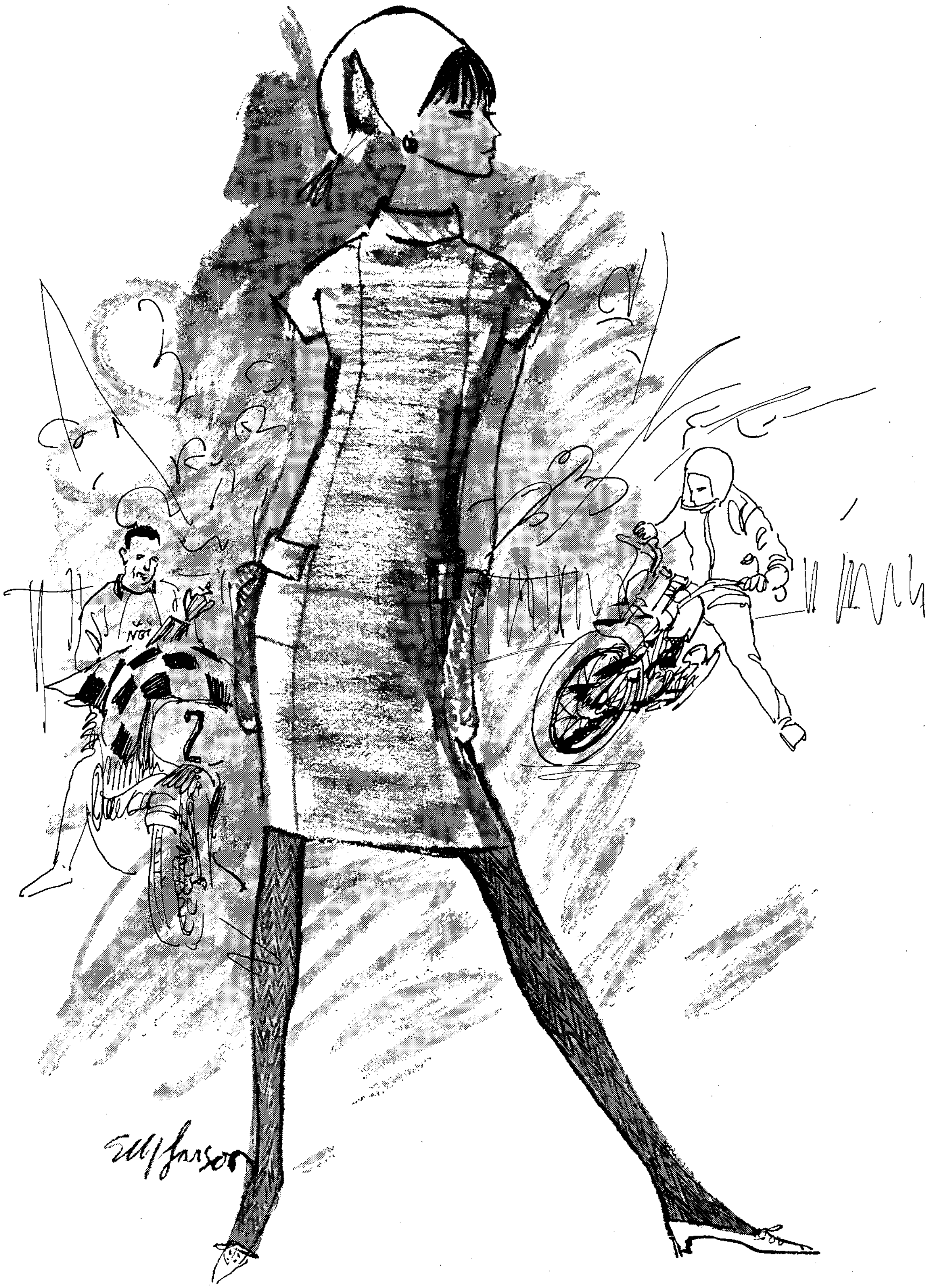

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 6. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—Farley Granger, Hal *Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in* Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **LUV:** Gabriel Dell, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A pedantic would-be author (Alan Alda) meets up with a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.). . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albert*son, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen.* (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock and Inga Swenson a girl who loves him. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the *music and lyrics, Onna White did the cho*reography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays, except Sept. 7, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—*A completely foolish attempt, with* incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Luther Adler in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.). . . **FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Varden. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 18.)

APA at the Phoenix—The final performances by an exhilarating repertory company. **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday, Sept. 2, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Friday, Sept. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2:30 and 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3, at 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard.". . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 4, at 3 and 8:40: "Iolanthe.". . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 5, at 3 and 7:30: "Ruddigore.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 7-8, at 8:40: "Iolanthe.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 9-10, at 8:40: "Ruddigore.". . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 3 and 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. With Will Holt, Micki Grant, and Lee Beery. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable *all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers.* "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays, except Labor Day, through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justify the title are the *unwilling tenants* of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most *sentimental* work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—A three-week return en-

Page
BOOKS 107
THE CURRENT CINEMA 86
LETTER FROM PARIS 88
THE RACE TRACK 97

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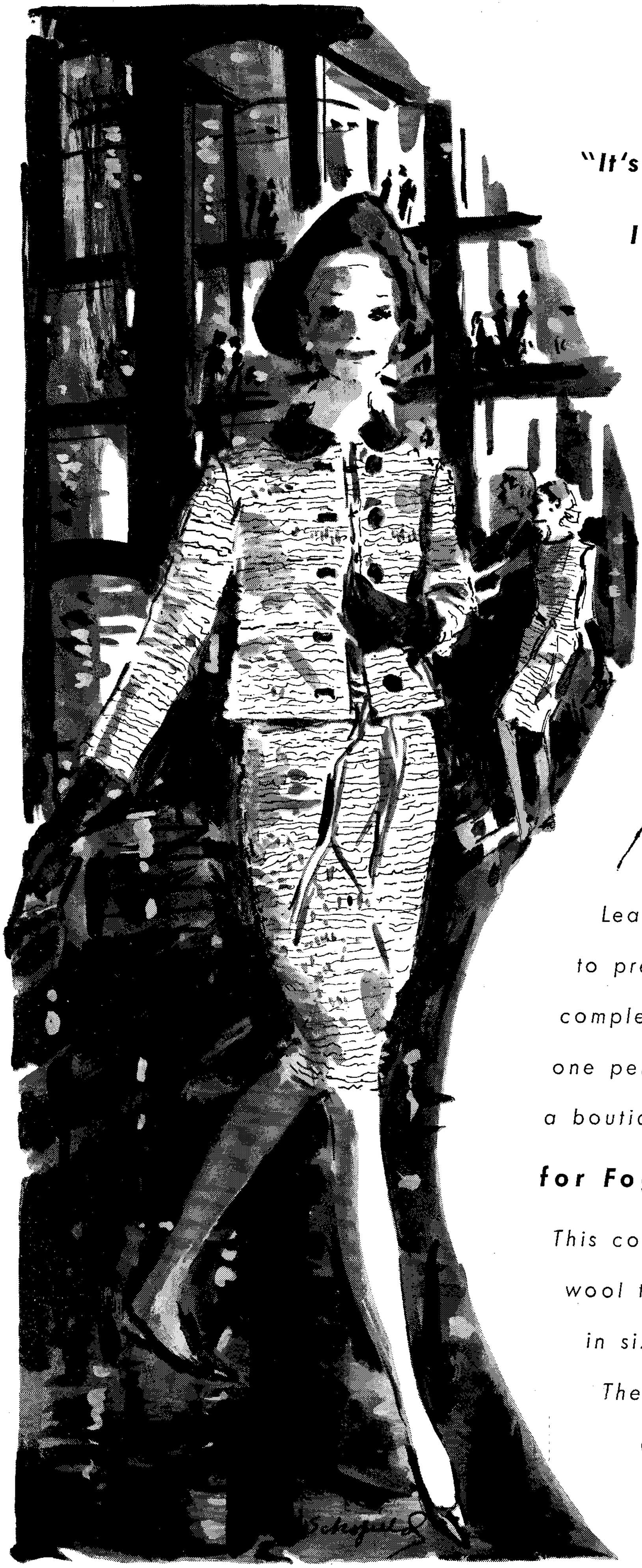
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 29, September 4, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York. N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gagement of Euripides' tragedy, translated by Edith Hamilton and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. Opens Friday, Sept. 3. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 7 and 10.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last in a series of free performances. Thursday, Sept. 2, at 8: The Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company, the First Chamber Dance Quartet, and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 4 (primarily for children): The Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company and Clover Roope and Christopher Lyall. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4, at 8: Jean Léon Destiné, Lone Isaksen and Helgi Tomasson, and Murray Louis and his company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St.)

Robert Joffrey Ballet—A series of five free performances. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 8-12, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Sjoukje Dijkstra, appearing here for the first time. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30; special matinée Labor Day at 1:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 26.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—On Thursday, Sept. 9, the Royal Box comes to life again to accommodate Rosemary Clooney, who can do a lyric more justice than it is generally granted. She will be on hand at dinner and supper, and so will the conversation of Dave Astor, a peremptory jack-in-the-box. The dance music comes mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which knows what it is doing. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Wednesday, Sept. 8, is the time to put aside childish things (like surf music and the Cannonball Express) and get back to Things That Really Matter. Freddy Jagels' orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latinos will be on the receiving line for the reopening. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Bands big enough to relieve the drabness of our dance music with a little Technicolor are the rule aboard this ample and grandiose steam packet. A band with the Jimmy Dorsey book of orchestrations is there now, and on Tuesday, Sept. 7, it will be replaced by the crew that owns the Glenn Miller book. The sound runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jackie Vernon, a man-in-the-streets who has somehow escaped the attention of Inquiring Photographers, is getting to be a pretty funny fellow. He departs on Saturday, Sept. 4, from the Persian Room, where he inarticulates at ten on Thursday and at nine-fifteen and midnight on Friday and Saturday. The enterprise resumes its activities on Wednesday, Sept. 8, when Jane Morgan, brimming with sweetness and light, starts singing at dinner and supper. Mark Monte's cheery crickets will remain on the bandstand, but Milt Shaw's orchestra will be replaced by Bert Farber's. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Beside a fountain lit up like a World's Fair, a casual orchestra murmurs from nine to two every night but Sunday, and the English Grill stands ready to nourish all participating athletes.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Tall enough to play Gulliver to the millions of Lilliputians—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This particular set of Alps turns a handsome pink at sundown and stays that way until well past bedtime. Charles Turecamo's band and Quintero's ensemble, both of which stick to the real New York beat, ply their merry trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Summer camp for grown-ups, offering not only out-of-doors prancing (from seven-thirty until after the theatre every night but Monday) but the opportunity to be back in town in two minutes. The music comes from a good Latin band and a hello-folks set of Northerners. Whenever another leak is discovered in the Park, everyone just moves indoors until the rain stops.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh, a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about non-stop until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Friday through Monday, Sept. 3-6. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Tenors (especially an ambient soul named Franco Pagani) and sopranos willing to sing for their supper in both Florentine and English keep showing up and being put to useful work. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The old feudal system had a lot to do with the local architecture, which serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the lifelong musician of this court. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): One more medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, a decorators' delight, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays or Labor Day. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Isle of Jamaica is pleasantly represented by this little consulate, which has a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts at rest and at play. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano.

NEW MAKE-UP FOR MODERNS Out of the cloud and into the clear comes this strong and beautiful look, designed by Estée Lauder to ride the new wave of linear shapes and bold architectural fashions. What makes it click is a pale, luminous skin, smoky wide-open eyes and a mouth that's ripe as a berry. French Cream: new pale-for-all-complexions in sheer Translucent Foundation. Transparent Face Powder: colorless and clear as glass. Contour/Eyes: smoky shadow-stick that re-defines the eyes. Lipstick-In-The-Round: a little pot of melty color in brilliant new shades.

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Seven-thirty until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Friday, Sept. 10, is when this gilded bird cage will again be unlocked. As of old, George Feyer will be doing his Tinker Toy piano, from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): On Tuesday, Sept. 7, Rita Dimitri will reopen her town house, and she will sing (her style is Naughty Marietta to the life) at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Tuesday, Sept. 7, will also restore this neat and comforting little old Budapest to the roster. Once more, Béla Babai's musicians will do dance music; once more, the zimbalon will flourish; once more, violins will sob and sopranos declaim. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Wednesday, Sept. 8, is revival day here, where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Wednesday, Sept. 8, will likewise witness the resumption of life on this corner of the Via Veneto, perambulating musicians and all. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's dreamy, mystic little old Egypt, all right, but scarcely the one invented by Thos. Cook & Son. From seven to ten during the week, music to shivaree to is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until three or four. Sundays, when curfew arrives at one, the music is entirely needlepoint. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **THE GARRISON,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): This part of El Morocco, in which the sole musician is a machine with a staggering memory for up tunes, recommences on Wednesday, Sept. 8, and will thereafter skip only Sunday nights. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile private enclosure that is now in the public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Sundays and Mondays. Supper is entirely possible; dinner is not. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey is astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Profusion reigns (and pulchritude, too) when the young women of this temple of the arts flow onstage for their arcane eurythmic intertwinings. Lynda Gloria, a learned Folies-Bergère soubrette, is the most skillful member of this segment of the entertainment. There are other considerations, such as Johnnie Ray, who sings with all those tears in his eyes, and Johnny Puleo, who majors in the harmonica. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jerry Vale, who is having a wonderful and mellifluous time with a raft of songs that levy no punitive tax (oh, say five per cent) on the intellect, departs on Wednesday, Sept. 8, to make room for Joe E. Lewis, that celebrated and esteemed rolling stone. With him will arrive a new corps de ballet. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a sort of Beatle babble commences on the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. Erskine Hawkins' quartet is the prime mover.

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CABARETS

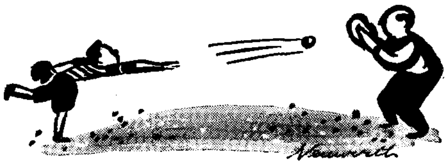
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The summer semester of this center of the performing arts ends on Saturday, Sept. 4, when the graduating class of honor students—Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer—sing their last song, prance their last prance in the very special divertissement invented by William Roy, their pianist and faculty adviser. Nine-thirty is beginning time. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the Rise and Shine of Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, who makes the most of the lifework of the great littérateur. She is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Some of the skits in the miniature revue called "The Game Is Up" (nine-thirty and midnight are the hours) are as ingenious amusement as the town affords; some are merely amateur. Ruth Buzzi is the leading lady; the rest of the cast is apt to be eager-beaver. On Thursday, Sept. 9, everyone moves one flight up to make room for the return, that very night, of Mabel Mercer, dean emerita of all singers about passion and compassion. Sam Hamilton will be her pianist. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Charles Lloyd quartet, taking out patents on one invention after another, makes the music. On Tuesday, Sept. 7, a new draft of performers checks in, among them the threesome of Mose Allison and the trio of Jim Hall. Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions; Mondays are assigned to Tony Scott and the recruits he rallies. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Getting the thoughts of Charlie Mingus down on paper, or down onto the bandstand, can mean losing something in the translation, but listening to the process has its rewards. The trio of Ahmad Jamal abdicates on Sunday, Sept. 5; the Mingus group keeps on through Wednesday, Sept. 8. The following evening Miriam Makeba (deep in the heart of a dazzling Africa) and Hugh Masekela's quartet return to town. Mondays are given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who seems to think he invented jazz. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to two every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its efforts to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in excellent health and spirits. At the moment, Mike Settle is making the grass of his native Oklahoma seem greener. Tuesdays are, as is the custom, allotted to visitors. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer are busy splitting infinitives, and even infinity. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Max Roach's quintet is taking issue with several standard convictions. Jorge Morel, an Iberian guitarist, broods now and then. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and tone poems, has settled himself and his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator, gets in many a good lick. Mondays, they all stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is one part rock and one part roll for the participants in its track meet, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the *rostrum*; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Wednesday, Sept. 8, starts the new season. Mr. Condon's confreres this time will be Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Dancing. Closed Sundays.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

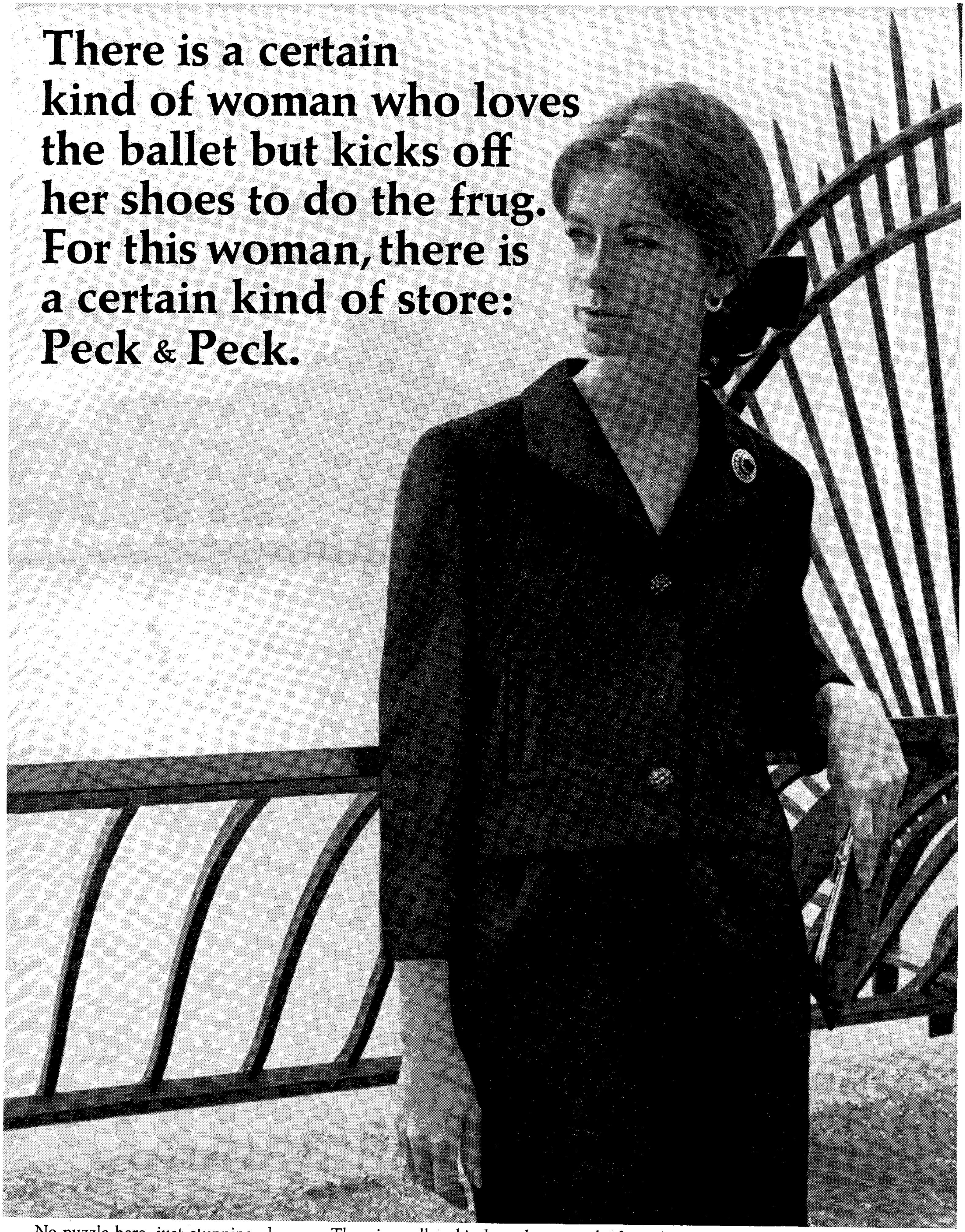
AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Friday, Sept. 3. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Friday, Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Labor Day.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon to dark, starting Friday, Sept. 3, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer



There is a certain kind of woman who loves the ballet but kicks off her shoes to do the frug. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

No puzzle here, just stunning elegance. The wing collared jacket takes a timely dip in back.
The skirt is straight and slim with a dirndl front.
All beautifully textured worsted wool in black. 8 to 16, 85.00.

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are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Engravings and drypoints by the young Japanese artist Masuo Ikeda; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Tuesday, Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Jewish ceremonial objects, jewelry, miniatures, paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Ilya Schor; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Daily, except Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra—Emerson Buckley conducting a performance of Donizetti's opera "L'Elisir d'Amore," in concert form and in English, with Mary Jennings, soprano; William Dembaugh, tenor; William Beck, baritone; and Herbert Beattie, bass. (Central Park Mall, Monday, Sept. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, Sept. 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Sept. 10, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 11, at 2:15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 3, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 4, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); and Sunday, Sept. 5, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 6-7, at 1 (doubleheaders). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 7.

Golf—Walker Cup Matches. (Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 3-4.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 4-6.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 9-12.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 11.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 4; the Aqueduct, Monday, Sept. 6; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 11. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

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Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Sept. 5, at 2, and Monday, Sept. 6, at noon.

Tennis—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Friday, Sept. 3, through Sunday, Sept. 12.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so daily from 9 to 4:45, and Thursday and Friday, Sept. 2-3, until 7:45.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a twelve-day series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 9: "Alphaville" (France, 1965). A benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 5-5990. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 6:30: "Knave of Hearts" (England, 1954; formerly called "Lovers, Happy Lovers!"). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 8, at 9:30: "Mickey One" (United States, 1965). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 6:30: "Raven's End" (Sweden, 1965). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 9, at 9:30: "The Shop on High Street" (Czechoslovakia, 1965). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 6:30: "Camille Without Camellias" (Italy, 1953). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 10, at 9:30: "Charulata" (India, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 3: "The Wedding March" (United States, 1928). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 6:30: "Black Peter" (Czechoslovakia, 1965). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 11, at 9:30: "Thomas the Impostor" (France, 1965).

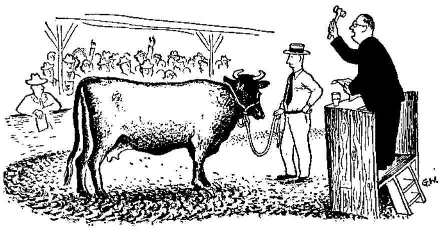
COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Sept. 12, Sept. 14-16, Sept. 28-29, and Oct. 1-3. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Sept. 17-19 and Sept. 21-26. . . . WORLD SERIES: *Starts Oct. 6, if there are no tie playoffs, in* the home park of the American League champion.

Dog Shows—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sept. 12.). . . ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Oct. 3.). . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 9.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 18: Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 25: Army vs. Virginia Military Institute, at West Point; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 2: Army vs. Boston College, at West Point; Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Lehigh vs. Cornell, at Bethlehem; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 9: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Shea Stadium; Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge; Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis; and Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick.



Professional Football—Jets vs. Kansas City. (Shea Stadium. Sept. 18.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I. Sept. 22-24.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfer's Association Stroke Championship. (Middle Bay Country Club, Oceanside, L.I. Oct. 4-6.)

Horse Show—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 16-19.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 18.). . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 6 and 9.)

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Oct. 4-30. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 13-Nov. 20.

Sports-Car Racing—At BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Sept. 18-19. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Oct. 3. . . . THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 9-10.

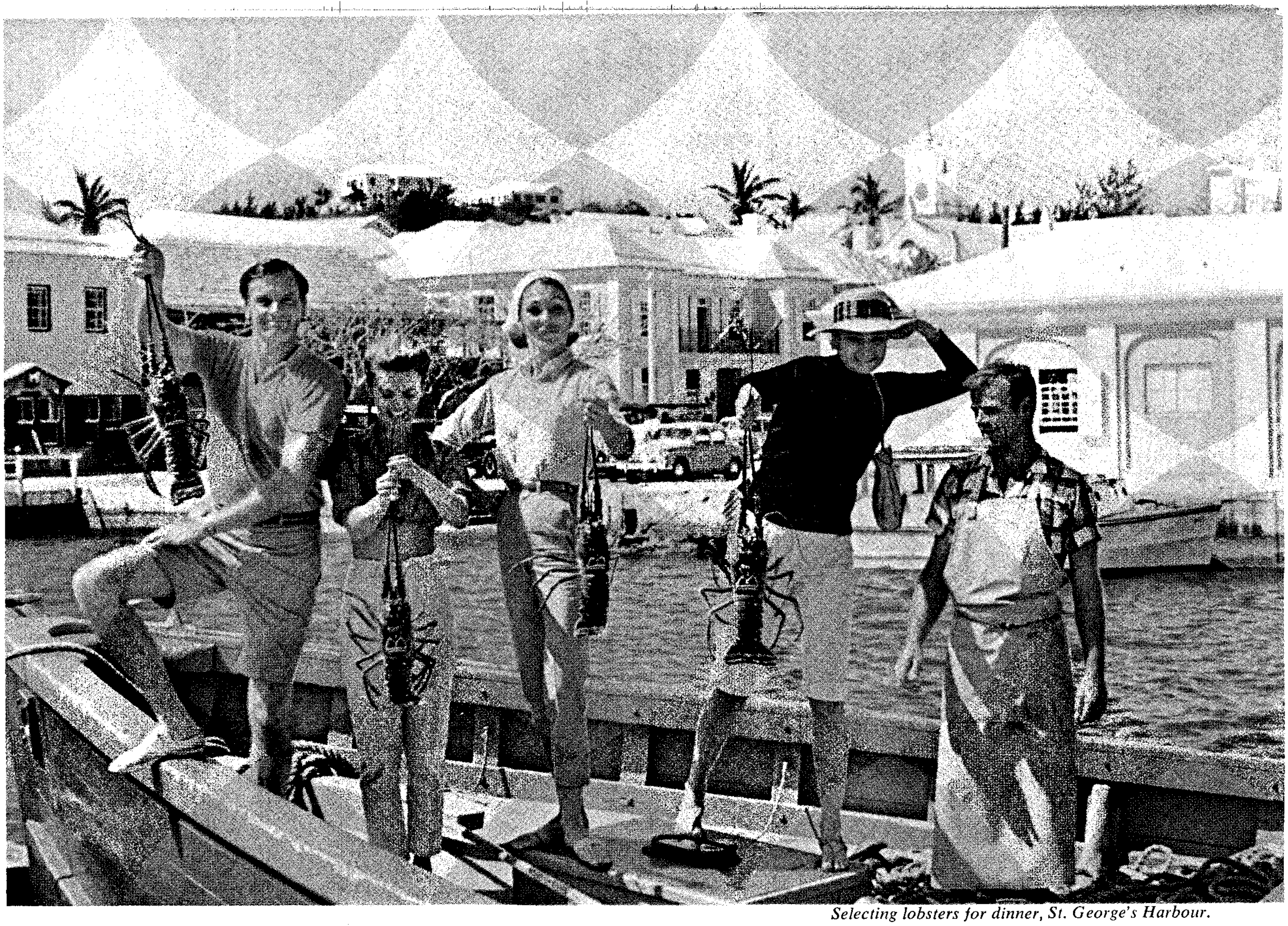
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sept. 28-Dec. 11.

Music—NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY, City Center (CI 6-8989): The season will open on Sept. 22, with Prokofieff's "The Flaming Angel" (in English), and will run through Nov. 14. . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Sept. 27, with "Faust," and will run through April 16. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sept. 28 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 30 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ First International University Choral Festival, Sept. 20, 22, 23, 25, and 26. . . . ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Master Virtuosi of New York, Sept. 14, 16, and 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Budapest Children's Choir, Oct. 10. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Raymond Lewenthal, piano, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Charles Bressler, tenor, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Juan Serrano, flamenco guitarist, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitarist, Oct. 10. . . . MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (PL 7-8870): The Royal Marines Tattoo, Sept. 30-Oct. 10.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, Sept. 23-Oct. 31.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Mrs. Dally," a three-character play in two parts by William Hanley, with Arlene Francis, Ralph Meeker, and Robert Forster. . . . ¶ A comedy called "Generation," by William Goodhart, starring Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Ruth Gordon, Ernest Truex, Madge Kennedy, and Ethel Griffies in Miss Gordon's comedy "A Very Rich Woman," taken from a French original by Philippe Heriat. . . . ¶ "Pickwick," a musical version of Dickens' "The Pickwick Papers," imported from London. Wolf Mankowitz wrote the book, Cyril Ornadel did the music, Leslie Bricusse turned out the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Harry Secombe. . . . ¶ Al Morgan's comedy, "Minor Miracle," based on his novel of the same name, in which Lee Tracy, Dennis King, and Pert Kelton will appear. . . . ¶ A musical, "Drat! The Cat!," with book and lyrics by Ira Levin, music by Milton Schafer, and a cast that includes Lesley Ann Warren, Elliott Gould, and Eddie Foy, Jr. . . . ¶ Charles Aznavour, the French singer, actor, and composer, in a solo show. . . . ¶ A London comedy by Joe Orton, "Entertaining Mr. Sloane," with Dudley Sutton. . . . ¶ Alan King in "The Impossible Years," a comedy by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The twentieth session of the United Nations General As-



Selecting lobsters for dinner, St. George's Harbour.

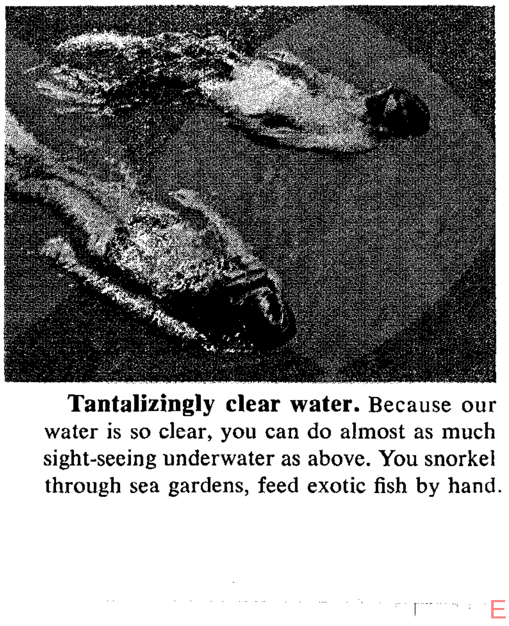
Bermuda lobsters are so British they wear Her Majesty's crown.

In Bermuda even crustaceans are patriotically British. The shells actually have an imperial crown right on their backs.

More important, they taste so succulent that—according to visiting gourmets—they alone merit the 774-mile trip from New York.

Our lobster season begins September 1. But should you arrive early, other feasts await. Our French, Swiss and Italian chefs can add a continental dash to such native delicacies as Rockfish Chowder with Sherry Peppers.

In Bermuda, you're never more than a half-mile from the Atlantic—warm, reef-protected, graced by scores of immaculate pink beaches.



Tantalizingly clear water. Because our water is so clear, you can do almost as much sight-seeing underwater as above. You snorkel through sea gardens, feed exotic fish by hand.

Britain's pressure-less isle. Even though Bermuda is less than 2 jet hours from the States, it is British through and through. Splendidly British in its sports and ceremonies. In its attentive Old World service.

It is uncompromisingly British in its insistence upon proper dress. "Short shorts" are definitely "out."

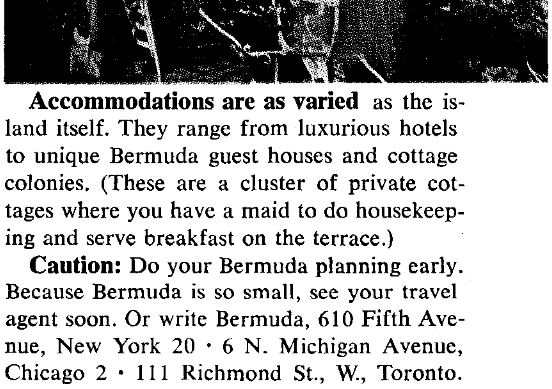
Civilization with a tropical accent. You nip about on a motor-assisted cycle through lanes shaded by allspice, royal palm, and match-me-if-you-can, past quaint colonial houses with dazzling white roofs.

Fun has a thousand names. Bermuda offers everything from surrey-riding to deep-sea fishing. From antiquing to water skiing. From calypso to fashion shows.

And that favorite sport of the ladies: bargain shopping. Woollens, cameras, watches, china, sterling—priced 20% to 60% below U.S.

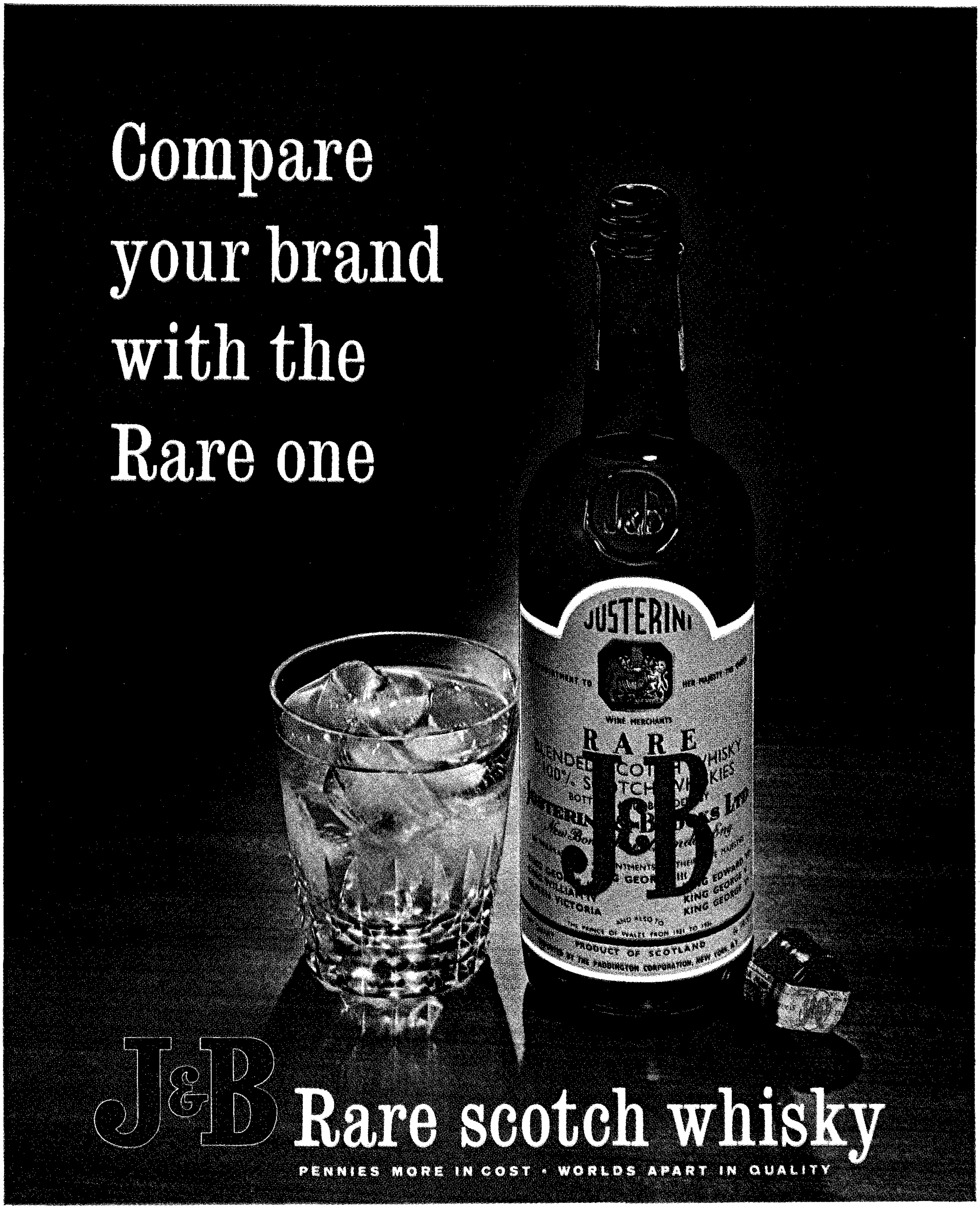
For children, too. Parents say that Bermuda is a marvellous place to take their offspring. Bermuda's fun has no age limits!

The nice part is that you can have a holiday *from* the children as well as *with* them. Our Bermuda nannies are ready to take charge when you choose.



Accommodations are as varied as the island itself. They range from luxurious hotels to unique Bermuda guest houses and cottage colonies. (These are a cluster of private cottages where you have a maid to do housekeeping and serve breakfast on the terrace.)

Caution: Do your Bermuda planning early. Because Bermuda is so small, see your travel agent soon. Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2 • 111 Richmond St., W., Toronto.



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"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sembly will convene here on Sept. 21. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Thursday, Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 2 elections, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 11-16. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Tuesday, Oct. 12.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

The Belgian Village—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. . . . ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passersby, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Outside the Hall of Education, which appears to have been renamed "Demonstration Center," there is a playground of the future. The more cerebral displays inside include a history of shoes through the nineteenth century ("Animal skins and leaves were the first foot coverings"), and voting booths set up by the *Daily News*, where one can express opinions on teen-age vandalism and the candidates for President of the City Council. . . . ¶ The kiosk outside the Pavilion of Paris sells French magazines, books, records, and cigarettes, and literary shopping bags. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.

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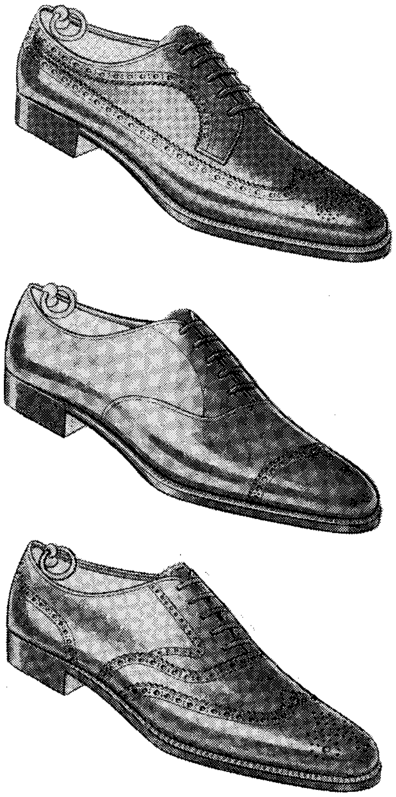

(top) Our extended sole, wing-tip blucher in antique brown or black soft grain calfskin, $32.50

(center) Our straight tip model in black or brown calfskin, $32.50

(bottom) Peal & Co. wing-tip brogue for town and business wear, in black or brown calfskin, $65

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Banana Peel—A French melodrama distinguished by the presence, in a merry mood, of Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe, all of whom are worth watching for hours and perhaps days on end. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 8.)

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all of his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 8.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

A High Wind in Jamaica—An excellent adaptation of Richard Hughes' story about seven English children accidentally kidnapped by pirates. Anthony Quinn is at his best as the pirate captain. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Sept. 8.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, recounted with pure cinematic elegance by the brilliant writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard. Macha Meril is the wife, Philippe Leroy the husband, and Bernard Noel the lover. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; Sept. 2.)

The Moment of Truth—The Italian director Francesco Rosi offers his opinion of the beauty and horror of bullfighting, with the famous Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin in the leading role. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a delightful work of art. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 7.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Sept. 8, tentative.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 7.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 8.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 3-6.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 2.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 2.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 7.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. With Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 3-6.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 2.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical soundtrack. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 3-6.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 7.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Sept. 7.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Sept. 7.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and as all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 8.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Sept. 4, showings at 3 and on Thursday evening at 8: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Sept. 5-8, showings at 2 and 5:30: "Louisiana Story" (1948), a Robert Flaherty film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Sept. 4: Three Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with Thelma Todd and Patsy Kelly. . . . ¶ Sept. 7: "Bohemian Girl" (1936), with Laurel and Hardy, plus a short with Charley Chase. . . . ¶ Sept. 8: "Swiss Miss" (1938), with Laurel and Hardy, plus an Our Gang comedy. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HELP!

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Sept. 2: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Sept. 3: "Paris Secret," a French film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Sept. 2: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin.
From Sept. 3: "The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuele Riva.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Sept. 7: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 7: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**
From Sept. 8: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 7: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.
From Sept. 8 (tentative): **THE TRAIN**; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
HELP!

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 7: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARRIED WOMAN (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 3: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
Sept. 4-6: To be announced.
Sept. 7: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 7: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**
From Sept. 8: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 7: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Sept. 8 (tentative): "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 7: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**
From Sept. 8 (tentative): "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 7: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.
From Sept. 8: "Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 7 (tentative): "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron.
From Sept. 8: "Mediterranean Holiday," revival, a documentary film about a Scandinavian training ship.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 2: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; **GO WEST**, revival; and **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival.
Sept. 3-6: **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
From Sept. 7: "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 7: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From Sept. 8: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA**; and "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 7: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Sept. 8: **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival; and "The Seven Deadly Sins" (in French and Italian), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 7: **THE TRAIN**; and "These Are the Damned," Macdonald Carey.
From Sept. 8: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 7: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "The Model Murder Case," revival, Ian Hendry.
From Sept. 8: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman; and "Hysteria," Robert Webber.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 7: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.
From Sept. 8: "Harlow," Carroll Baker; and "Operation C.I.A.," Burt Reynolds.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Sept. 2: **MARY POPPINS.**
From Sept. 3: "The Hours of Love" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Emmanuele Riva.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Shepherd Girl" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Life Upside Down" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
8½ (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 2: "Once Upon a Honeymoon," revival, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant; and "In Name Only," revival, Carole Lombard, Cary Grant.
Sept. 3-6: **HOLIDAY**, revival; and "Penny Serenade," revival, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant.
Sept. 7-8: "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," revival, Myrna Loy, Cary Grant; and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," revival, Shirley Temple, Cary Grant.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 7: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "Why Bother to Knock," Elke Sommer, Richard Todd.
From Sept. 8: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 2: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival; and "The Little Humpbacked Horse," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet.
Sept. 3: "Stella" (in Greek), revival, Melina Mercouri; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux.
Sept. 4: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.
Sept. 5: "The Red Shoes," Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Folies Bergère" (in French and English), revival, Jeanmaire, Eddie Constantine.
Sept. 6: "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival; and "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists.
Sept. 7: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), revival, Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
Sept. 8: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 7: **BANANA PEEL** (in French); and **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.**
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

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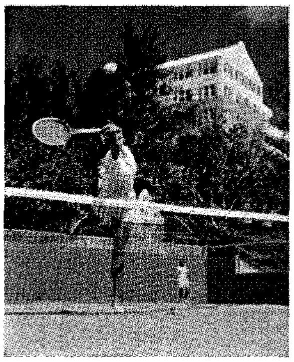

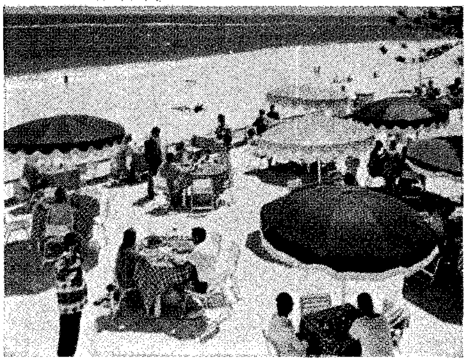

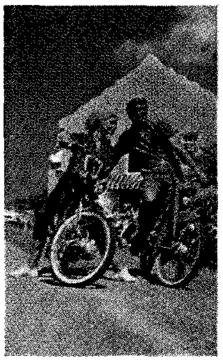

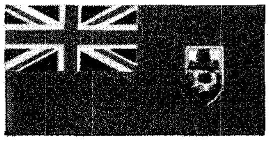

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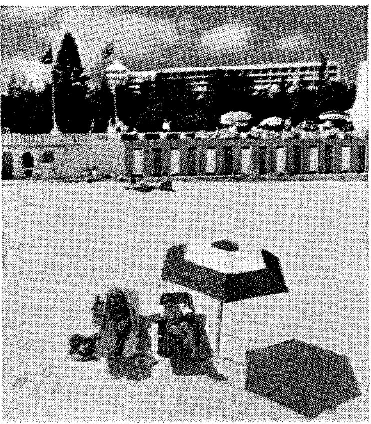

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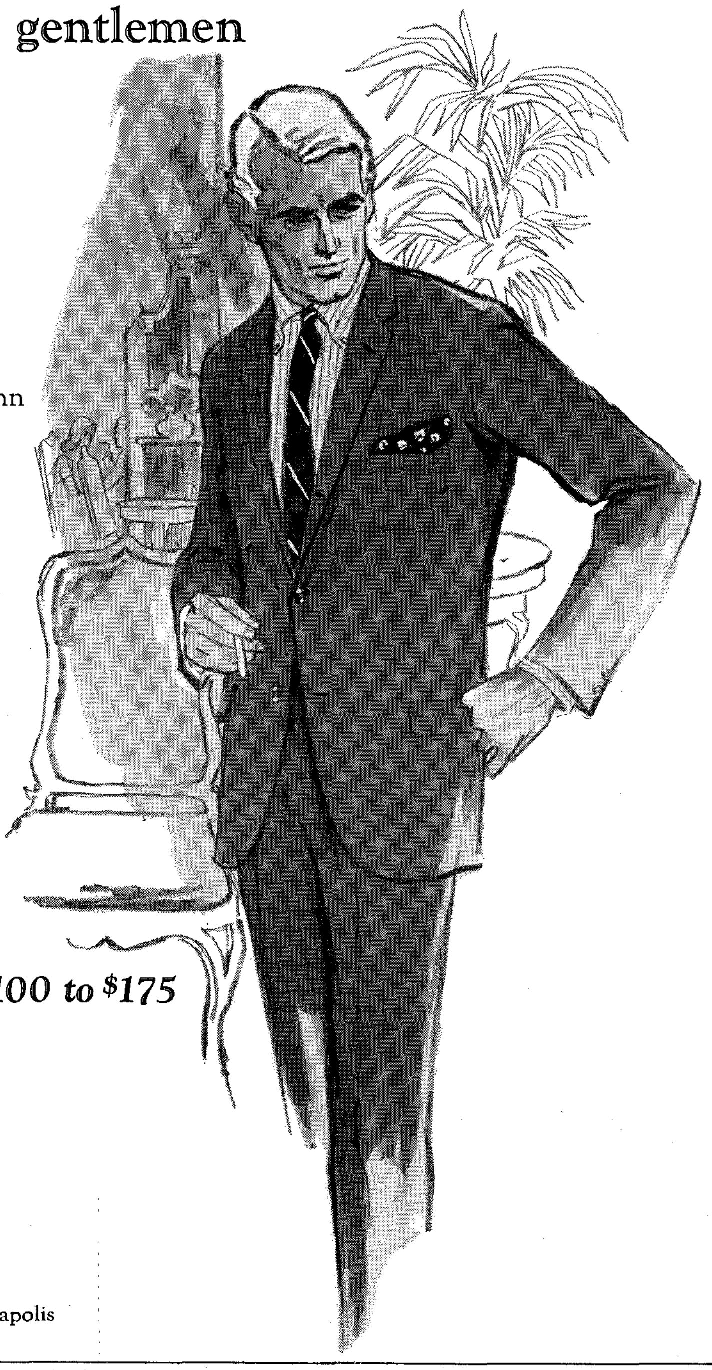

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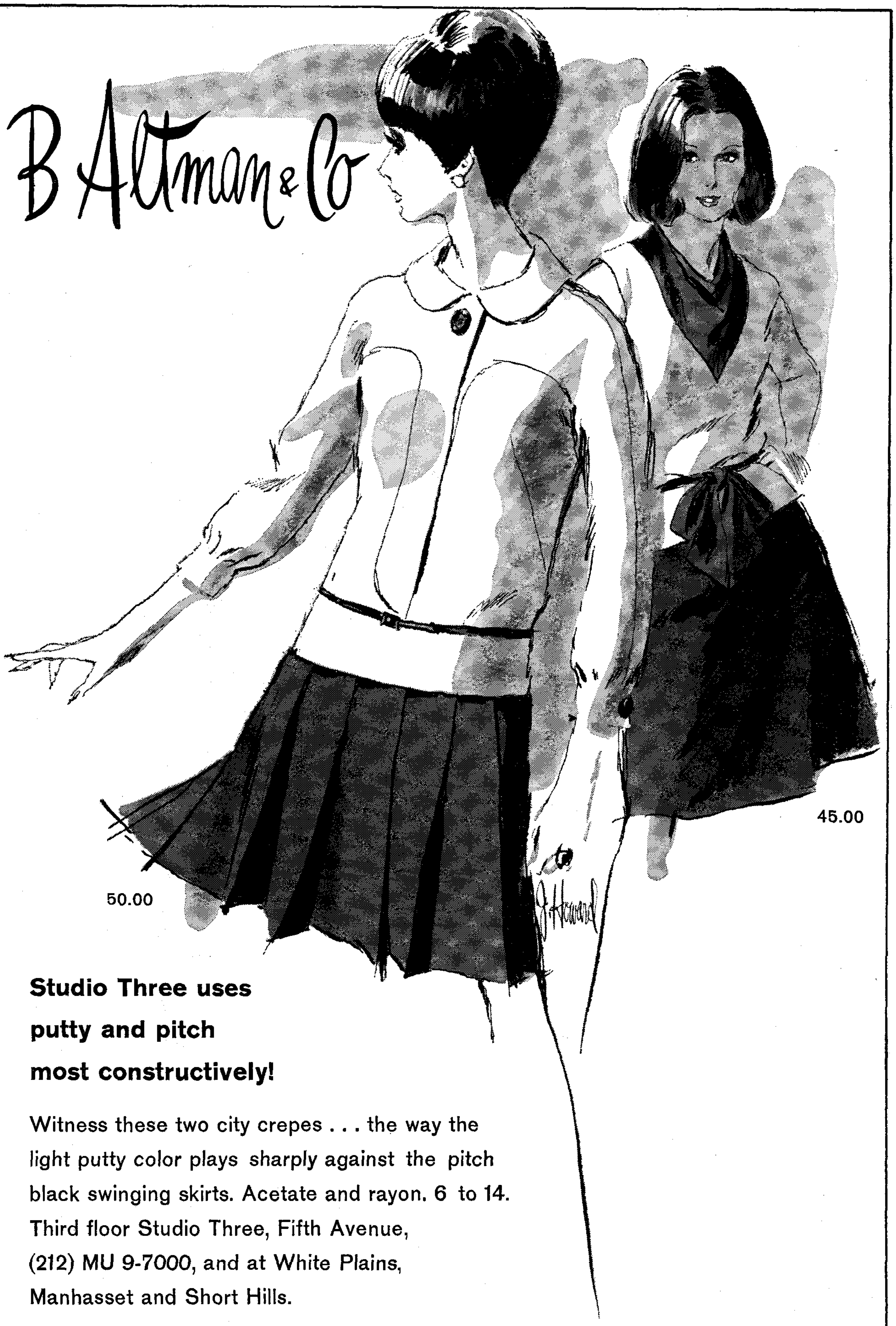

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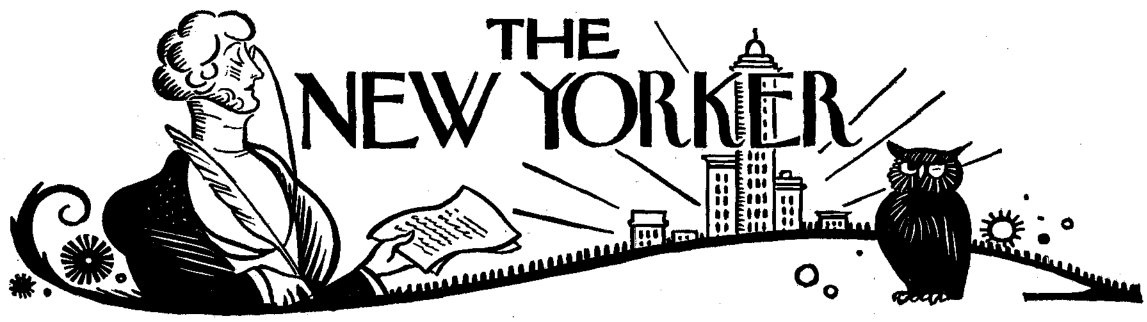
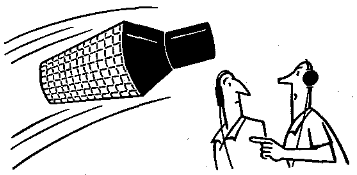


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As we go around reeling with admiration at the space holiday taken by Lieutenant Colonel Cooper and Lieutenant Commander Conrad, we keep coming back to what seems a key phrase—and a reassuring one—addressed to the astronauts over the air-ground communications system late in their third revolution, on the first day of their trip. "If you have not had a significant pressure rise, don't call us, and wait until Carnarvon and we'll talk about it there," the experts on the ground told the spacemen soon after the trouble had started in the pressure system for converting liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen into gas. In other words, "Don't call us. We'll call you." In this situation of tension and emergency, there was a cheerful note about these arrangements for who would call whom which clearly indicated that we on earth are not going to let spacemen get very far with upmanship.



Leak

With losses from the city's water system having become a favorite topic of conversation—in recent weeks a leak was discovered in a principal main on Staten Island, Representative William F. Ryan disclosed the existence of a large leak in the Central Park Reservoir, water from a broken main flooded a B.-M.T. station in Brooklyn, Mayor Wagner announced that he would invite a panel of impartial experts to study New York's methods of dealing with leakage, and the whole issue of leaks began to permeate the mayoralty campaign—we set out to learn what we could about the way some of the less extraordinary leaks are found and fixed. Usually, when a leak is reported, a team from one of the repair shops of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity is sent out to find the leak and plug it. If a "gate," or valve, needs repairing or replacing, a crew known as the Gate Gang is brought in, or if a leak in Manhattan proves elusive, a call goes out to the Water Waste Division, whose men are considered to be among the best underground sleuths in town. The Water Waste Division has two teams, and both of them are kept busy most of the time digging holes and listening to pipes.

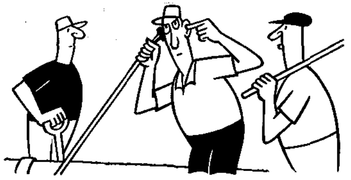
We paid a visit to one of the teams at about eleven the other Thursday morning as it searched for a stubborn leak at Fifth Avenue and Twentieth Street. Two pits had been dug and filled in, and now a third pit was being dug, in the middle of the intersection, by three workmen under the direction of a white-haired man named David J. Tannenbaum, who is the civil engineer in charge of the Water Waste Division. Mr. Tannenbaum told us that eight mains were situated close together at the intersection, and that there had been leakage problems there for years. The latest leak had been reported by the New York Steam Corporation, a division of Consolidated Edison. Unaccounted-for steam had been rising from several of the corporation's manholes, and investigators had concluded that water was leaking from city mains and flowing underground until it came in contact with some extremely hot steampipes, which turned it to steam. One source of this leakage—a defective valve—had been found and repaired, but steam was still billowing into the street.

When the new pit had reached a depth of about five feet, a workman prodded the earth with a steel bar and hit something, and Mr. Tannenbaum said, "That's the forty-eight-inch main."

The man in the pit said, "The forty-eight is over here?"

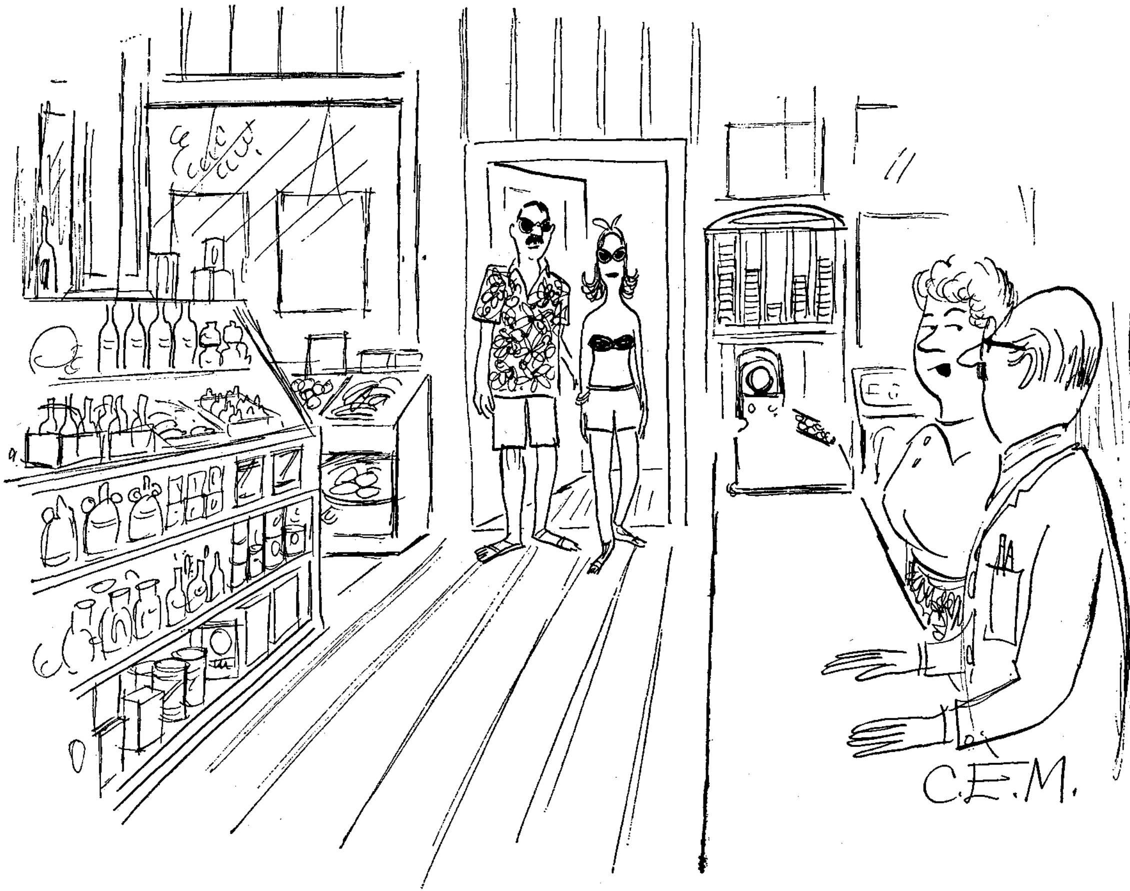
"No, no," said Mr. Tannenbaum. "*Here's* the forty-eight."

After a few more shovelfuls of earth had been thrown out on the pavement, a huge, dirt-caked, rusty pipe was revealed, and one of the workmen reached into his pocket and pulled out what looked like an old-fashioned telephone receiver. Mr. Tannenbaum told us that it *was* an old-fashioned telephone receiver, slightly modified, and was known as an aquaphone. The workman put one end of a six-foot steel bar against the water main, touched the small end of the aquaphone to the other end of the bar, put his right ear to the large end of the aquaphone, and closed his left ear with a finger. "If you have a trained ear, you can hear a faint rushing sound when there's a leak in the area," Mr. Tannenbaum said.



We asked Mr. Tannenbaum about some new, electronic leak-detection devices we had heard about, and he replied that he had seen them and hadn't been impressed. "We do have a battery-powered instrument for locating a tap—the point where a house-service line is joined to a main," he said. "By connecting wires to the house service in two adjacent buildings, we can run an electrical circuit through the two lines and the portion of the main between them. Then we go along aboveground with earphones, and the humming sound produced by the circuit tells us where the tap is."

From the pit, the man with the aqua-



"Bitter Lemon, Tiparillos, 'The New Republic.'"

phone called, "The forty-eight's dead, Dave!"

Mr. Tannenbaum called down, "Let's go at the four- or five-foot level over here. I want to expose the twelve-inch."

Digging was resumed in the pit, and the men relieved each other frequently at the shovel. At about three o'clock we left, having arranged to keep in touch with Mr. Tannenbaum by telephone. Over the next few days, we learned that the leak was not in the center of the intersection, and that the men had filled up the pit. Most of the following Monday was spent digging a new hole, and late Monday afternoon an assistant of Mr. Tannenbaum's called us to say that the leak had been found. We returned to the scene Tuesday morning and discovered that a new, J-shaped hole had been dug to a depth of about six feet on the western side of the intersection, where, we were told, a twenty-inch main was linked, by means of a three-way fitting, to a six-inch line feeding a fireplug. The aquaphone had led the men around the J to a spot where water was gushing from a joint whose lead packing had worked loose. Mr. Tannenbaum told us that the pipes were of cast iron and had been laid in 1903. "Water pressure here is at about fifty pounds per square inch," he said. "Once the lead packing comes loose—possibly because of vibrations—the water pressure tends to push it out farther. I'd say that we've been losing about twenty-five thousand gallons a day here, and that it's been leaking here for months—maybe for years."

While Mr. Tannenbaum was talking, a caulker arrived from the South Manhattan Repair Shop. The caulker descended into the muddy pit, lay down on his belly, and, with the aid of a hammer and six tools shaped something like chisels, began pounding the lead back into the joint. "We used to spend about fifty per cent of our time doing survey work," Mr. Tannenbaum said as he watched the flow diminishing. "A survey team goes through a neighborhood and tests fireplugs, valves, and house-service lines, looking for unreported leaks. But lately we've been too busy most of the time with emergency work to go out on surveys."

The caulker came up for fresh air, went down again, and, after spending some more time on his belly, came up again, this time with his tools. The leak had been plugged. About ten minutes later, two men from the New York Steam Corporation drove up and removed the cover from a manhole. Though there was some water at the bottom of the shaft giving access to the steampipes, the water was not moving, and the Water Waste men looked delighted.

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SIGN observed in the Butchart Gardens, in Victoria, British Columbia:

UP STEPS
TO THE SUNKEN GARDEN

Audition

"HOLD it!" yelled a voice from the orchestra of the darkened theatre. On the stage, a ten-year-old boy broke off his singing of "Consider Yourself," the accompanist stopped playing the piano, and they both peered into the darkness toward the voice.

"Bobby?" said the voice.

"Sure," said the boy, smiling and stepping forward.

"Don't punch it—no show biz," said the voice.

The boy nodded, stepped back, and launched into the song once more, this time with fewer gestures.

We were sitting in Row H of the nearly empty 46th Street Theatre on a recent afternoon, watching eighty boys, most of them between ten and thirteen years old, try out, one at a time, for the principal role—Jody—in a musical version of "The Yearling" that is to be produced this winter. They all sang, and the ones who were especially good were then asked to read a scene from the script. Near us in the darkness were the producer and co-author of the musical's book, Lore Noto; the director, Lloyd Richards; Herbert Martin, co-author and lyricist; and the composer, Michael Leonard. A few seats away from us, writing notes on a lighted clipboard and shuffling through a huge stack of file cards, was Michael Shurtleff, the casting director, who had selected the boys from more than six hundred he had auditioned during the year.

"You can see that his mother has coached him," Shurtleff said to us as the boy sang. "Very mannered. We have to try to take it out."

The voice—we could tell now that it was Richards'—cut in once more. "No vibrato, Bobby!" he called. "From the bridge!"

The boy began again, and this time

he was allowed to finish. There was a moment of silence. Bobby stood in the center of the stage, smiling slightly, his hands at his sides. The accompanist—an extremely patient, affable, and competent lady named Virginia Harper—sat quietly at the piano. Behind them both was one of the sets for "Do I Hear a Waltz?," the musical that currently occupies the theatre; in front of a drop depicting the Grand Canal in Venice were the steps of a bridge that led nowhere, ending just offstage. Downstage was a standing light with brown paper shielding the bulb.

"Do you dance?" Richards asked after conferring with the others.

"A little," said Bobby.

"A little what?" Richards asked. "A little modern?"

"A little."

"A little?" Richards asked. "A little tap?"

"A little."

"You take lessons?"

"No."

There was another pause. The boy shifted from one foot to the other.

"Thank you, Bobby," said Richards, and the boy nodded and walked offstage, accepting his sheet music from Miss Harper as he passed the piano.

The stage manager for "The Yearling," a large, genial man named Edward Julien, walked out on the stage with a long-haired boy in blue jeans, a T shirt, and sneakers. The boy handed some sheet music to Miss Harper, and Julien guided him to stage center. "This is Tommy," he announced, like a proud parent, and added, "Tommy is twelve years old, and he's five feet two." He gave the boy a gentle, encouraging clap on the shoulder and walked offstage as the boy started singing "Where Is Love?"

While Tommy sang, Shurtleff made a note on his clipboard.

"Do you know a rhythm number?" Richards asked when the song ended.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and he sang "Consider Yourself."

"How old are you?" asked Richards.

"I was twelve on December 1st."

"And your agent is?"

Tommy told him.

Richards said, "Thank you, Tommy," and Tommy went off.

Shurtleff handed us his file card on Tommy, and a small flashlight, as Julien brought the next boy out. Written across the top of the card was Tommy's full name. Underneath were the words "blond/red hair very assured wonderful smile precocious born Minn." To the left were listed a couple of shows he had appeared in, and on the right were notes on specific auditions:

8-25-64—has perfect pitch voice A
loud & secure read—very
assured & professional
12-14-64—recall sang & read

Under this was the notation Shurtleff had just made: "8/3/65—sang again rather shrill."

We put the card face down on a stack of cards on one of the seats next to Shurtleff. He was watching the next performer, his clipboard at the ready.

"The boy who plays Jody must be natural, unsophisticated, easy—not the standardized fresh kid you see on television," Shurtleff had told us just before the audition started. "Also, we have to watch out for the ones who were in the various companies of 'Oliver!' They were almost all Americans, you know, and it affected their speech; they now speak half Cockney, half Bronx." Shurtleff, a quiet young man who worked three years as casting director for David Merrick before becoming a very successful free-lance Broadway casting director, added, "On the whole, very few child actors come from the suburbs; their parents are not interested. The child actor usually comes from a low-income family, and the mother is generally doing it for compensation in her life. Since I started casting 'The Yearling,' mothers have sent me telegrams, they've waylaid me, they've telephoned me night and day. One mother has called me every day for the past three weeks. They keep saying, 'Donald has changed,' and telling me how much better he is than he was, and what some other producer or director or agent or vocal agent has said about him, or what the reviewer of some country paper said about him in summer stock. Or they call and ask for a second or third audition for their boy, because at the previous audition 'he had a cold' or 'he got nervous on the subway' or 'the piano (or the lights) were wrong.'"

Onstage, a boy with long blond hair was singing "Consider Yourself," and Richards cut in. "Just a minute, Nicky," he said. "Can you do it without the act?"

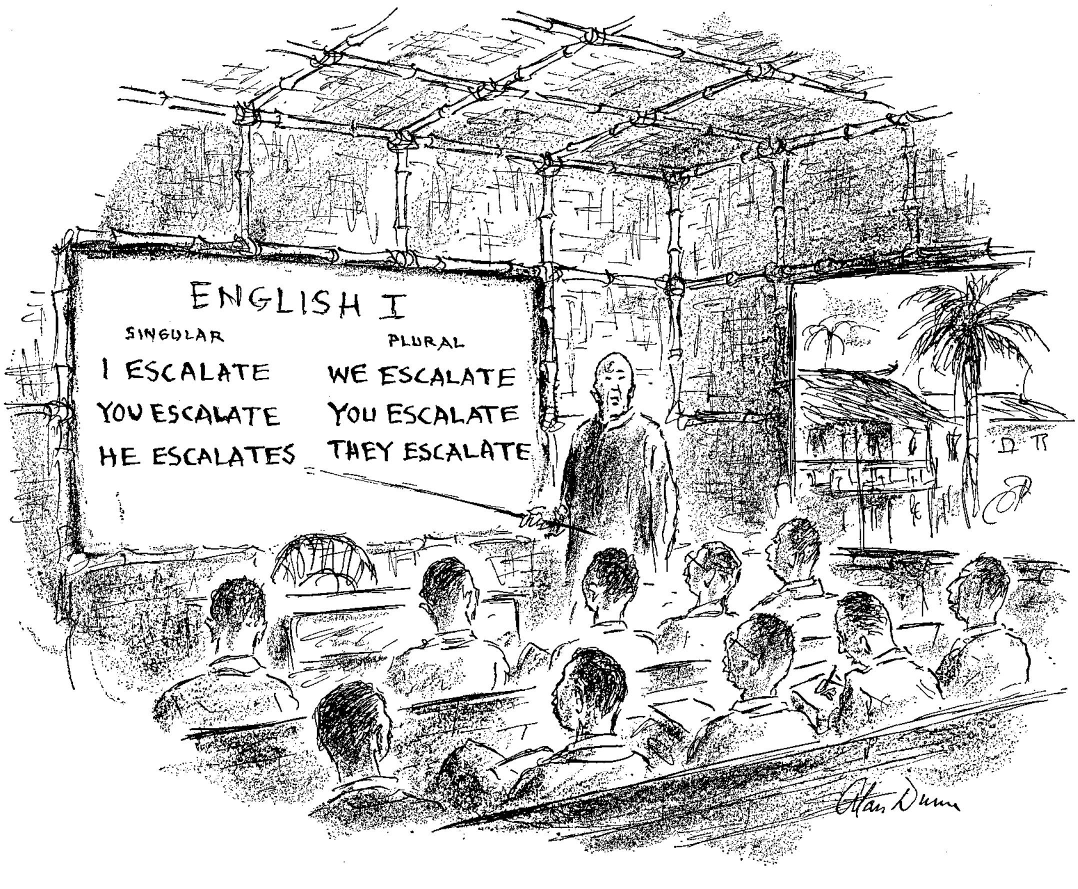
The boy looked puzzled.

"Do it straight," said Richards.

"Like you were doing it in Brooklyn!" Noto called.

"That's *straight*?" Richards said, and everybody laughed.

The boy started to sing again, quick-



ly slipping back into the familiar "Oliver!" dialect and gestures.

"Thank you, Nicky," said Richards.

The boy said, "You're welcome," and left the stage.

"That show ruined more kids!" said someone.

Shurtleff handed us the card on Nicky. "Voice good but too prof.," he had written on it. "Too many gestures when sing. Overacts and oversings. A bit downbeat and introspective." We put the card back.

"I have a card file on all the actors I've ever seen," Shurtleff had told us. "I have about eighteen thousand cards. I gave up keeping pictures; two-thirds of the time the actor doesn't look like his picture. I have a phenomenal memory, fortunately. I remember most of the actors just by looking at their cards; if an actor is terribly unmemorable, there's something wrong with him anyway. I go to the theatre from five to seven times a week during the season. I see everything. I interview a lot of actors, and though interviews are often deceiving, I can usually get a feeling about the actor. What I look for is intensity and drive. A lot of people with talent are unable to drive it anywhere. Take musicals. A voice is an accident, and a person with a voice often fails to develop anything else. If you've noticed, stars of musicals are great personalities and know how to convey that quality; they don't have great voices. The big satisfaction in it for me is in unveiling talent and allowing it to fulfill itself. I feel I've been instrumental in advancing a lot of actors that directors didn't see the value of at first. Directors usually don't know many actors, because directors hate to go to the theatre—it's agonizing to them. You have to be persistent in showing them; some directors get angry, but I say, 'Just once more.' But generally when a director says no, it doesn't matter whether I agree. The final decision is his. He's the man who is going to have to work with the actors."

On the stage, a skinny boy was now singing songs from "The Sound of Music." This was a welcome change from "Oliver!" but his gestures were theatrical and his voice was piercing as he sang, "The hills are aloive with the sound of muzeek." We decided to take a break, and, crouching down, we sneaked up the aisle and out through the lobby to the street for some fresh air and sunshine.

There was a waiting line of long-haired children and their parents leading to the stage door of the 46th Street Theatre; mothers and sons gathered in small clusters, still holding their places but chatting with one another and calling across the sidewalk to friends. A tightly knit group standing next to the stage door consisted of what we took to be a father, a mother, two small daughters, and a very small son. They were all rather quiet until, suddenly, the stage door swung open and a boy of ten or eleven ran out. The children rushed over to him, the girls throwing their arms around him and the little boy hugging him around the knees. He waded over to his parents.

"Did you read?" the mother asked.

"Yeah," said the boy.

"Were you good?" the mother asked.

"Yeah," said the boy.

They all congratulated him, and the group walked away toward Eighth Avenue, the small children holding hands.

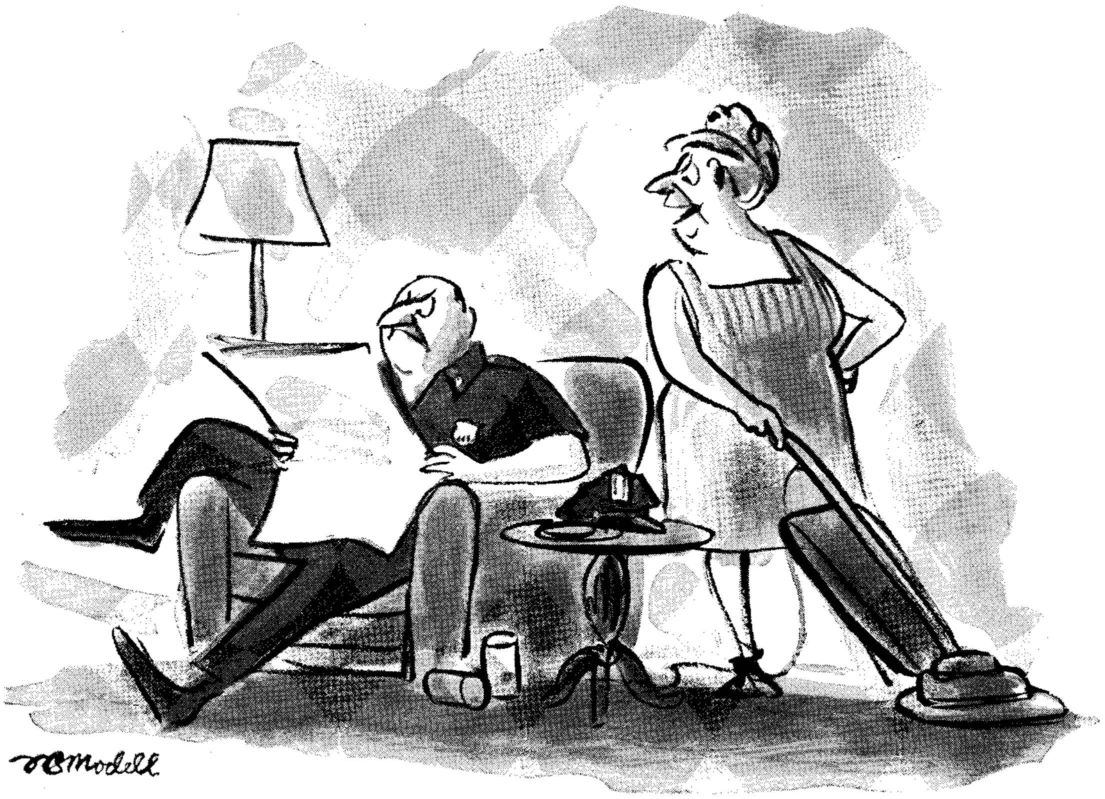
We went through the stage door and found that the entryway and the stairs were clogged with silent masses of parents and children waiting their turn. Most of the children held sheet music of songs from "Oliver!" A few were reading comic books, and one little boy was chewing green gum. Through an open fire door we could see Julien standing at the stage manager's desk, and, beyond him, the huge, dim stage, where a voice, barely audible, was reading. The parents on the stairs leaned forward, trying to listen.

On a bulletin board on one wall was posted a list of the performers in "Do I Hear a Waltz?" with the numbers of the dressing rooms they had been assigned to. Under it were a Red Cross poster saying "DONATE BLOOD" and an advertisement of a masseur. Against another wall hung a large box with pigeonholes for mail, and on top of it was a rack containing copies of the *Christian Science Sentinel*. A glass case with a printed Workmen's Compensation Board notice in it hung nearby.

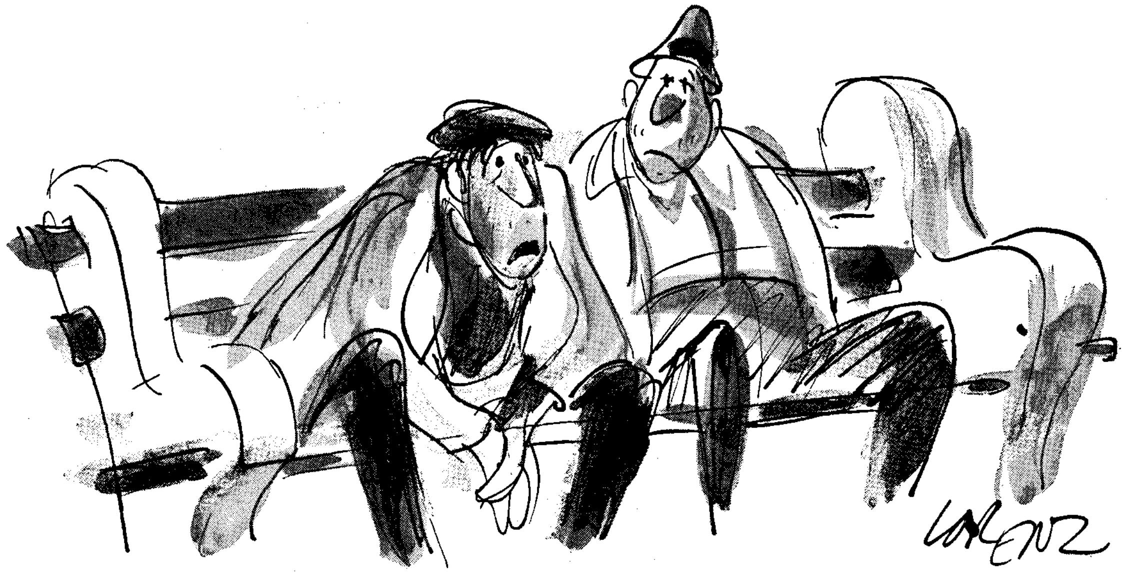
"Joseph!" Julien yelled suddenly, from the doorway, and a small boy leaped to his feet. "Come on, Joey," said Julien, patting him on the back and leading him toward the stage. All the others silently watched him go.

We returned to our seat and asked Shurtleff how it was progressing.

"Three or four contenders," he said. He seemed pleased.



"If and when there is a Civilian Review Board, I just hope they put me on it."



"My whole life has been nothing but a simulated chase of a phantom satellite."

• •

An extremely small boy sang—a little off-key but with great conviction—the "Oliver!" ballad called "As Long as He Needs Me." " 'And somehow I'll be strong, as long as he needs me,' " he finished ardently, in his small voice.

"Thank you," said Richards.

"Anything else, sir?" the child asked.

"No, that's all."

"Thank you," said the child, and he left.

A few minutes later, a thin, cheerful-looking blond boy came out. "This is Steve," said Julien. "He's twelve years old."

"I've never seen this one," Shurtleff said. "He's from Centerville, Georgia, and somebody got the Governor of Tennessee to write me a letter about him. Then they sent a tape of him singing, and I told him to come along."

Steve sang a couple of songs with great ease, style, and enthusiasm. He had an engaging delivery, tapping one foot as he sang, and appearing to enjoy it all enormously. His performance was much more spontaneous than any of the preceding ones, and there was a sudden tension in the theatre. As he finished, Richards said, "Steve."

"Yes, sir?" said Steve.

"What have you done?"

Steve replied modestly, in a Southern accent, "We started out in gospel, and that's about all we've ever done."

"Who's 'we'?" Richards asked.

"Me and mah daddy," said Steve. "He plays the piano."

Steve was given a script, so that he could read for them. He went offstage to study it, and the next child appeared—a tiny boy in shorts and blue sneakers. Julien introduced him, saying, "This is Ricky. He's four feet nine."

Steve returned presently and, with another boy playing another part, gave a reading of a scene from the play. His acting was subdued; although it lacked confidence and polish, it seemed straightforward and real. Richards and Noto and the others had a long, quiet discussion when Steve finished, and then asked him to read the part again. He did better this time, and Shurtleff, after another murmured exchange with the others, got up and went backstage to talk to him. A few more boys sang, and then Shurtleff returned to his seat and Steve reappeared on the stage. "Here's Steve again," said Julien. Steve conferred for a moment with Miss Harper at the piano, and it turned out that she had never heard of the song he wanted to sing, and that he didn't have any sheet music for it. The problem was solved when Steve said that his father, who was present, could accompany him, and Miss Harper obligingly yielded the piano to a large man in a blue suit.

"This is a gospel song," said Steve.

The father began thumping the piano in the old revival style, one foot pounding the floor, and Steve began shouting out the lyrics of the song, which was called "Inside the Gate." Within moments, there was not a still toe in the theatre; the rhythm was irresistible. As Steve sang, " 'No more to cry, no more to die,' " the great empty theatre, with its ornate gold decorations and its pastel Venetian stage set, was turned into a rocking, echoing piney-woods revival hall. The father began pounding the floor with both feet, and Steve moved around the stage, singing louder and louder. When the song ended, someone turned to Noto and said, "Lore, your dream is coming true."

Shurtleff conferred once again with Richards and the others, and then Richards said, "Steve, we'll see you tomorrow." Steve and his father went offstage, and after a few more boys had performed, it was announced that everyone had to be out of the theatre within six minutes. Noto and the others stood up and stretched, and moved among the rows of seats, picking up empty coffee cartons, cigarette packs, and other traces of the audition.

"A good, strong contender," Shurtleff said of Steve as he packed his clipboard and flashlight and file cards in a bag. "We're going to take another look at him tomorrow. We've arranged with his father for them to stay over in New York an extra night." (Last Wednesday, Steve—his last name is Sanders—was given the job.)

We walked out to the street, and headed east on Forty-sixth Street. Ahead of us, a long-haired child from the audition was walking along with his head down while his mother talked to him, with gestures. From the open windows of the Variety Arts Studios, across the street, above the Hollywood Theatre Ticket Agency and the Take Five Coffee Shop, came the sound of singers practicing scales, over and over, getting ready.

Overseas

A FRIEND of ours, while walking up Lexington Avenue recently, overheard the following conversation between two eminently draftable youths who were biding their time as messenger boys:

First Youth: "My brother says when you finish basic training, that's when you got to start worrying."

Second Youth: "Why's that?"

First Youth: "Because then they send you out somewhere, like Vietnam."

Second Youth: "Hey, where is that Vietnam, anyway?"

First Youth: "What's the matter—don't you ever read the papers? It's way *out* there—near Hawaii."

Second Youth: "Well, that's O.K. I mean, as long as it's not in Russia."

ON THE WAVES

IN the churning wake of a motorboat from one of the luxury hotels, the gondola bobbed with graceful disequilibrium. The tall, thin, handsome man sitting in the gondola gripped the sides of the small wooden craft and said to his seven-year-old daughter, "Hold on." He thought, *gondolas are atavistic.*

He wore a white polo shirt. Once he had been the sixth-ranking tennis player in the United States, and had married a rich girl; his days on the tennis circuit were five years past, and the marriage had ended in divorce twelve months before. Now he taught American history in an American school in Rome and played tennis with various members of the diplomatic set. He still kept to the course of reading he had drawn up and that he hoped would give him intelligence, or, failing that, education. Gifted with a strong body and good nerves, he had never felt so harassed by ignorance that a sense of his own worth could not come to his rescue; then in the fourth year of his marriage, his tennis game and marriage deteriorating, he had begun wanting desperately to know more about everything. He had settled down to read the philosophers, the psychologists, the historians, the poets, the critics. He had had no clear idea what he would do as an educated man, a self-made intellectual, and so he decided to teach. He had left his wife, unwilling to quarrel with her, unable to bear her restlessness at the change in him. He had gone to Europe. The divorce had depressed him. He had missed his daughter unconscionably. He wrote his former wife and asked if the child Melinda could visit him. He would pay her plane passage to Europe. His former wife agreed to permit the journey. Melinda had sent him a note in block capitals: "CAN WE SEE VENICE DADDY?"

She sat beside him in the gondola, white-skinned, thin-boned, with straight eyebrows like his and green eyes like her mother's. Her reddish-blond hair was her own. So was the dull stubbornness with which she maintained a polite and lifeless manner toward Henry. This was the fourth day of her visit, their second day in Venice.

He had a headache. He sat slouching, hands between his knees. He wondered irritably how the Venetians managed to live day after day with the illusive and watery haze, the heat, the mind-scattering profusion of reflections, of smells, of playful architectural details, with the unsettling mixture of squalor and ostentation, with the silent, silvery air, the decay, the history, and the atmosphere of vice. But he felt constrained to be honest. The truth was, he thought ashamedly, he was bored. It was dull as hell to spend so many hours in the company of a child.

They had been to the Cà d'Oro that morning. Henry had said, "Isn't it pretty? It's supposed to be one of the prettiest houses in Europe."

"It's pretty," the child said.

She had grown restless when he'd dawdled in front of the Mantegna. "Tell me the story of that picture, Daddy," she'd said.

"The man being shot with arrows is a saint," he'd said.

So much in Venice was unsuitable for a child.

It had been perhaps a mistake, this trip: movement was half a child's charm. Children stilled—on a train, at a dinner table, in a gondola—were reduced: one was chafed by the limitations of their intellects and the hardness of their voices.

When they'd left the Cà d'Oro, they'd hired a gondola and embarked on the Grand Canal. Noticing the child's lacklustre eyes, the loose setting of her lips, Henry had asked her, "You're not seasick or anything?" He suggested, "Some people don't like gondolas. If the gondola bothers you, we can go ashore."

"Could we have lunch?"

"I forgot," Henry had said. "It's your lunchtime. Can you hold out until we get to San Marco? I know the restaurants there."

AS the gondolier resumed his steady stroke, Melinda turned to Henry—the angle of her head upon her shoulders indicated melancholy—and asked in a weak voice, "Why did they build Venice on the water?"

Henry replied without thought, "To be safe."

"It's safer on the water?"

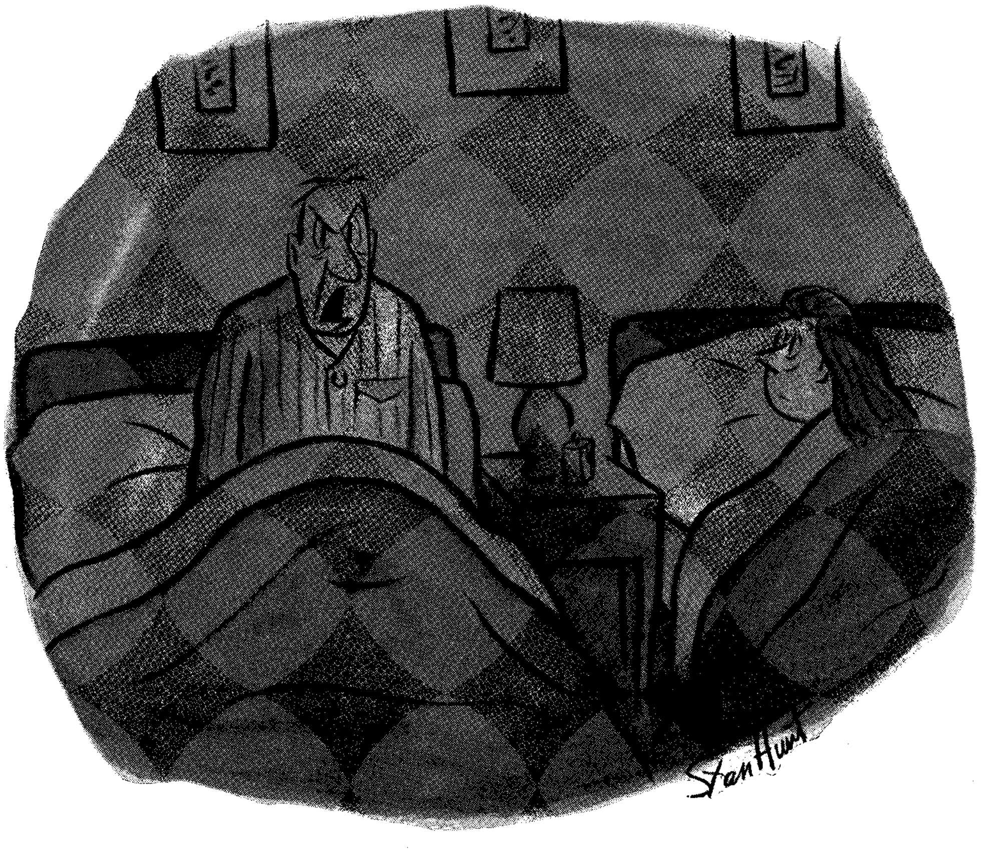
Henry, whose eleventh-grade history students adored him and trusted his opinions, said, "Well, children might fall in. But the people here wanted to be safe from armies."

The child waited questioningly.

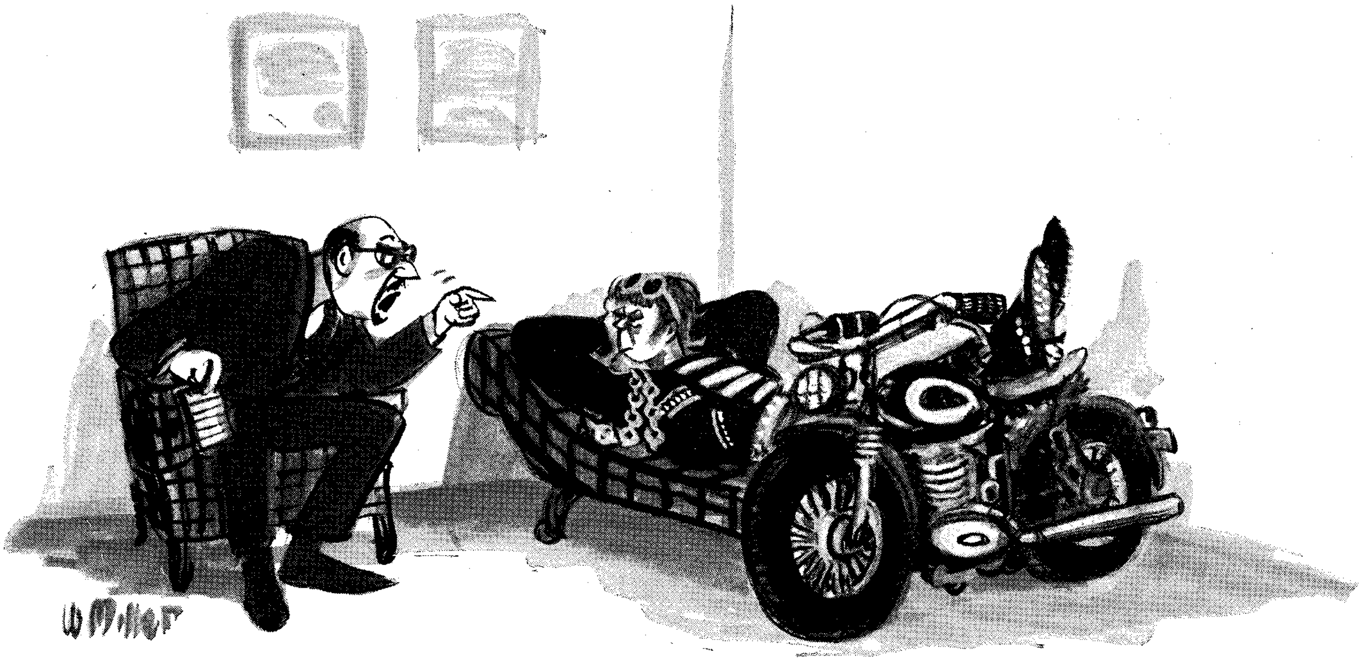
Henry was thinking that a gondola was an inefficient watercraft, keel-less (a bent demi-quaver, a notation of the music of the water). He woke from his reverie with a start. "Armies can't fight and swim at the same time."

"They could come in little boats," the child said.

Henry dusted off the knees of his trousers. "The Venetians could swim out and overturn little boats, they could do all sorts of things to little boats. The



"I want to double my pleasure, double my fun, with Doublemint, Doublemint, Doublemint gum!"



"I said, 'I don't understand a word you're saying. Would you mind turning off the motor?' "

• •

Venetians had no trouble with armies for a thousand years." He smiled to cover any deficiencies in his explanation—he had always been extraordinarily confident of his physical charm.

"A thousand years?" the child asked.

"Yes," he said reassuringly, "a thousand years."

The child closed one eye, looked at him through the other. "Is that a long time, Daddy?"

Henry swallowed a sigh. "I'll tell you," he said. "Let's take Grandmother Beecher. You think she's old, don't you?" Henry's eyes held the child's attention. "Now imagine *her* grandmother. And keep going back for *twenty* grandmothers. Isn't that a lot of grandmothers?"

His and the child's eyes seemed hopelessly locked. Then, as he watched, the child's eyes slowly went out of focus.

Slowly, she extended her arm over the water; she observed the shadow of her hand change shape on the sun-gilt waves. She was as lifeless as a mosaic, yet she spoke: "Are the palaces so wibbly-wobbly because they're so old?"

Henry said, "Well, yes and no." He paused, then went on heartily, "The buildings are old, yes, but that's not the entire story. The islands they are built on were mudbanks—they just barely stuck out of the water, and the Venetians made them bigger by throwing stones and logs and garbage—"

"Garbage—eeugh!" The child held her nose.

"Well," her father said, "they made the islands bigger. But as the years pass, the water licks away at them. Waves are like little tongues," he said with sudden poetry. "They eat out little pieces of the islands, the islands sink, and the buildings wobble." It was sad she was too young, Henry thought, for him to tell her that suns, stars, people, intelligence, and every other bit of created matter began by law in chaos and aged into chaos.

Melinda, squinting, peered up into Henry's face. "Is Venice falling apart, Daddy?" she asked.

"Well—yes and no," Henry said. "It's *sinking*, but very slowly."

"Gee, Daddy, you know an awful lot," she said with despairing enthusiasm.

Henry felt his face heating into a blush. He said, "Any guidebook would tell you . . ." He did not finish. He gazed at the baroque palaces along this newer stretch of the Grand Canal, palaces spotted with noon shadows, draped in cornices, pilasters, and balustrades, sad.

"It won't fall down while we're here?" the child asked. She laughed faintly.

Did she want Venice to fall? Henry said, "No. It won't fall." It was disappointment he saw in her face. He said, "You know that big tower in the Piazza—the red tower? It fell down once. . . . In Henry James's time. About sixty years ago." Melinda was watching him, he thought, expectantly. She wanted to hear more about the collapse of Venice. Good God, why did the child wish harm to this fanciful city built on mud and garbage? Was it that, betrayed, she resented the world of adults, hoped for its destruction? Henry's heart trembled: the child was a betrayed idealist. Achingly, he looked at her.

She wore the dim frown that suggested she might be grappling with a half-formulated female thought.

"What is it?" Henry asked. "Are you thinking something? What are you thinking?"

The child, startled, shook her head and drew her shoulders up.

"You can tell me," Henry said encouragingly.

"You'll get angry," she said.

"Me?" He stopped. He said slowly, "It doesn't matter if I get angry. Fathers and daughters can get mad at each other if they want. It doesn't mean a thing. We can't go through life being afraid of each other." Melinda studied her thumb. "Why, if I got angry, I might shout and wave my arms and fall into the Grand Canal—wouldn't that be funny?"

Melinda was silent.

"Go ahead," Henry said. He leaned closer. "Try to make me angry. See what happens."

"I'm too scared."

"Of me?"

"I don't know," she said tactfully. She stuck her forefinger into the water. Henry could see only the back of her head.

He felt the rush of innocence that accompanies a sense of being misunderstood. "The water's dirty!" he exclaimed.

Melinda raised her finger and held

it in her other hand on her lap; drops of water darkened her pale-blue skirt.

Henry said, "I don't see that anything you can tell me would make me any angrier than I am at your *not* telling me."

Melinda whispered, "All right. . . ." The gondola rocked. A lifeboat-shaped motor vessel was chugging by, stacked with Coca-Cola cartons. "I don't really like Venice."

He had expected her to say—his hopes had grown so from the moment when he realized she wanted Venice to fall—something more illuminating, something like an admission that it saddened her, the distance that had come between her and Henry since the divorce, something like, "I hate it that you and Mommy don't live together anymore," something honest like that.

He said, "You wanted to come to Venice! It was your idea!"

"It's not the way I thought it would be," she said. "Nothing here is sincere except the water."

Henry's mouth opened, then emitted laughter. He laughed rather a long time. He sobered: would Melinda care that a city was *insincere* if Henry's leaving home had not taught her that insincerity was everywhere? He blinked at her pityingly, tenderly.

"Why did you laugh?" Her face was pink with hurt.

"Because I thought what you said was witty." He watched her. "Do you know what 'witty' means?"

"No."

"Something true—more or less—that comes as a surprise makes people laugh. That's witty."

"I did?" she said.

"Yes. You did. . . . But Melinda, Venice is supposed to be nice, even though it's insincere," Henry said.

The child's face caved in, as if she took what he'd said for an expression of disapproval.

Henry, with that sensation of clumsiness that came to him whenever she asked him to help with one of her small buttons, tried to put things right. "But you like the water?"

"And the pigeons," the child said, anxious to please.

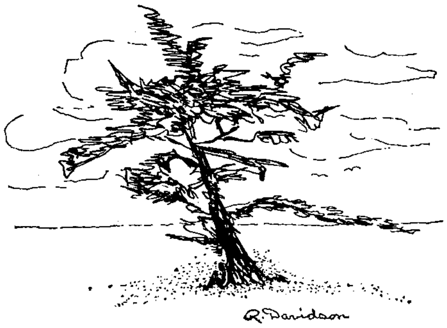
"Why? Are they sincere?"

"Yes," the child said, and nodded vigorously.

Why did she look so expectant? *I give up*, Henry thought, and laughed with exasperation and weariness. Melinda's face pinkened again, slowly. She smoothed her skirt. She seemed to have come into possession of a gentle incandescence. He said, "We certainly won't stay here if you don't like it. We can go to Paris."

"Paris?" The incandescence grew, then dimmed. "If you want to," she said, staring into her lap.

Henry had come to hate her pale good manners. The first days of her visit, he had thought she was still shocked that Mother-and-Daddy were no longer a single, hyphenated warm beast; he had told himself, "She will have to get used to me as an individual." He had not expected her to go on so long being mannerly and frightened with that individual. He began to rattle off words like a salesman trying to confuse a customer. "We'll go swimming—at the Lido—this afternoon. We'll take the launch over. We'll swim in the 'sincere' water, and tonight we'll eat and pack and have some ice cream, and tomorrow we'll fly to Paris. We'll fly over the Alps. You'll see the Alps—you've never seen the Alps before. We'll get to Paris in time for lunch. We'll have lunch outside on the street—"



"I know. I saw it on television."

"But you'll like it?"

The child said worriedly, "Do you have enough money?"

Oh my God, Henry thought, *she did overhear those quarrels.* "No," he said, "I can't afford it. But we're going to do it anyway."

Melinda's eyes grew large. Her face seemed distended with pleasure. She put her hand to her mouth and laughed in the shelter of her hand.

Henry said, "What's so funny?"

"You're funny, Daddy. You're so bad." She inserted her hand inside his and gripped his fingers with an industrious and rubbery pressure—an active possession. Light dipped and danced along the swan's neck of the gondola's fantastic prow. She sighed. "Daddy," she said after a while. "You know that boy who lives across the hall?" From the apartment in the States where she lived with her mother, she meant. "Well, he likes to play dirty games."

Henry's tongue moved over his lower lip. He thought, *how strangely moving it is that the child trusts me.* "He does?" he said.

"Yes," she said.

"What do you mean by dirty games?" His eyes probed a corner of the Venetian sky; his voice was as calm as a psychiatrist's.

"You know."

"Give me an example."

* * *

ENVOY

(A.E.S.)

Prince, you were Hamlet and were meant to be,
Seeking a gray between our black and white,
Finding our answers in uncertainty.

This acid epitaph is all we see
In the gray line between your day and night:
Prince, you were Hamlet and were meant to be.

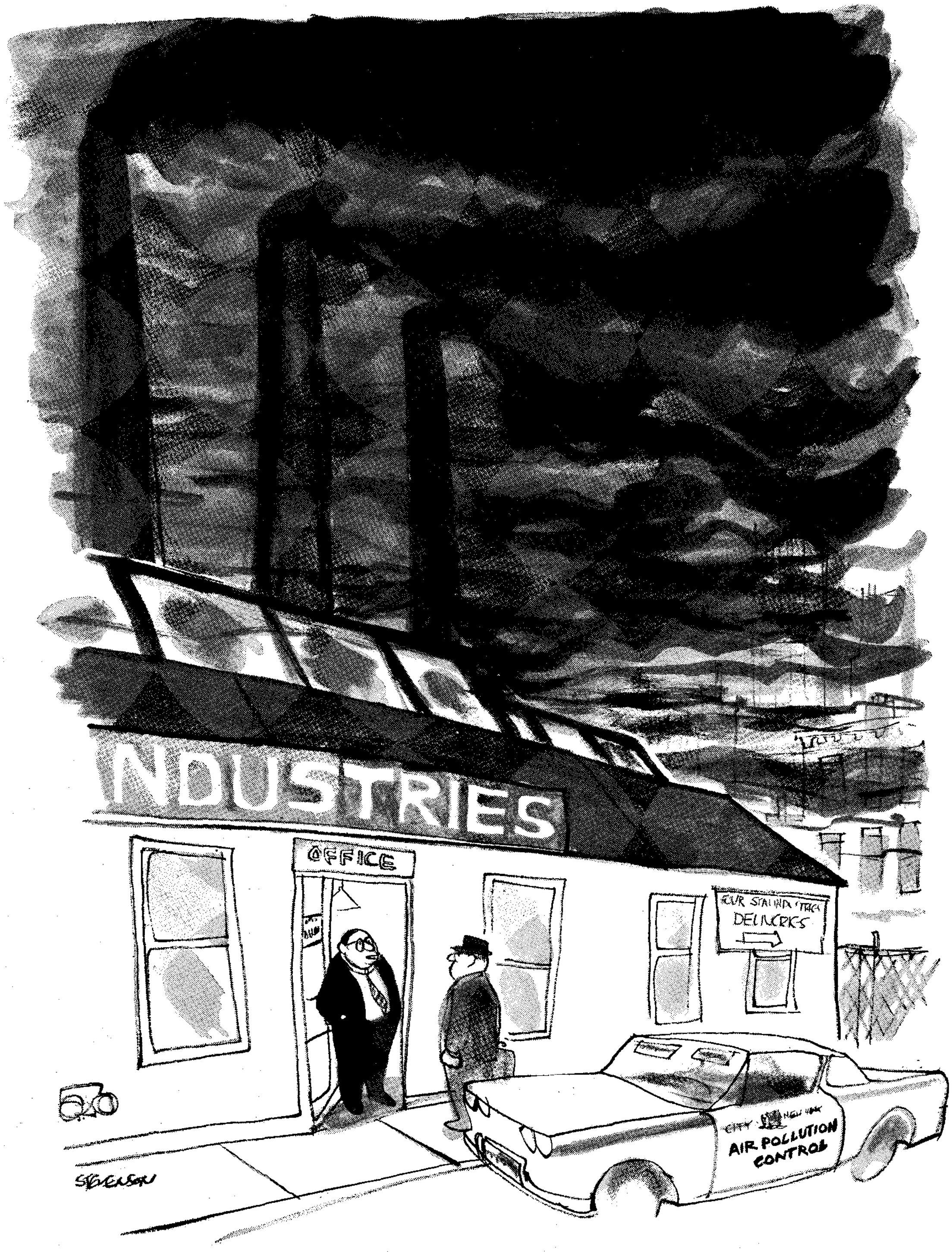
Dear archetype of ambiguity,
You agonized incessantly for right,
Finding our answers in uncertainty.

Survived by lessers who long held in fee
Your loyal federal heart and rebel sight,
Prince, you were Hamlet and were meant to be.

Not a blood captain rowelling *esprit*,
You led our regiment from above the fight,
Finding our answers in uncertainty.

As long as your words wave above the free,
Men will salute your unconfounded light.
Prince, you were Hamlet and were meant to be,
Finding our answers in uncertainty.

—L. E. Sissman



"Yes?"

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"Oh, he wants me to go into the closet with him and take my clothes off."

The gondola slid under the Ponte dell'Accademia. Henry said, "Is that so?"

Melinda said, "Yes," nodding.

Henry switched his eyes to a different corner of the sky. "Is that all?" he asked.

"He's really silly," she said, noncommittal. ". . . He likes to push stomachs."

Henry heard the muted rumble of footsteps on the wooden bridge. "Do you like to push stomachs?"

Melinda said, "Sometimes." She drew the end of a strand of hair back from her cheek. "But I don't really like playing those games with *him*." She looked up at her father, her brows knit. "He gets angry if I won't play those games."

"Why does that bother you? What do you care if he gets angry?"

"Well, I don't like him to get too angry. I like having him to play with when I get bored."

"Is boredom so awful?" Henry said in a louder tone.

"It depends."

Henry thought, *she wants to punish me for abandoning her. My God.* He made a mental note to do some reading about disturbed children. He said, shielding his eyes with his hand, "You stay out of that closet!"

A startled, single peal of involuntary laughter popped out of Melinda. She stared at him with pink astonishment.

"What's funny?" Henry asked.

"You are!" the child shouted. "What you're thinking! You want to kiss me!" Strands of hair bounced on her forehead in the silvery light. She spread her fingers over her mouth and cheeks, hiding them from him.

The sunlit panorama was squeezed into a rich oval in the center of which his daughter's face floated, partly veiled by her fingers. "You're right," Henry said, with amazement.

A flutter passed across the child's shoulders; a sound halfway between a choked shout and a laugh came from behind her fingers.

Along the canals, at the edge of his vision, Venice trembled on its uncertain islands, assailed by the devouring and protective and odorous wash of the sea. He kissed Melinda's hands, and as she moved them he kissed her cheek, her nose, her chin.

THE gondola floated toward the seaward rim of the Piazzetta. Melinda's head lay on Henry's chest in the exhaustion following laughter. Her arm was thrown across his stomach. "We're at the Piazza," Henry said.

Melinda sat up, touched a hand to her hair. Groggily, she surveyed the approaching landfall, the stone folds of the perspective opening past the winged lion, the lozenge-patterned palace, the benign litter of Byzantine oddments, bronze horses, golden domes, pinnacles, flagpoles, and pigeons. Amiably, the child said, "*Ciao, piazza. Ciao*, lunch. *Ciao*, pigeons." —HAROLD BRODKEY

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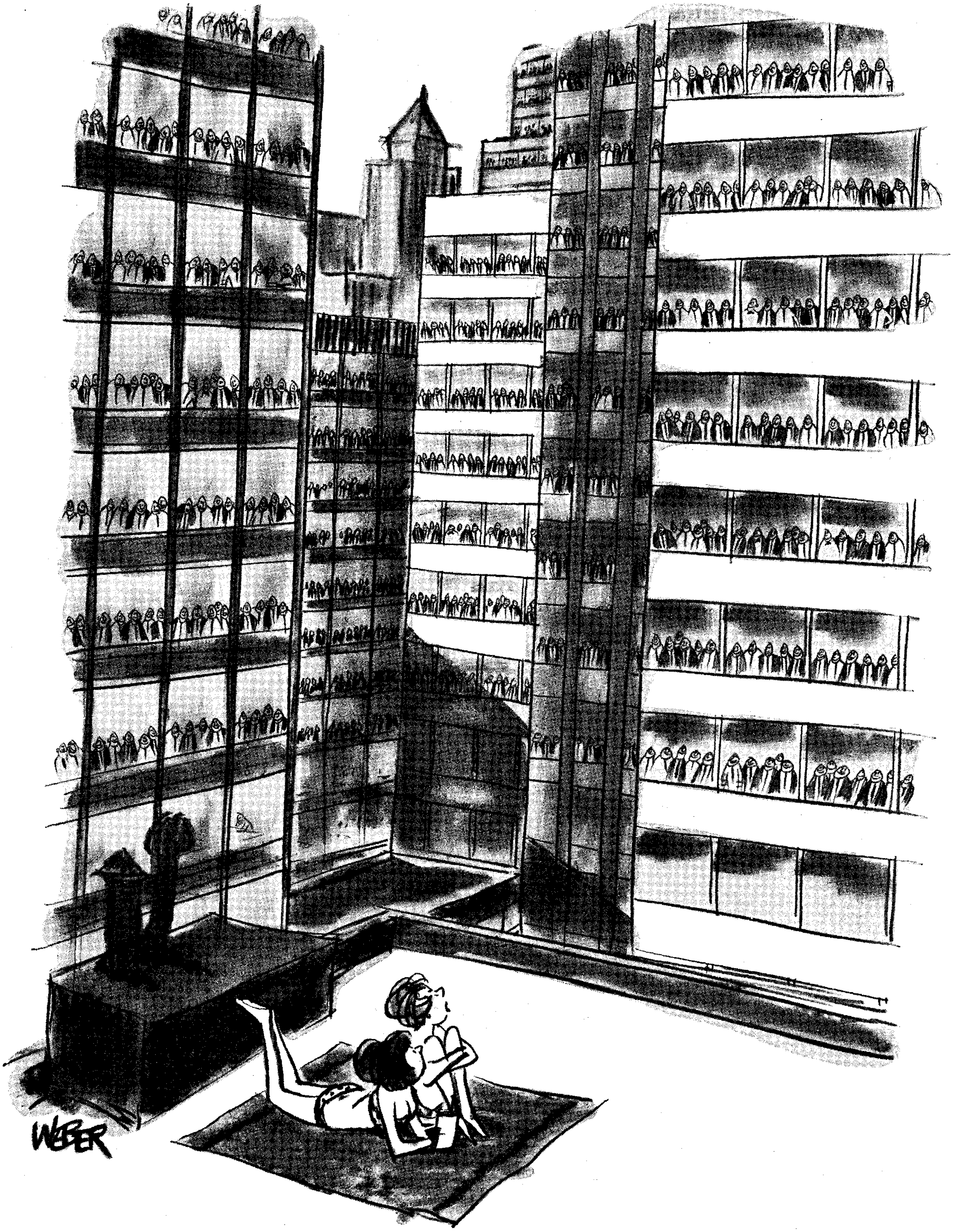
Mrs. Plante is a graduate of the American Junior College of Beirut, Lebanon. She received nurses training in London and in Columbia and was trained as an anesthetic in Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Charleston (S.C.) News & Courier.*

Funny, the ones we know never *had* any training.



"*Men are all alike.*"

A GOOD LOCATION

Red Walters watched the Hofman Pierce-Arrow pull away from the gas tank. He continued to wave his hand, although Mrs. Hofman was as always staring straight ahead. "There's no doubt about it," said Red Walters. "The bigger they are, the nicer they are."

"You're right," said his partner, Charlie Connors. "The bigger they are, the nicer."

"You know how much she's worth?" said Red Walters.

"Well, I heard reports she had over a million," said Charlie.

"A million? She come into over a million when the old man passed away. She must be worth over two million, if not three," said Red.

"Three million dollars," said Charlie. "Most people would be satisfied if they had *one*."

"Did you ever stop to think how much the income is on a million dollars?"

"The income? No, I don't guess I ever did," said Charlie.

"Well, if them stocks and bonds give her a five-per-cent return, that comes to fifty thousand dollars a year on one million. You take and multiply that by three—"

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars a *year?*" said Charlie.

"A hundred and fifty thousand a year just in income," said Red Walters. "That's what she got coming in."

"Holy Jesus Christ, that's pretty near three thousand dollars a week," said Charlie.

"Well, it ain't all clear. Some of it goes into taxes," said Red. "But supposing she paid out a thousand a week in taxes, that still leaves her two thousand dollars."

"That old lady got two thousand dollars coming in every week," said Charlie.

"Somewhere around that figure," said Red.

"Seven into two thousand," said Charlie.

Red nodded. "Pretty close to three hundred a day."

"Three hundred dollars a day. When you look at it that way—what would we do if we took in three hundred dollars a day, Red?"

"We'll never take in no three hundred dollars a day in this location. We're lucky if we take in that much in a week."

"Yeah, and how many weeks do we come near that much?" said Charlie.

"Not so many, and with us it ain't profit. That's everything."

"That's a fact," said Charlie.

"If we can split up a hundred between us, week in and week out, we had a good year."

"Well, we been doing that, Red. Sometimes more."

"I know, but we don't put anything back in. You take your fifty, I take my fifty, and all we are is standing still."

"Yeah, but if I come home at the end of the week with forty dollars instead of fifty, Mary would let out a yell you could hear in the next county."

"Bess, too. She wouldn't let out a yell, but she'd start crying, and that's just as bad if not worse. They're so used to the fifty, they never stop and think if the two of us put back five a week, inside of a year that'd come to five hundred and twenty dollars."

"That's right," said Charlie.

"And with that money maybe we could go to the bank and borrow the money for a better location. We gotta get a better location and that's all there is to it, Charlie. Old Lady Hofman was running out of gas or we never would of had her for a customer. You heard what she said to me."

"No, I was pumping," said Charlie.

"Well, she said to me she didn't know I was in this business. She remembered from before the war when I used to deliver her papers. Always five dollars every Christmas. The only one I ever got five dollars from, and I was the only one got five dollars from anybody. There wasn't another kid in town delivering papers that got five dollars. Not that she give it to me herself, but the butler did. Most kids were lucky to get a quarter."

"I never had a paper route," said Charlie.

"What we used to do, during Christmas the paper gave us calendars to deliver to the people on our route. It was an extra delivery, but the customers were supposed to give you a little something. Some gave a dime, some a quarter. But Old Lady Hofman's butler gave me a fi'-dollar bill. Four of it I kept. My mom didn't know how much I got from any of the customers, but she knew I got something. So I said I got a dollar from Old Lady Hofman and kept the other four for myself."

"What'd you do with the other four?" said Charlie.

"I hid it to run away with. The old man used to beat me, and my mom did, too, so I used to save up till I got enough money so I could run away."

"You never run away, did you?" said Charlie.

Red shook his head. "No. She found it. Sixteen dollars and forty-five cents in one of them Bull Durham sacks the Bull Durham tobacco used to come in."

"Sure, I remember them. A little string on them," said Charlie. "Where did you hide it, that she found it?"

"Under the mattress on my bed. Then one day she decided to turn it over when I was at school, and there it was. They both beat me. They asked me where I stole it. And when I finally told them the truth, they beat me like I stole it from *them*. Sixteen dollars and forty-five cents. I was saving up till I got twenty, and then I was gonna run away."

"Huh."

"You know, thinking about that, Old Lady Hofman coming here got me thinking about it. If I didn't put it off, if I ran away when I had the sixteen forty-five, I'd of been out of this town and God knows where the hell I'd be, but I wouldn't be here."

"Where were you going?" said Charlie.

"Philly. You remember, I was a pretty husky kid for fourteen. I was gonna get a job on a ship, and if I didn't get a job I was gonna join the Navy. Once I was gone they wouldn't of worried about me. All they gave a God damn about was my paper route. Every week if *she* didn't take the money off me first, *he* would. We got paid on Friday. My route was all the way out Lantenengo Street starting at Second. I got a flat rate of a dollar a week. I was supposed to get more, but the son of a bitch in charge of delivery would take your route away from you if you didn't split with him. Pay him, or lose your route, and that was all there was to it. Johnny Minzer."

"Oh, that son of a bitch," said Charlie. "Crazy Artie's brother."

"I made three hundred and eighty-four deliveries a week, and I was supposed to get a cent for each. Three dollars and eighty-four cents a week. Instead of that I got a dollar. Only I didn't get it. My parents did. 'Who pays for your shoe leather?' my old man used to say. Yeah, and who paid for my left shoulder being lower than the right, from carrying those papers six days a week? They say Johnny Minzer made over a hundred dollars a week, stealing from us, and it all went for booze and whores. You remember when he got killed on that motorcycle? We didn't shed no tears."

"I'll bet you didn't," said Charlie.

"We sure didn't," said Red. "The only thing I was sorry for, it happened too late to do me any good."

"Oh, yeah, that was after we got out of the Army," said Charlie.

"The summer of '19," said Red.

"Right around there sometime," said Charlie. "I'm surprised he didn't try to take your calendar money."

"Try to? He did. You didn't get your calendars unless you forked over a half a buck. If he ever knew Old Lady Hofman used to give me five bucks, he would of delivered the calendar himself. But he figured the most anybody gave was a quarter, and some of the cheap skates didn't give us a nickel. Some of the maids give us a dime that I bet they were supposed to give us more."

"I guess they couldn't see giving a kid more than a dime," said Charlie.

"No, but they should of given us what we were entitled to," said Red. "I'm positive some of them maids held out on me. Bess had an aunt cooking for one of the Stokeses. I always meant to ask her if she knew anything about it, because those particular Stokeses'd be the kind that'd shell out better than a dime. The Stokeses and Old Lady Hofman were related."

"You can't always tell by that," said Charlie.

"No. Some were stingy and some were big-hearted," said Red. "What was I thinking? I was thinking about something I wanted to tell you."

"Uh—about Johnny Minzer?"

"No, no, no, no, no. About Old Lady Hofman," said Red.

"Search me. We were saying how rich she was."

"Yeah. That had something to do with it," said Red.

"Something she said when you were talking to her," said Charlie.

"I wish to hell I could remember. Wait a minute! She said she didn't know I was in this business, and that got me thinking, if we got a better location, there's people like Old Lady Hofman would just as soon give us their business. They used to like me when I was carrying papers, a lot of those people."

"Well, there's plenty of good locations, if we had the money."

"*I* know! That got me started on if we kept out five dollars a week, five hundred and twenty a year. You know *what that's around? That's around* five-per-cent interest on ten thousand dollars."

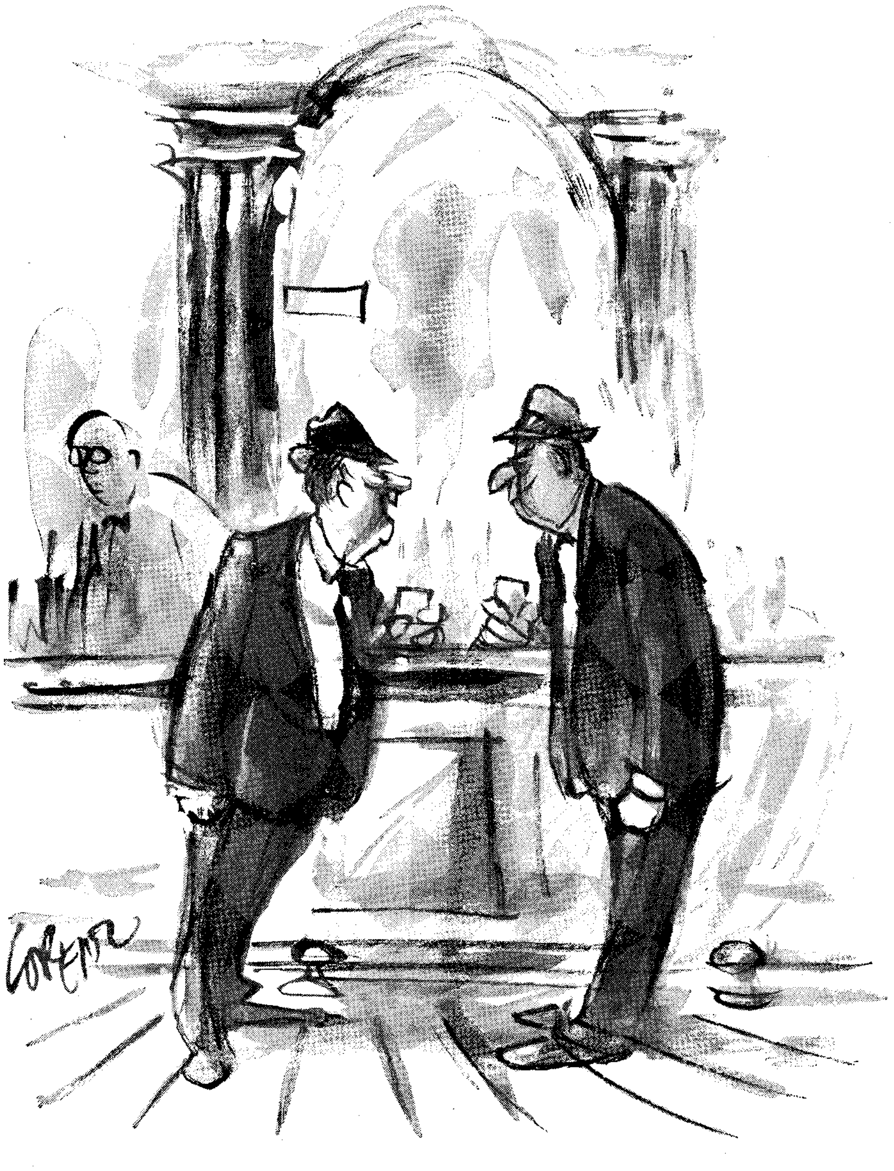
"Those things I leave to you, Red. You know me and arithmetic."

"Well, just supposing the bank would lend us ten thousand dollars at five per cent. They'd want more, but around that figure. Just say ten thousand we borrowed and five hundred we paid interest. We'd take in more than we take in here, Charlie. A good location, say out around Eighteenth and Market, out that way. If we had a good location we'd stand a much better chance of getting an agency. Christ knows we'll never get an agency if we stay here. Here we can't even get a good tire agency, let alone a car. I don't say we'd get an agency right off the bat, but if we had a halfway decent garage in a good location, *they'd* come to *us*."

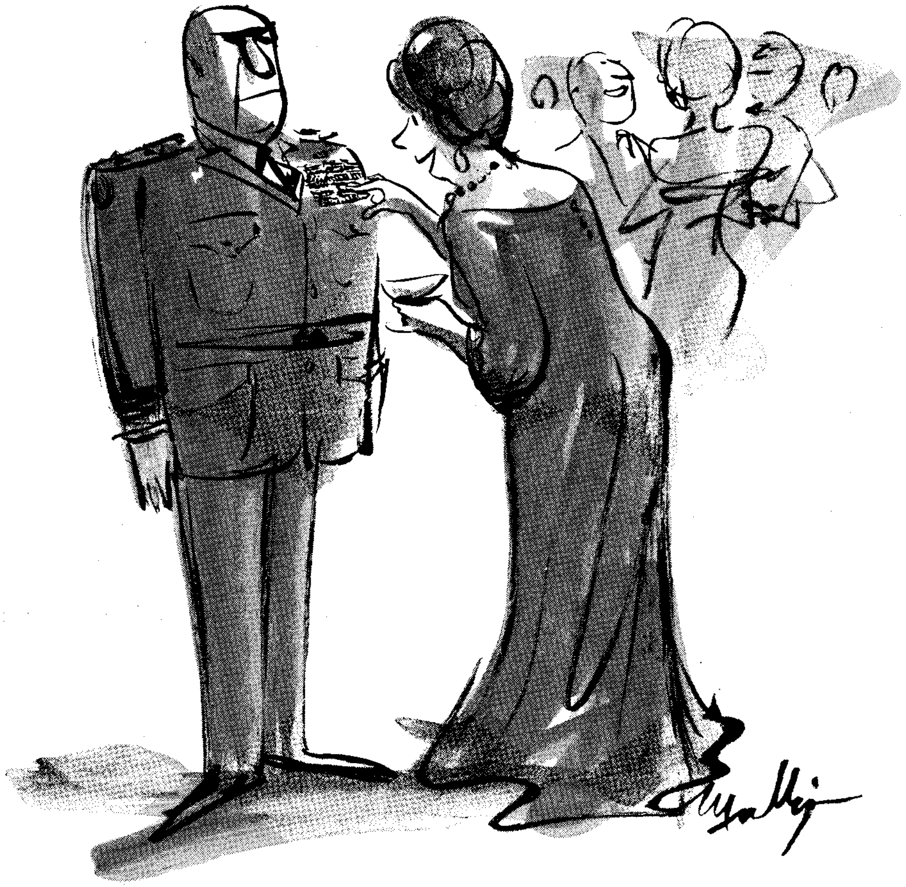
"You mean the manufacturers?"

"I mean the manufacturers," said Red.

"Well, it sounds all right to me, Red. I wouldn't be afraid to work on any kind of a car on the road today. I could run the shop, all right, providing you ran the business end. And the selling. You'd have to do the selling. Like



"Let's just step outside and test the creditability of your deterrent."



"And what's this cute little blue-and-white one?"

the fellow says, I couldn't sell a life preserver to a guy that was going down the third time. But the mechanical end I wouldn't be afraid to tackle."

"What I was thinking a while back," said Red. "There I saved up that sixteen dollars and forty-five cents. Three fifty-five to go and I was ready to run away. What happened? My mom discovered where I hid it, and all I got out of it was a couple beatings off of her and my old man. I waited too long. I should of lit out when I had fifteen dollars."

"Yes, but if you ran away when you were fourteen and got a job on a boat, or joined the Navy, maybe you'd of ended up with the syph, or got a knife in your back. How do you know you're not better off here?"

"Here? What do I have here? The both of us put in ten to twelve hours every day, and if we don't bring home that fifty bucks every week, we got one of our wives yelling bloody murder and the other one bawling her head off like it was the end of the world. Your kids and my kids are too young to show any appreciation, but they never will, Charlie. Their mothers got them thinking the same way. Bess wouldn't even let one of my kids pull weeds out of the neighbor's garden. 'I won't have my children pulling no weeds for the neighbors,' she says. It don't do no good to try and tell her how some of the rich kids on Lantenengo pull weeds and sell the *Saturday Evening Post*. Bess *Walters'* children are too good for that. It's all right if I vulcanize tires all day, just as long as I bring home that fifty a week. Charlie, we gotta get out of here. That's all there is to it."

"Well, how soon did you figure on getting out?"

"The sooner the better," said Red. "If I was wearing my good clothes you know what I'd do?"

"No, what?"

"I'd get in my car and drive downtown to the bank. Right now," said Red. "No, I guess they close at three o'clock."

"You mean without talking it over with the women?" said Charlie.

"Without talking it over with the women. I'd go down there to that bank, and if they gave me any encouragement, this week we'd start. You keep out five dollars, I'd keep out five dollars."

"Well, I don't know, Red," said Charlie. "We ought to talk to the women first."

"Charlie, if we talk to the women we'll never do it. It'll be my sixteen forty-five all over again. That's the truth and you know it. Whatter you shaking your head for?"

"I was thinking, five dollars a week. Mary bought a couple things on installment. A new Maytag. A davenport. I got them to pay for."

"I got them kind of things, too," said Red. "Bess makes me carry a lot of insurance, as if she was afraid I was gonna croak. But you gotta back me up the same as I gotta back you up. That's the first thing they'll want to know. Is Charlie taking five dollars less? Is Red taking five dollars less?"

"Red, if we do this, I don't know when we'll hear the end of it. She won't give me a minute's peace, Mary."

"Oh, I know how they'll be," said Red. "If Mary so much as buys a new apron for herself, Bess'll want to know where she gets the dough. They'll be watching each other like a hawk. But I swear to Christ, I got a feeling that if we don't do it now, we never will."

"You didn't have this feeling yesterday," said Charlie.

"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. I don't think it come over me all of a sudden. I think I had the feeling a long time."

"You know what I think?" said Charlie.

"No, what?"

"I think if Old Lady Hofman didn't stop and fill up her tank, you wouldn't of had this feeling," said Charlie.

"Well, I guess that had something to do with it," said Red. "God Almighty, three hundred dollars a day. If she wasn't so old I'd marry her."

"Marry her anyway, she don't have long to last," said Charlie. "Call her up and tell her you decided to marry her. Here's a nickel, I'll pay for the call."

"You son of a bitch," said Red.

"And let me know how you make out. But now *I* got a lot of work to do."

"All right, you son of a bitch. I'm gonna keep this nickel," said Red.

"Buy a pack of gum," said Charlie.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

Owning a hand created Philip Rapp replica is almost like owning the original. The delicate hand-rubbed antiqued finishes, the special treatment of the metalwork, the unswerving fidelity to every line and contour of the original, even the distressing (nicks and dents) all go to make up the Philip Rapp hallmark of excellence. It is the reason Philip Rapp can use the term "authentic" with complete candor.—*Tag accompanying a piece of furniture.*

And a suppressed chuckle?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

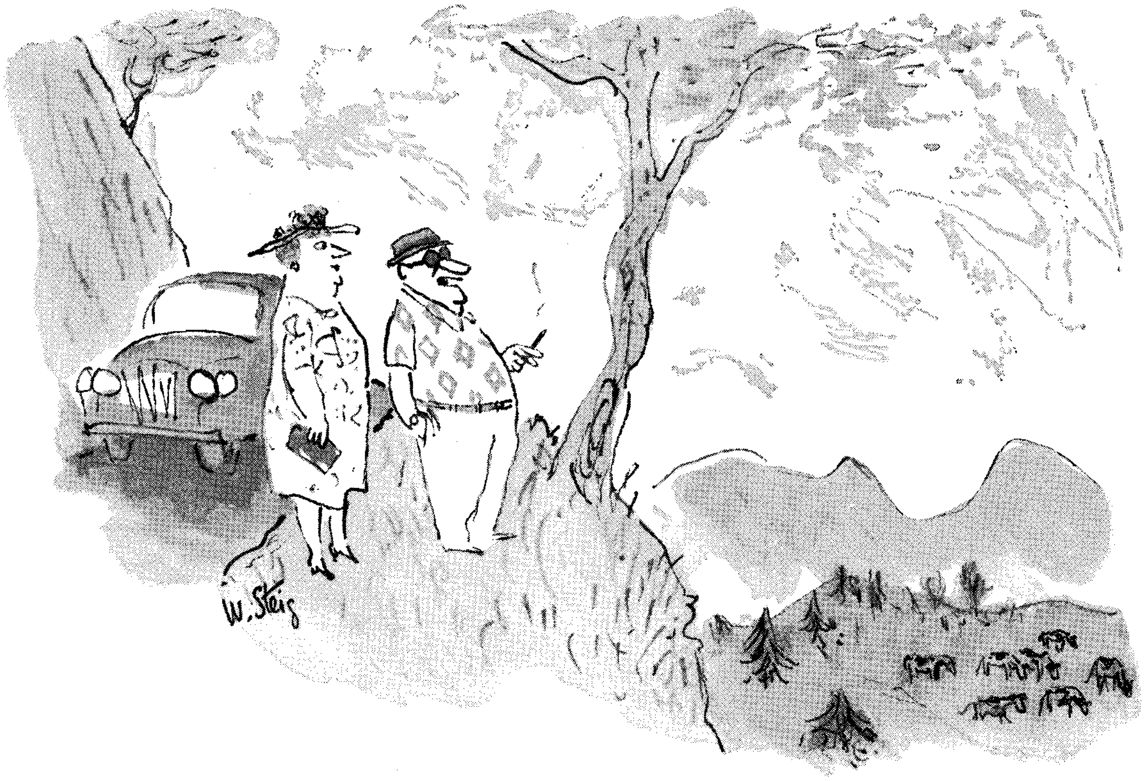
FREEZE AND THAW: THE ARTIST IN RUSSIA—II

ON March 13, 1964, a twenty-four-year-old Leningrad poet named Josif Brodsky was sentenced to five years' exile and forced labor; he is now serving his term in a penal settlement in the province of Arkhangelsk. The arrest and imprisonment of a young man who had committed no crime beyond displeasing the authorities in the matter of his vocation illustrates as graphically as anything could the extent to which cultural concerns in the Soviet Union are bound up with the political life of the country. This is an aspect of Soviet life that remains unfamiliar to us as Americans, and it was not until I had lived in Leningrad for almost two years that I came to understand it fully. For there is no doubt that while the regime mistrusts and fears its intellectuals, it also regards them as instruments for pursuing its policies. In recent years, this tension between Soviet bureaucrat and Soviet intellectual has resulted in a cyclical pattern of reform and repression, relaxation and reaction, thaw and freeze. The backward sweep of the pendulum reached its peak during Stalin's dictatorship. After his death, in 1953, the condition of Soviet artists and intellectuals improved enormously. By the late nineteen-fifties, many people in the West had come to believe that it was only a matter of time before experiment and innovation in the Soviet arts would again be as widespread as they had been during the years following the Revolution, and that Russia would soon flower with new Chekhovs and Dostoevskis, Kandinskys and Chagalls. Then, in 1958, the entire world was shocked by the treatment of Boris Pasternak after he was awarded the Nobel Prize for "Doctor Zhivago."

At the time I arrived in the Soviet Union, at the end of the summer of 1961, the cycle in progress was favorable to the liberal intellectuals, and it was to continue to be so for twelve months more. A young Russian friend of mine, an architect whom I will call Niktonov, told me, "We have lived through the worst of times. You have arrived in the best of times." Perhaps the high point of that 1961-62 good period was the appearance in the literary journal *Novy Mir* of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's moving novel "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich." This work, published in November, 1962, dealt uncompromisingly with life in Stalin's prison camps and with the highly charged theme of a man unjustly accused and unfairly sentenced. Of hardly less political importance was the appearance in the October 21, 1962, issue of *Pravda* of a new poem by the young poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko. The poem, "The Heirs of Stalin," contained the most forthright public warning to date against the persistence of the Stalinist mentality among bureaucrats. The fact that two such works could have been printed was taken as evidence of support on the highest level for a continued liberalization of the arts. And if a further indication was required, it came on November 23rd in a speech made by Premier Khrushchev himself before the Central Committee of the Communist Party, in which he announced that he had personally authorized the publication of both Yevtushenko's poem and Solzhenitsyn's novel.

Then the pendulum swung. It had started its downward turn a month earlier, when President Kennedy took an uncompromising position on Cuba, and now, like a scythe, it cut remorselessly through the ranks of the liberal intelligentsia. It may seem strange to those who live in the West that so much energy should have been devoted to bringing the intellectuals to heel at a time when the Soviet Union was harassed by large-scale problems on the international plane. One explanation is that literature and the fine arts were chosen by the politicians as an arena in which to wage a surrogate battle; certainly the issues behind the ideological-aesthetic controversy, as this battle came to be called, were far more complex and deeply rooted than the simple determination of what men could write and paint. It seems to me that it was really a test of strength between the proponents of the new liberalism and the Stalinist rear guard. Nearly ten years after Stalin's death, his bureaucratic heirs were anything but a shackled minority. In every Ministry and every provincial bureaucratic organization, key posts were held by men in their forties, or older, who had risen to power under Stalin—men whose habits and personalities had been formed during the blackest years of Soviet Russia's history. Perhaps Khrushchev felt that the time had now come to measure the power of the divergent factions upon whose support his own power rested; if the reactionaries should prevail, he would have to reckon with the reality that Khrushchev's

Russia was still Stalin's Russia.



"I'm not impressed."

December 1, 1962, marked the beginning of the open season on the liberal intelligentsia. A confrontation between Khrushchev and some so-called formalist artists in the Manezh Exhibition Hall, in Moscow, provided the reactionaries with their long-sought opportunity to launch a full-scale drive for ideological purity in the arts. On December 17th, the leaders of the Party met with some four hundred artists, writers, and other "cultural workers" at the Palace of Pioneers, in Moscow's Lenin Hills. The main speech, reported to have lasted seven or eight hours, was delivered by Leonid Ilichev, chairman of the Ideological Commission of the Central Committee. Two matters were discussed that were particularly disturbing to the government—the "ugly picture of Soviet reality" being presented in the works of many artists, and the fact that such works of art were certain to be "exploited" by the bourgeois press. On December 24th and 26th, further meetings took place, at Central Committee headquarters, and these were attended by roughly a hundred and fifty selected cultural workers, including artists, writers, and members of the Soviet film industry. Again the issue under consideration was that of "gloomy and ugly portrayals of Soviet life." During the preceding week, small concessions had been made by some of the erring intellectuals, and those who had seen fit to reconsider their positions were lauded by Ilichev for having displayed "civic maturity." Foremost among them were the poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko and the young writer Vasily Aksenov. Yevtushenko had submitted to pressure by adding a few new lines to "Babi Yar," his controversial poem denouncing anti-Semitism, and Aksenov, after long and stubbornly refusing to do so, had at last agreed to revise the screenplay of his story "Ticket to the Stars," which had been attacked for its "inaccurate and distorted" portrayal of Soviet youth. There was official praise for the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, who had volunteered a statement of contrition as evidence of a corrected position, but Ilichev was strongly critical of two young men. One was Andrei Volkonsky, a composer of twelve-tone music who had been a student, in Paris, of Nadia Boulanger and Dinu Lipatti, and who is perhaps the most talented avant-garde composer in Russia today. The other was the poet-*chansonnier* Bulat Okudzhava, a romantic in the pre-Revolutionary tradition, who is, next to Yevtushenko, the most popular figure with Russia's younger generation. What was particularly interesting about Ilichev's choice of figures for his cautionary tale was that they almost all belonged to the younger generation. Though he had specifically refuted charges that there was a "father vs. sons" split in Soviet Russia, the large majority of those present and called to account were under forty.

ONE of the most interesting aspects of the ideological-aesthetic controversy was the way it pointed up this wide cleavage between the generations. Time and again, the fact of such a breach had been denied by older Party spokesmen, including Khrushchev himself, yet the importance of the "non-existent" issue was nowhere more clearly indicated than in a lengthy speech the Premier made on March 8th, in which he attacked a newly completed film, "Zastava Ilicha"—"The Gate of Ilich." ("Ilich" is the name by which Lenin is familiarly known in Russia.)

I first heard of "The Gate of Ilich" from Niktonov. He had many acquaintances in cinema and other artistic circles, and he filled me in on the news and gossip.

"Everyone says the film is a brilliant piece of work," he told me. "The boys who made it—Khutsiyev and Shpalikov—are very young, not more than thirty or thirty-one. I tried to get hold of a copy of the scenario, but it was impossible."

"When will the film be released?" I asked.

"It won't be released," Niktonov said. "That's the trouble. Nobody has seen it. Oh, a few people in the film industry have seen it in a rough form. But if the rumors are correct, the film is under real attack."

"Why do you say that?"

Niktonov shrugged. "Formalism. A distorted portrayal of Soviet youth. Imitating Italian neo-realist techniques. Pick a reason—almost any one will do."

From then on, I heard more and more about the film. Its suppression became a *cause célèbre* among students and intellectuals of the younger generation. The only printed discussion of the film had appeared in the December issue of *Novy Mir*, as part of an installment of Viktor Nekrasov's travel notes, "On Both Sides of the Ocean." Nekrasov wrote (in Elias Kulukundis's translation):

> I am not afraid of exaggerating when I say that this film is a great event in the history of our art, a very great event . . . in its ideas, its direction, its photography. (Marguerita Pilikhina has shown us a Moscow that we've never seen on the screen before—a real Moscow, a Moscow you couldn't invent, so poetic that sometimes tears come to your eyes from the sheer joy of recognition.) The acting is free of every strain (and these young people have never been in films before). The dialogue is light and free and vibrant with life. . . . A lot has been written about young people, and a lot of films made about them both here and abroad, but I've never read any book or seen any film that dramatizes the question of young people as keenly or with such personal involvement. . . . Different countries, different youngsters. . . . Marty owns a butchershop in New York; Khutsiyev's youngsters are all workers. They are all about twenty, not much more than that. And, of course, they are all in love, each one in his own way. They have their gay moments, and their sadder ones. . . . And they have their moments of boredom, too. In "Marty" and in "The Gate of Ilich," you hear the same thing: "Where shall we go, boys? What shall we do tonight?" But only in one film—in Khutsiyev's—do the youngsters ask themselves, "Well, and after that, where are we then?"

From the Party point of view, the basic flaw in "The Gate of Ilich" was that it implied the existence of a breach between the generations. For this reason, it might well produce "another wave of malice among reactionary bourgeois circles." In his speech on March 8, 1963, before attacking "The Gate of Ilich" directly, Khrushchev stated precisely what it was that the Party expected from the artist. "The artist must be able to see the positive things and to rejoice in them, since they constitute the essence of our reality," he said. On the other hand, he went on, the artist "must not overlook the negative side and all that interferes with the rise of the new life." Using the familiar rich, Khrushchevian cluster of images, he continued:

> Unfortunately, some representatives of the art world judge reality only by the smells coming from the latrines; they deliberately portray people with ugly snouts; they lay dismal colors on thick in their paintings—colors that can only plunge viewers into a state of despondency, hopelessness and ennui, depicting as they do reality according to the artists' own biassed, distorted, subjective impression, and through the anemic stereotypes of their sick invention.

Next, he took up an error often associated with "civic immaturity," only rather more heinous—that of "ingratitude." Referring to "the sickening concoctions" of the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny (who had, only the day before, *again* engaged in public self-criticism), Khrushchev said, in a tone of shocked indignation, "We were disgusted to notice that this man, who is evidently not devoid of talent and who has graduated from a Soviet institution of higher learning, is repaying the people with such black ingratitude."

As always, the cue words were there, though the moral was not fully spelled out. A man who has eaten the bread of the workers and been educated by the state, and who then refuses to "reproduce a truthful picture of life" is guilty of black ingratitude to the people. And the people to whom the ingratitude of the Neizvestnys and the Khutsiyevs is blackest are precisely the generation of the fathers, who achieved the Revolution and who, from the start, made all that bread and education possible by a life of war and toil and sacrifice. Below the level of invective and rhetorical cant sound the familiar strains of ". . . and after all your mother and I have done for you!"

From the viewpoint of the fathers,

* *

HEDGE LIFE

At morning we all look out
As our dwelling lightens; we have been somewhere.
With dew our porous home
Is dense, wound up like a spring,

Which is solid as mother lode
At night. Those that live in these apartments
Exist for the feeling of growth
As thick as it can get, but filled with

Concealment. When lightning
Strikes us, we are safe; there is nothing to strike, no bole
For all-fire's shattered right arm.
We are small creatures, surviving

On the one breath that grows
In our lungs in the complex green, reassured in the dawn-
Silver heavy as wool. We wait
With crowded excitement

For our house to spring
Slowly out of night-wet to the sun; beneath us,
The moon hacked to pieces on the ground.
None but we are curled

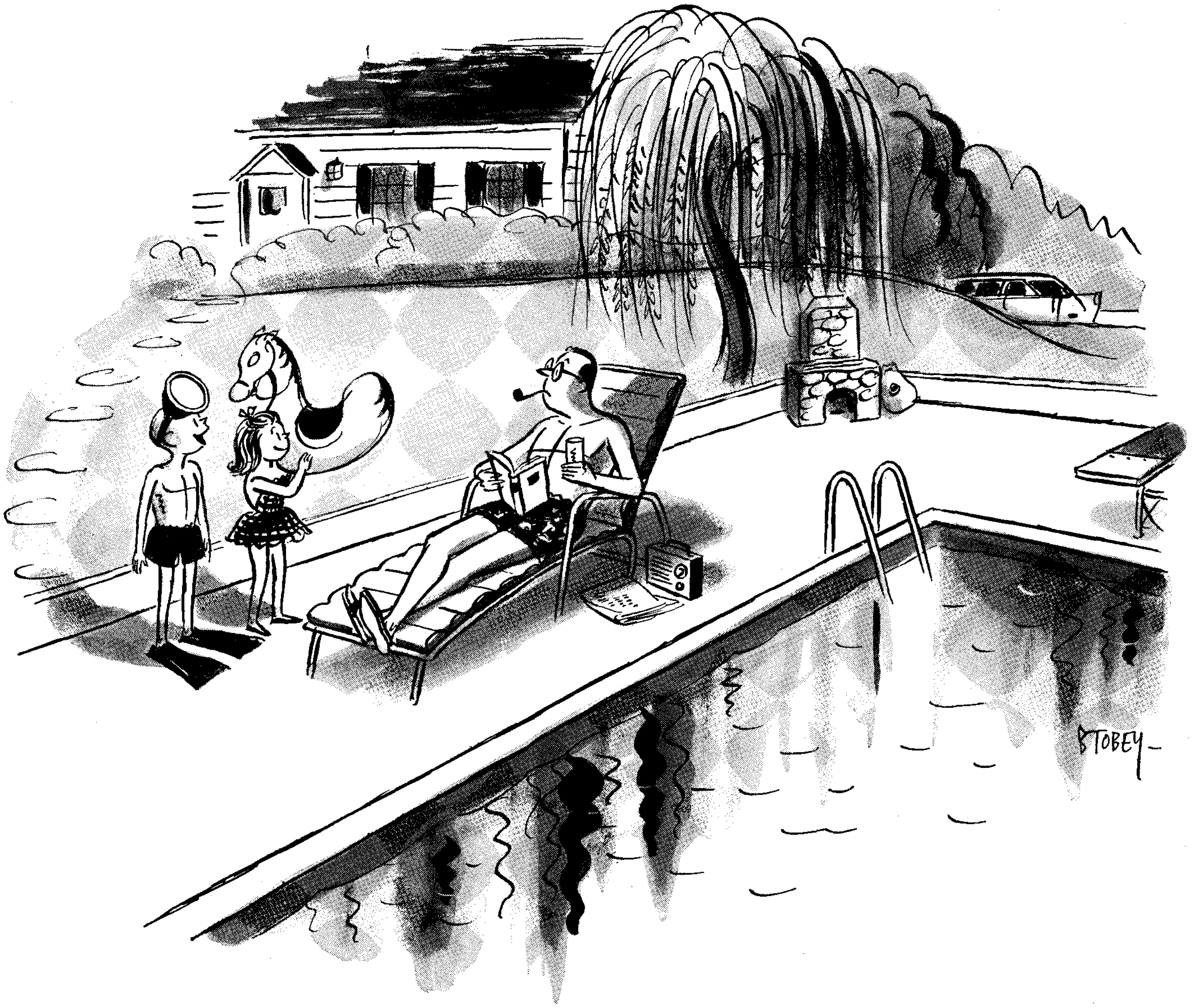
Here, rising another inch,
Knowing that what held us solid in the moon is still
With us, where the outside flowers flash
In bits, creatures travel

Beyond us like rain,
The great sun floats in a fringed bag, all stones quiver
With the wind that moves us.
We trade laughters silently

Back and forth, and feel—
As we dreamed we did last night, our noses safe in our fur—
That what is happening to us in our dwelling
Is true: that on either side,

As we sleep, as we wake, as we rise
Like springs, the house is winding away across the fields,
Stopped only momentarily by roads,
King-walking hill after hill.

—JAMES DICKEY



"Take us to the beach, Daddy."

• •

Khrushchev's indictment of "The Gate of Ilich" was ideologically unimpeachable:

> We are apparently meant to believe that the film's principal characters represent precisely those advanced sections of Soviet youth who staunchly stand watch over the gains of the Socialist revolution, the legacy of Ilich. But everyone who sees this film will say that this is untrue. [Actually, nobody would see the original version of the film; it was being entirely remade at the time of the speech.] Even the most positive characters in the film—three working lads—by no means personify our wonderful youth. They are portrayed as not knowing how they should live or what they should aspire to. And, mind you, this takes place in our time of comprehensive building of Communism! A time illuminated by the ideas of the Communist Party program! . . . Is it indeed on young people of this sort that our country must pin its hopes for the future? Are we to believe it is they who will inherit the great gains won by the senior generations, the builders of Communism, who defended it with weapons in hand during the bitter battles with the Fascist hordes, who created the material and cultural requisites for building a Communist society? No, these are not the sort of people society can rely upon. They are no fighters, no remakers of the world. They are morally sick people who have aged while still young, who are without lofty aims or calling in life.

Then Khrushchev did a curious thing. He described for his audience what is probably the crucial scene in "The Gate of Ilich," and, by so doing, all but invalidated the accusations he had just made against the film:

> I have already remarked on the sequence where the hero meets the ghost of his father, killed in the war. It evokes grave objections on points of principle. When the son asks the ghost how he ought to live, it, in turn, asks him how old he is. "Twenty-three," says the son. The father replies, "And I am twenty-one . . ." and vanishes.

The stark and moving scene suggested by Khrushchev's brief recapitulation must have affected many young men of this generation who *are* that hero, whose dead fathers *are* that father. They are the millions whose fathers were killed in the war, and the hundreds of thousands more whose fathers were Stalin's victims—not even allowed an honorable death serving their country. The displeasure of Khrushchev and the Party over this scene in the film was no doubt rooted in their fear of a generation of sons who had begun to attribute blame. As though addressing Khutsiyev and Shpalikov directly, Khrushchev continued:

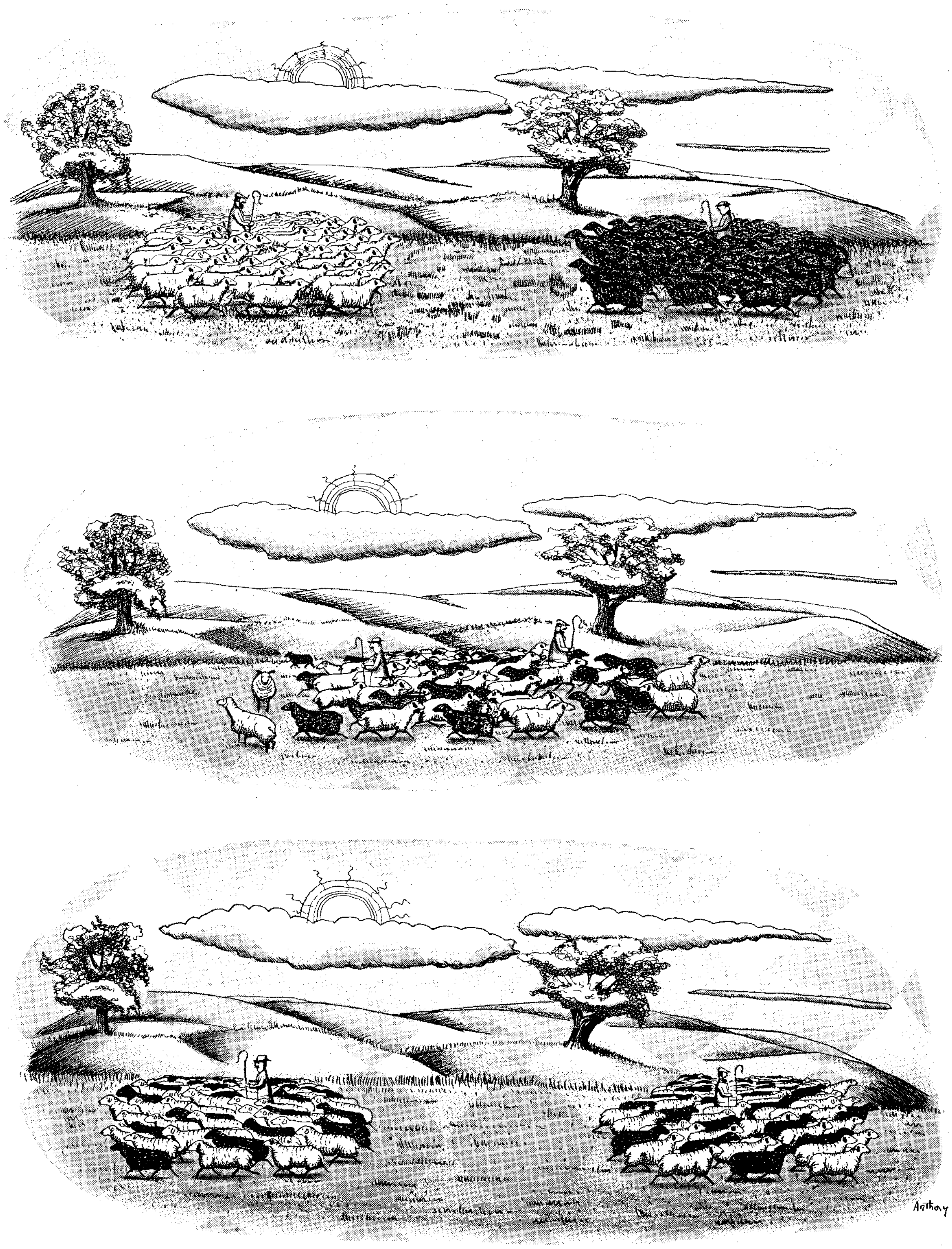
> Do you really want us to believe that such a thing could be true? No one will! It is common knowledge that even animals don't abandon their offspring. . . . Can one believe, indeed, that a father would not answer his son's question and help him out by advising him how to find the correct and proper road in life? . . . It is the opinion of the makers of this film that young people ought to decide by themselves how they should live, without asking the help of their elders. . . . Do you really intend to set the youth against

> the older generation? Make the generations quarrel? Introduce discord into the big, friendly Soviet family, which welds together both young and old in the joint effort for Communism? We tell such as you with full responsibility: Nothing will come of your efforts. [*Stormy applause in the hall*] . . . In the Soviet Socialist society there are no contradictions between generations.

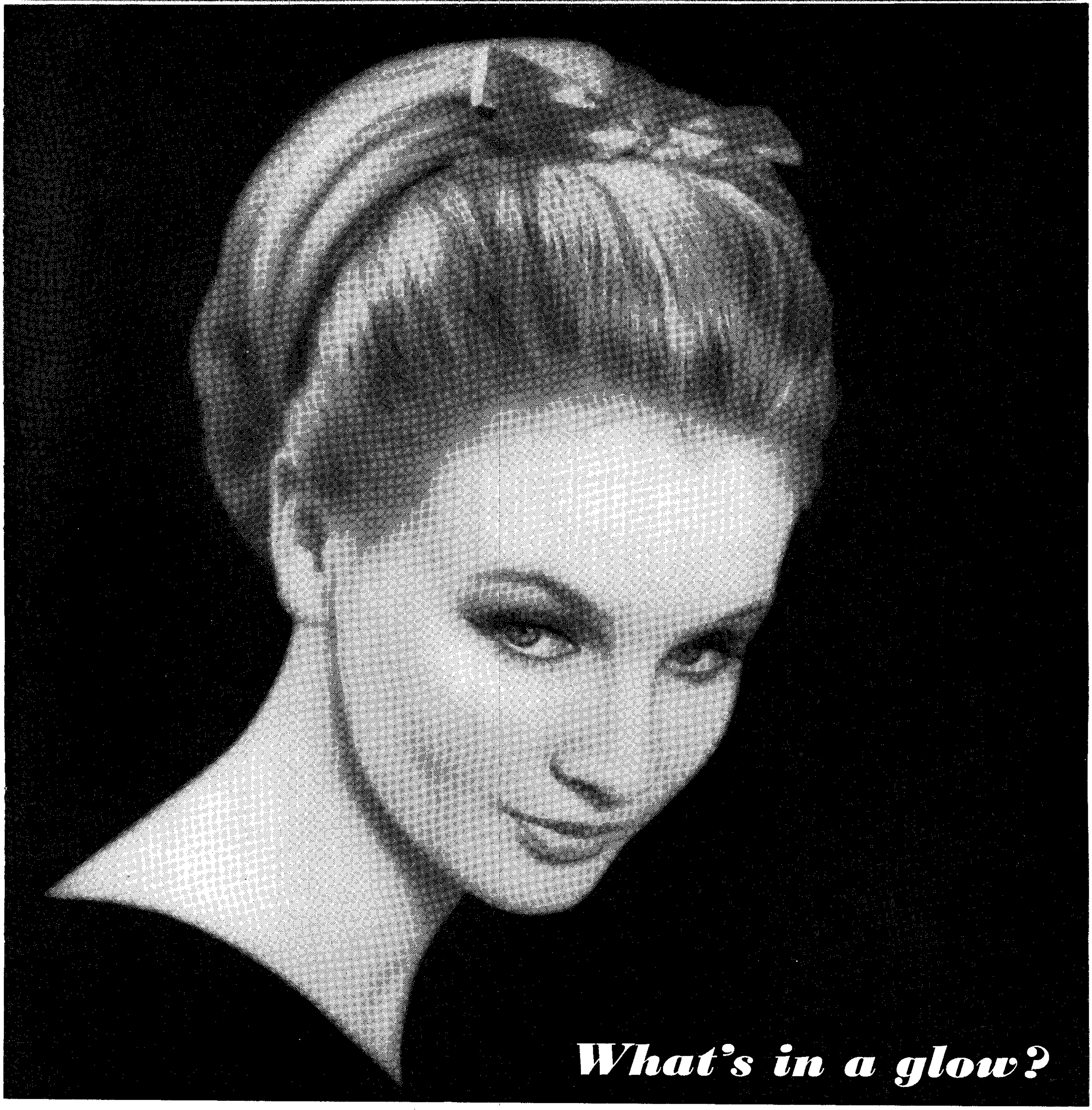
In other words, the fathers and the Party are the source of knowledge and guidance; to imply that a new generation should decide its own fate is tantamount to blasphemy.

But if the authors of "The Gate of Ilich" were guilty of blasphemy, Nekrasov, in his travel notes, was guilty of something almost worse. Khrushchev went on to quote the single passage in which Nekrasov made himself anathema to the fathers—a passage in which Nekrasov expressed his thanks to the makers of the film "for not dragging in the old worker by his graying mustache, the one who understands everything and always has exactly the right answer for everything you ask him," and continued, "If *he* had come by with his instructive sayings, it would have ruined the picture." At that point in the speech, *Pravda* notes, there were "exclamations of 'Disgrace!' "

A play on words based on the unfortunate Khutsiyev film quickly went the rounds after the Kremlin meetings. People said that to reach "The Gate of Ilich" you first had to pass through the gate of Ilichev. I was trying my best, through everyone I knew in the film industry, to obtain a copy of the scenario, but all copies seemed to have vanished. In the meantime, I began to observe the workings of the mechanism whereby the ideological-aesthetic controversy was being spread outward from Moscow. There was a slight time lag while key Party functionaries returned to their homes throughout the Soviet Union and organized the meetings of writers, artists, and Party officials at which they, in turn, would be the major speakers. The matters under consideration were the ones that had been dealt with in Moscow. They had been determined, as had the mood and style of the controversy, by the speeches of Ilichev and Khrushchev, but since the problems of each city or region were recognized by Moscow to be unique, a measure of discretion was left to the local Party secretaries. And it was at these second- and third-level meetings that the real vitriol poured forth.



It is true today, as it was in the Russia of the Czars, that the farther you move out from the big cities, the wilder and more primitive things get. In fact, you need go only forty kilometres from Leningrad—as far as foreigners are permitted to travel without police permission—to reënter the atmosphere of the past century. In Russia, as in many countries,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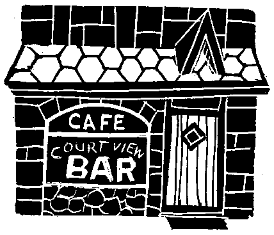
provincial animosities, vendettas, and jealousies are apt to be merely heavy-handed repetitions of those pursued at the center. If this cyclical change had delighted Moscow's reactionaries, it left Stalin's provincial heirs nearly delirious with anticipation, for they are even more literal-minded than their Moscow cousins. The relative decorum and restraint observed in Moscow vanished in the countryside. Early in April, there appeared in *Pravda* an article bearing the title "Toward Ideological Purity in Literature and Art." The author was a Tadzhik named Mirzo Tursun-Zade, who was a laureate of the Lenin Prize. Though he may have been big in Tadzhikistan, none of my friends in Leningrad had ever heard of him. His article was characteristic of hundreds that appeared between late March and the end of June. His object was to attack Yevtushenko, and he did so by sidling up to the poet with a few ritualistic compliments and then criticizing him for writing "Babi Yar." Tursun-Zade was on firm ground. Khrushchev, in his speech on March 8th, had unquestionably had "Babi Yar" in mind when, in one of his longest public statements on anti-Semitism to date, he designated it as a "non-problem" second only to that of "father-and-son." Khrushchev said, "We have no Jewish question here, and those who dream one up are singing a foreign tune." Tursun-Zade, as a member of another Soviet minority, apparently felt that he was well equipped to write on the subject of prejudice. Taking Yevtushenko's "foreign tune" as his point of departure, he declared his own satisfaction with minority-group life in Russia:



> We are gladdened by the successes of our friends and grieved by their failures. Well, that is understandable, since we live in one big, brotherly family. At present, certain Moscow poets are caught up in unhealthy trends. I tell you there is none of that at home in Tadzhikistan. Happily, we have not been contaminated by the disease of formalism.

This seemed like good news, coming as it did from so wild and far-off a place as Tadzhikistan. I showed the article to Niktonov, who merely laughed and pointed out that Tursun-Zade was actually writing from Moscow. "So how would he know what is happening at home?" said Niktonov. "That's the trouble with Moscow these days. Full of provincial hacks. Besides, he's just trying to say that being a Tadzhik isn't half as disgusting as being a Jew."

Not a week later, Niktonov read me a report from the provincial press that rather undermined Tursun-Zade's assurances. The hunting season had opened late but with a big bang in happy, uncontaminated Tadzhikistan. The occasion was a film made from a novel by the Kirghiz novelist Chingiz Aitmatov, another Lenin Prize-winner. The provincial attack on the film exactly paralleled Khrushchev's attack on "The Gate of Ilich." True, neither Aitmatov himself nor his novel was condemned, yet the attack was so scurrilous that the novelist nonetheless felt obliged to make a public apology for the film—which he had had absolutely nothing to do with. "Now do you see why Tursun-Zade composes his reports on Tadzhik life from Moscow?" asked Niktonov. "There are times when it is best to be out of touch with one's own friendly minority group."

But Leningrad, too, is part of the provinces, and the local reactionaries were preparing to follow Moscow's lead. To the *Leningradtsi*, their city is still Russia's cultural capital, but as far as political power is concerned, Leningrad is hostage to the whims of Moscow. In Leningrad, the major follow-up to the Kremlin meetings was a speech delivered on March 14th by Party Secretary Vasily Tolstikov. This gave the go-ahead for meetings throughout the city, and one afternoon Niktonov telephoned to ask me if I would like to attend a meeting in a dormitory where students of the literature faculty of Leningrad University lived. I said I would. It was my first experience of a Party-sponsored meeting.

The meeting took place in a room used for Saturday-night dances, and there were about twenty-five students present. The leader of the discussion was a young Party member who was also an instructor at the university. As Niktonov and I took seats at the back of the room, he was talking of the lessons to be learned from the "diary" of a girl named Zoya. Zoya was one of the young Komsomol heroines who lost her life during the war, executed as a partisan by the Germans. Her memory is enshrined in the aspic of sentimental superpatriotism and is brought out of the ideological refrigerator whenever the Party sees a need to provide Soviet youth with a shining example of high

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ideals and moral force. As the instructor went on and on about Zoya, displaying her as an illustration of the heights of dedication to which Soviet youth could stir itself, I noticed a certain restlessness on the part of the students. God knows, by the time every Russian child is seven or eight he is familiar with Zoya's name, her simple heroism, her brutal martyrdom. And now here was Zoya being trotted out again, this time to show that the creators of "The Gate of Ilich" had chosen the wrong, the "unseemly," aspect of Soviet youth for their subject. "That is the type of error of which the so-called 'innovators' are guilty," the instructor concluded.

When he had finished, one of the students rose to his feet, removed his spectacles, and said that he and some of his friends had read the scenario of the film. He acknowledged Khrushchev's interpretation as the official one but added, "We feel that other interpretations are also possible. Take the vision scene. Couldn't you say about the father: Here is a man who at twenty-one *had* purpose and certainty—enough to die willingly for his country? And here's his son, twenty-three and still without any idea how to live—or, for that matter, what life is all about. When the father walks away, he isn't 'turning his back on his son.' Why, he is expressing his *disgust!* Disgust at his son's aimless life. Disgust that the sacrifices made by his generation so that this boy could *have* a life had meant so little. Isn't that a possible interpretation?" And he sat down.

"Yes, you may see it that way," the instructor began, "but—"

"And I must add, quite frankly," said the student, on his feet again, "that there are still other possible interpretations. Yes, and none of them are disloyal. I have suggested only one." He sat down again and put on his glasses.

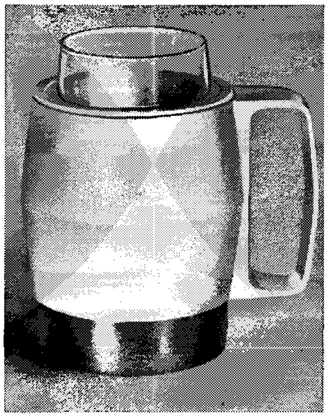
The instructor hesitated a moment. Then he shook his head. "You may have read the scenario. But when you *see* the film, you will realize how they have weighted the words, how the scene is played. *Then* you may better understand what it is that Nikita Sergeievich means."

"Have you read the scenario?" another student asked.

"No, I confess I haven't," said the instructor.

"And will we be able to see the film?" a girl asked.

"Absolutely! In fact, you *must* see it," said the instructor. Then he added, "Naturally, it will not be released for



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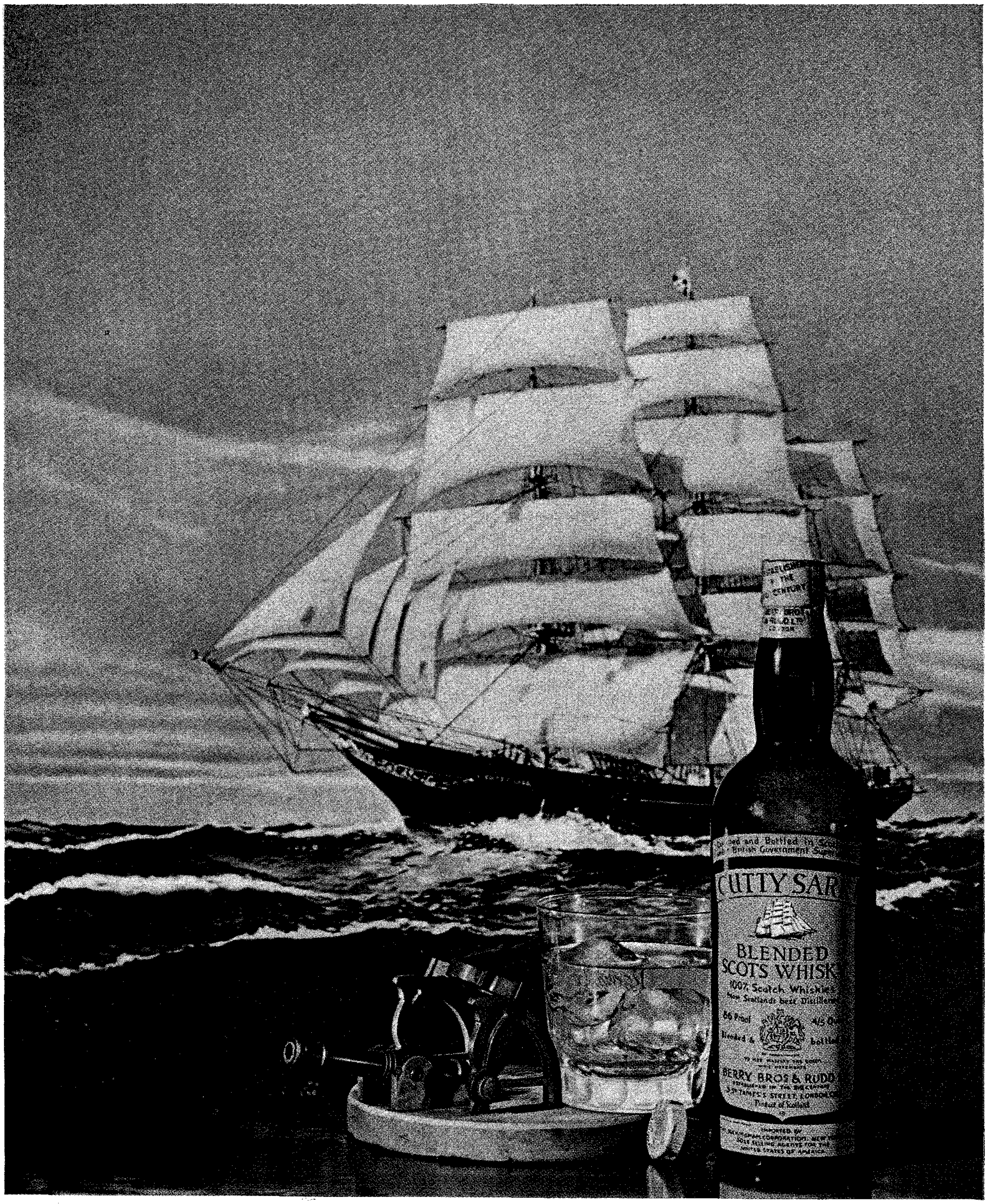
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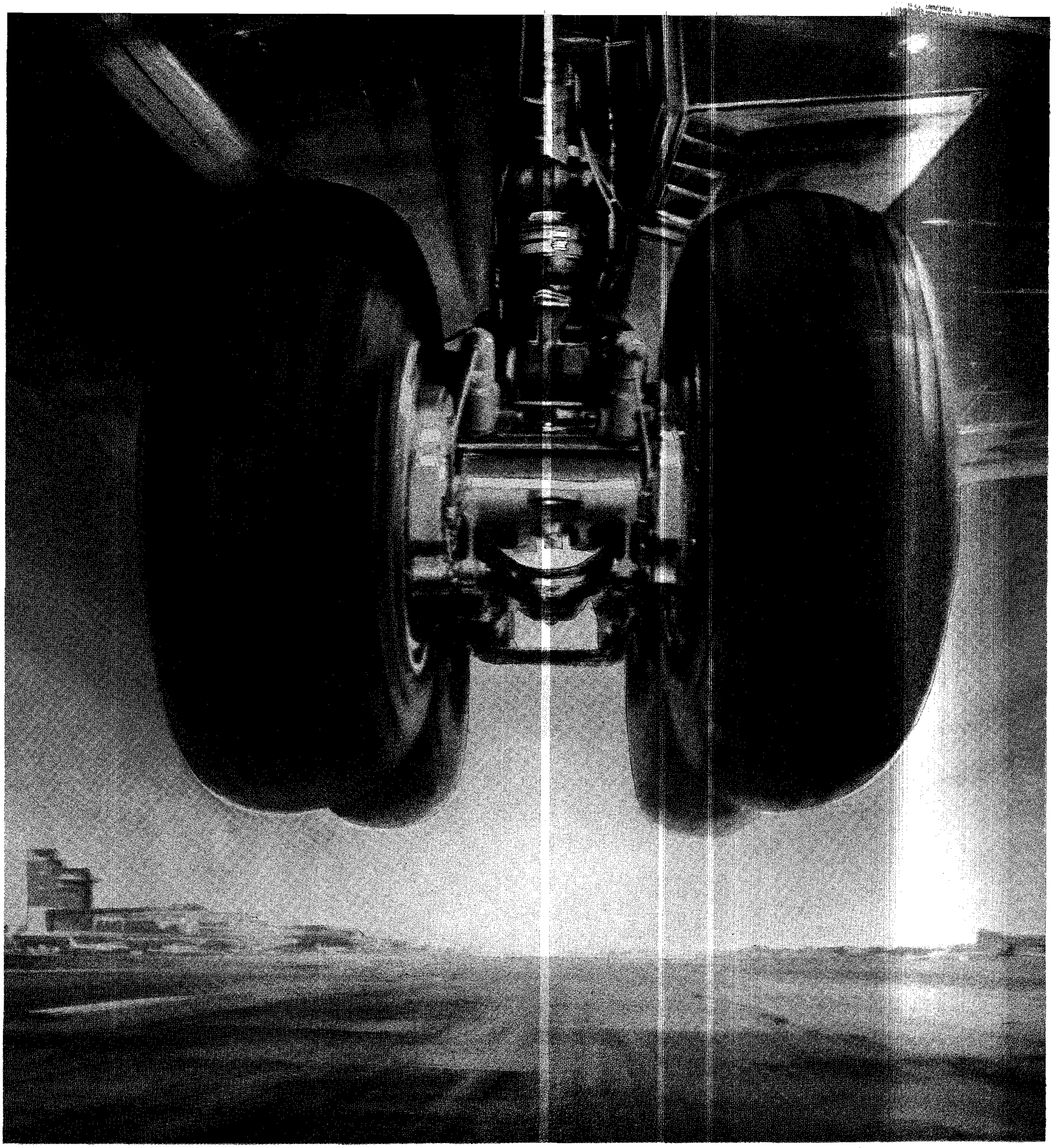

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some time, as it is being reorganized."

There was laughter in the room. Several of the students got up to leave, and Niktonov and I joined them. As we walked out of the dormitory, Niktonov handed me a bundle of worn and rather soiled pages that had been typed out on a typewriter with a poor ribbon. The manuscript had obviously passed through many hands. He turned to the last page and showed me, at the bottom, the authors' names—Marlen Khutsiyev and Gennady Shpalikov.

"This is a copy of the scenario of 'The Gate of Ilich,' " Niktonov said. "Don't lose it. There are others who will want to read it after you."

I went straight back to my room and read through the scenario. All of it was good. Simply and clearly written, it was moving without making the least concession to the cant of the hacks and polemicists. Here, for example, is the scene between the boy, Sergei, and his dead father:

> Night. Outside, rain is falling.
>
> Sergei is seated alone in the room except for his sleeping sister. He rises, goes to the buffet, and slides back the glass door. He takes a piece of bread, begins to eat, still standing. Suddenly, he notices a vodka bottle starting to roll on the bottom shelf. He catches it, sets it on the table. He takes a glass, bread, and cucumbers from the buffet and sets them on the table, on top of the outspread newspaper. He sits, pours out vodka, drinks.
>
> He sits motionless, his head in his hands, staring at the table. The rain continues to tap on the window, monotonous and unceasing. . . .
>
> Several drops of water fall onto the newspaper. Sergei starts.
>
> At his side, a hand emerges from the wet cuff of a soldier's greatcoat.
>
> Sergei raises his head.
>
> Before him, leaning against the table, stands a soldier. He is young, exhausted, wearing a helmet and drenched greatcoat. He carries an automatic rifle.
>
> Sergei wants to rise, but the soldier says to him, "Sit." He takes the other chair.
>
> They sit facing one another.
>
> "What's the matter?" asks the soldier.
>
> "Nothing," says Sergei.
>
> "You're drinking alone?"
>
> Sergei is silent.
>
> "Pour one for me, too," says the soldier.
>
> Sergei gets another glass, pours. They drink in silence.
>
> "So this is what you're like," says the soldier. He looks over at the sleeping girl. "Is that your wife?"
>
> "No. My sister."
>
> "Sister?" repeats the soldier. "And what is she called?"
>
> "Vera."
>
> "Vera," repeats the soldier. "Where is your mother?"
>
> "At work."
>
> "And you work?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "Listen, I never imagined that I would

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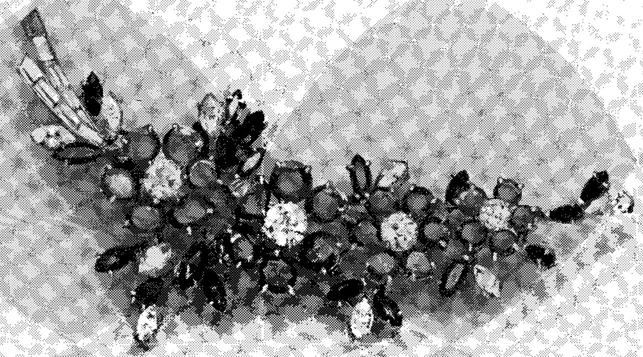

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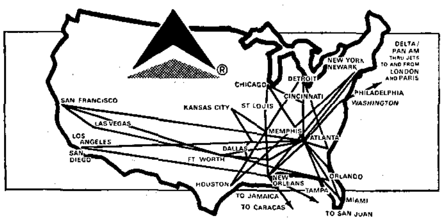
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have two children like you. Do you remember me even a little?"

"I thought you were older," says Sergei. "Were all of you . . . so young?"

"We were. All of us. Like you," says the soldier.

The soldier gazes intently at Sergei.

"Something's the matter," he says. "Can't you tell me?"

"Yes, I must," says Sergei. "So that you can explain—so many things to me."

"What can I explain?"

"*Everything.* I don't trust anyone the way I trust you. Do you understand? I need your advice. Everything's going lousy for me."

"Sh-h-h!" says the soldier. "You'll wake the boys."

Puzzled, Sergei looks about.

Around them are no longer the walls of the room but a long row of bunks in a dugout. Soldiers are sleeping side by side. They are tanned, close-cropped. Their sleep is difficult and labored, but their faces in sleep are very young, almost childish. They haven't even begun to shave.

"Are they alive?" asks Sergei.

"I don't know about all of them," says the soldier. "I can show you only those who were killed before me. That one, and that one there, and that . . ."

The soldiers he indicates sleep. Their faces are calm in sleep.

"All those were killed that morning. Very early. At five, in the attack. It was autumn. And in the night it rained."

"Was it awful?" Sergei asks.

"Awful."

"You knew—that you had been killed?"

"No. I thought, I'll live through it. But then I understood that everything was finished. Others ran on ahead. I don't know who made it."

One of the sleeping soldiers wakes, rises, and quietly rouses the others. They begin to dress themselves, to pull on their boots.

"Let's drink," says Sergei.

"Let's. I drink to you."

"And I to you. I wish I could have been at your side."

"No. There was no need for that," says the soldier.

"And what is necessary?"

"That you should live!"

"But how?" asks Sergei. "How?"

The soldier rises. Two others wait to leave the dugout with him.

"How old are you?" asks the soldier.

"Twenty-three."

"And I am twenty-one. Younger than you by two years. How can I give you advice?"

He puts on his helmet, checks his automatic.

The dugout fades. There is only the room again.

"You're leaving?" asks Sergei.

"It's time."

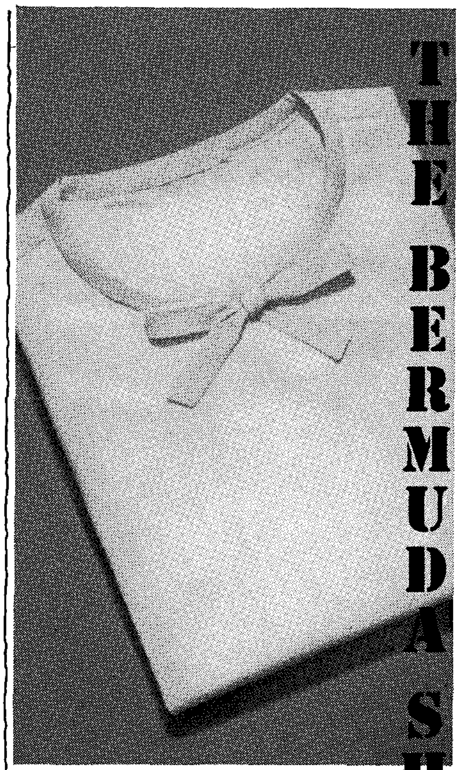
"Papa . . ." Sergei says the word very softly.

"I'm off," says the soldier, and nods encouragingly. "My buddies are waiting."

He goes. His steps grow fainter on the stairs.

Sergei stands at the window. The rain is over. Below, the wet asphalt of the street glistens.

The city sleeps. Like beacons, lights



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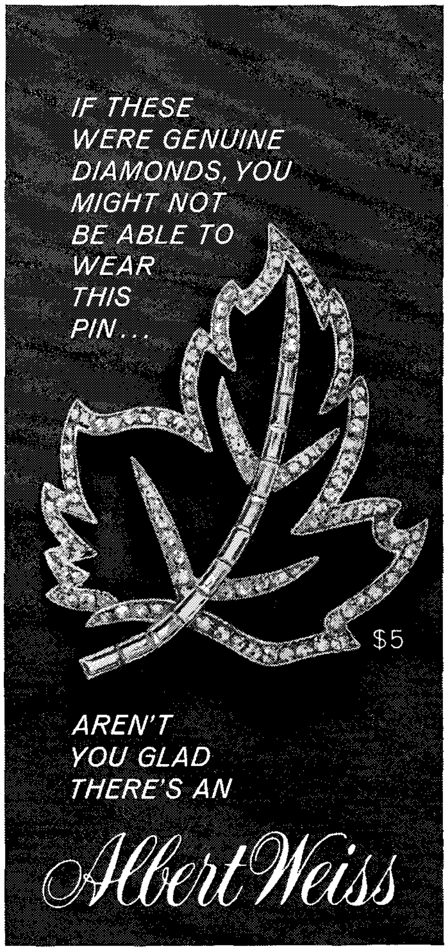
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shine from the tops of the tall buildings as the scene fades out.

THROUGH late March and early April of 1963, the ideological-aesthetic campaign focussed squarely on the leaders of the younger generation—Yevtushenko, the poet Andrei Voznesensky, the writer Vasily Aksenov, the poet-*chansonnier* Bulat Okudzhava. Reading the papers day after day, I felt that I was following the installments of a penny-dreadful serial. Yevtushenko still made the best target, since he stood as a representative both of his generation and of the new aspiration of post-Stalinist Russia to get at "the truth." In 1954, the poet, then twenty years old, had addressed these lines to his generation:

> Let us give back to words
> Their original meanings!

Leaving aside, for the moment, the possibly modest romantic virtues of Yevtushenko's verse, what might the interested American reader want to know about him? That he has been involved in several scandals with his own government, that he and Fidel Castro are great friends, that when he recites he fills halls to overflowing and stops the traffic in Moscow's Mayakovsky Square. Also that he has travelled widely in the West, seeming to come and go very much as he pleases. Soviet society has various strata that can be classified as élite. High Party officials, bureaucrats, and military leaders compose one echelon, film stars and ballet dancers another, the scientific hierarchy still a third. But Yevtushenko is in a class by himself. He is contemporary Soviet society's equivalent of the Beatles. He occupies a position in the spotlight that before his appearance had long remained empty. In short, Yevtushenko is a star.

Physalis alkekengi.
C. Scotus
pinxit.

On the evening of Easter Monday, 1963, I happened to go into the dining room of Leningrad's Hotel Astoria for a late coffee. The girl who operated the *espresso* machine had been crying, and her face was a sight. I knew her slightly and asked her what the trouble was. "Haven't you heard?" she said. "Yevtushenko committed suicide yesterday!"

"How?" I asked. "How did it happen?"

"He shot himself."

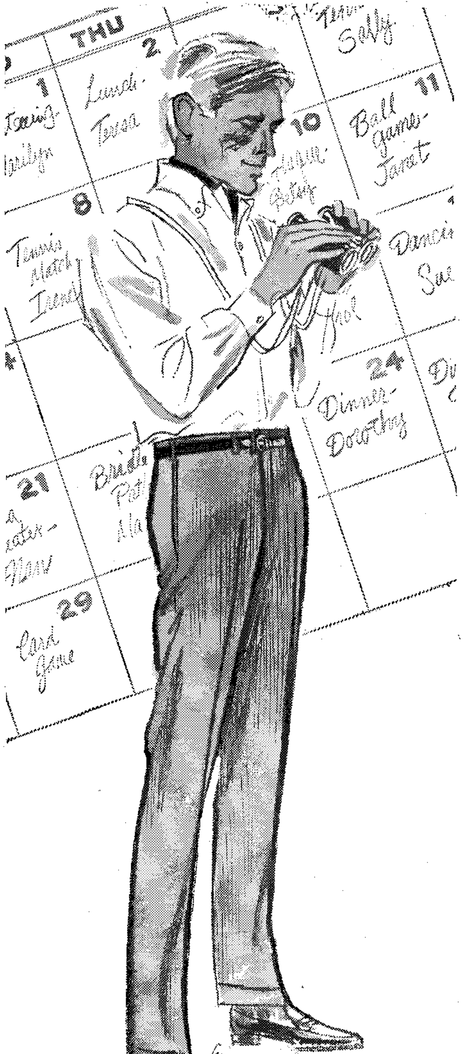
I sat down, shocked. It occurred to me that if the story was true, it would be misunderstood both in Russia and abroad. In the West, Yevtushenko's death would be first-class ideological ammunition (I could imagine the headlines—"MARTYRDOM OF SOVIET POET"), while in Russia it would be an embarrassment to the government. His enemies would be delighted, but many young Russians would react very much as this girl had. Looking around the vast dining room, I expected to see at least a few signs of distress, but the diners at all the tables were talking and laughing naturally. My shock was immediately tempered by disbelief, and I asked the girl how she knew. She said a friend had told her. Had there been anything in the press, I asked. Nothing.

The next day and the next, I waited for confirmation of the news. There was none. Yevtushenko's death proved to have been only a rumor. How it had got started and who had started it never became clear. In a government-controlled press there are no gossip columns, so rumor fills in as a means of communication. The next time I telephoned Niktonov, I told him what I had heard, and he laughed. "I am certain he is alive and kicking," he said. "I heard the rumor, too. They say he tried to buy a shotgun in Moscow. To do that, you must show your passport, and when the salesman saw who it was—so the story goes—he refused to sell Yevtushenko the gun and reported the incident to the authorities. I suppose the salesman had read somewhere about Hemingway."

Several weeks later, I was in Moscow and visited one of the senior members of the Writers' Union. Over lunch, I asked about the rumor. "The fact of the matter is that Yevtushenko had been getting crank telephone calls, so he left Moscow for a rest," the man said, and added that Yevtushenko had just returned to town.

I told him the story of the shotgun, and he smiled and said, "It really should have been a story about a spear gun. Zhenya was in Sevastopol, spear-fishing."

That perhaps explained part of the rumor, but its origin and the reasons behind it remained a mystery. Coming as it had at the high point of the campaign against Yevtushenko, could it have been the work of the Moscow *ostryaki*, or wits, and have been in-



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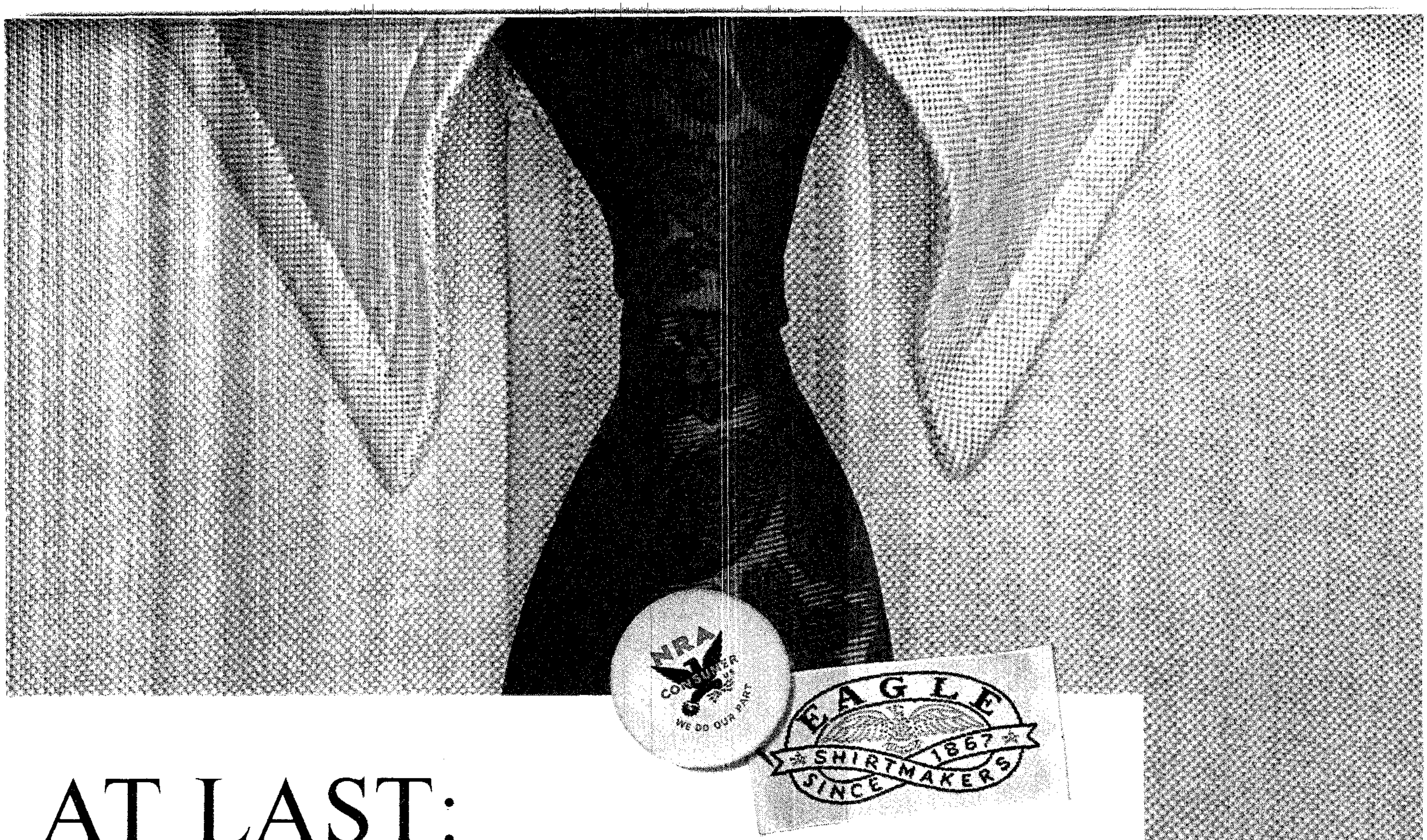

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EXPLANATORY NOTE FOR YOUNGER CITIZENS

Many people tend to lump the Great Depression in with the Charleston, Calvin Coolidge, Jean Harlow, and the St. Valentine's Day Massacre as ways to pass time between World War I and World War II. If so, the Depression was the most widespread fad you ever saw, and it lasted 10 years. ★ In 1933 the National Recovery Act came in; its symbol, the Blue Eagle, its slogan, "We Do Our Part". We also did jigsaw puzzles and played Monopoly. Hotels on Park Place *and* Boardwalk—now there was Security, kids.

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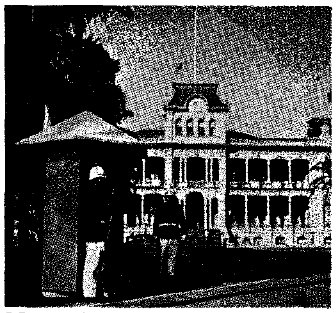
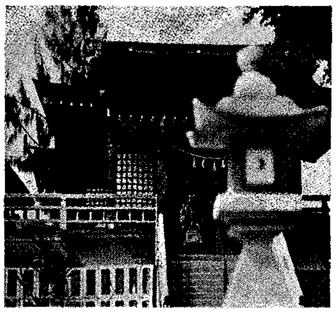


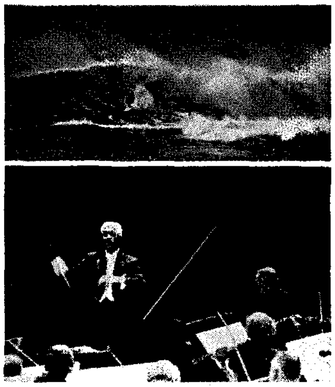
Nation's only royal palace houses the State legislature



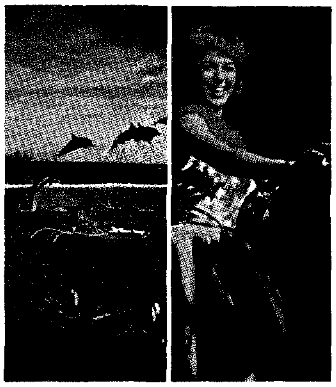
Temples abound as evidence of our multi-culture heritage

Aloha Week recaptures royalty days' pageantry

Exotic bazaars offer bargains from Far East



Surfing was given birth here; a great orchestra flourishes



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FESTIVAL TIME — This Fall is festival time in Hawaii. A few highlights: Aloha Week on Oahu, Oct. 17-23; All-Islands Makahiki Festival, Nov. 3-7; Lahaina Whaling Spree, Oct. 29-Nov. 6; Christmas Festivals, Dec. 8-12; International Surfing Championships, December 18-26.

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tended as a lesson either to the government or to the poet himself? The thought crossed my mind that the rumor of his death might have served—even more effectively than his verse had—to establish his place in the tradition of Russian poetry.

One of the best physical descriptions of Yevtushenko is offered by Olga Carlisle (the granddaughter of Leonid Andreyev, who wrote "He Who Gets Slapped") in her book "Voices in the Snow," published in New York in 1962. She describes Yevtushenko thus:

> Very tall and slender, with transparent blue eyes, Yevtushenko was wearing a hat of pale-gray astrakhan which was extremely becoming to him. He is fair and has high cheekbones, his eyes are narrow and shrewd. His manner has a kind of winning candidness, yet it seemed a little calculated, as that of a flirtatious child. One recognized at once a young man who has risen in the world through talent and wits and has come to rely on the fact that his wits are appreciably superior to those of almost everyone else. There was a certain flamboyance to Yevtushenko's manner, and he played the classic role of a romantic young poet with gusto. I knew that Yevtushenko was immensely popular with Soviet youth. His popularity is comparable to that of a movie star in the West.

The shrewdness and calculated candidness that Mrs. Carlisle observed have been remarked upon by other Western reporters. Priscilla Johnson, in an article in the *Reporter*, observes:

> Facing Yevtushenko across a luncheon table in Moscow is like watching a politician on TV. There is the same split second of hesitation, the same nearly reflexive choice among alternative answers. The only spontaneous reaction is calculation. . . . Frequently his remarks are so loaded with ambiguity that it is difficult to guess whether he means what he appears to be saying or the opposite. . . . The crucial fact about Yevtushenko is that his ambiguity, the ambiguity that is cast up by his poetry as on a giant reflecting screen, is the ambiguity of post-Stalin Russia. . . . That is why Yevtushenko's struggle to retain some inner integrity is of such significance. It is the struggle of an entire generation of young intellectuals who, by their tempering and by their ideals, are the best hope Russia has today.

A third woman reporter, Patricia Blake, writing in *Encounter*, has provided an interesting description of one of Yevtushenko's poetry readings, or "literary concerts," as such evenings are called. It began at 5 P.M. and went on until midnight. Miss Blake writes:

> The auditorium was filled to capacity—about seven hundred people, largely students from the university and from various institutes where tickets had been distributed. A majority had brought books of poetry, which they followed, like

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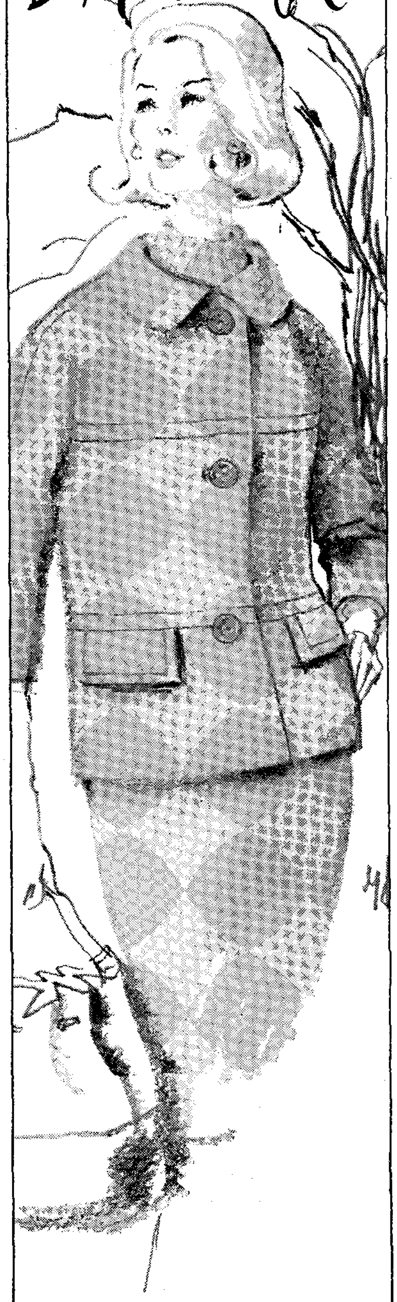

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music scores, during the performance. [Yevtushenko's] appearance brought forth cries of "Hi, Zhenya!" and "Give us 'Babi Yar'!" and a barrage of paper pellets on which his admirers had written requests for their favorite poems. It was clear at once that this young man's popularity is extra-literary. . . . "Zhenya is Columbus," one of his enraptured admirers told me. "He charts courses no one would dare dream of, and then everyone follows in his wake." . . . Dressed in a wildly patterned American sports shirt under a gray silk suit, he brushed back his blond forelock and waved familiarly at the audience. "*Horosho*—all right, you'll have your 'Babi Yar.'" . . . He reads it with unmistakable feeling, his arms open to the audience, his hands trembling a bit: "Today I am as old as the Jewish people/It seems to me now that I am a Jew. . . ." When he had finished, the crowd began pounding on the floor with their feet. "Again, at once!" He read it again, and later in the evening, when the audience would not relent, read it once more. When this happened for the fourth time, Yevtushenko shouted for silence and said, "Comrades, you and I have been in this hall for six hours and I have read that poem four times. I should think you would be as tired of hearing it as I am of reciting it." But again they pounded and once again he complied.

In 1962, I spent a long evening at Yevtushenko's apartment, with three other guests. His wife, Galina, was there (she is his second wife; the first was Bella Akhmadulina, a poet of some stature), and there was plenty of food and vodka. We listened to records, sitting in a pleasant living room whose walls were covered with paintings done by Yevtushenko's friends. Mostly modern, few of the paintings were good. As we talked, Yevtushenko asked if I liked cigars. I said I did. He offered me one from an open box and said, "A gift from Fidel." The cigars were desiccated and flaking Romeo y Julietas. I told Yevtushenko that Winston Churchill smoked the same brand. He nodded, and said, "You know, I am going to England in a few weeks if my film work doesn't interfere. Do you think Churchill is having difficulty getting cigars these days?" Then he smiled slyly. "I could assure him of plenty."

I do not remember Yevtushenko's sitting still for more than a few seconds all evening. He would jump up from a chair, rush to the kitchen for a dish of salad, a new bottle. No sooner had he flopped down on the couch than he was up again to change a record, bring out a book, refill our glasses. He recited several poems, rocking on his heels, his eyes shut and his voice sonorous, with a "How about that!" look on his face when he finished. It was

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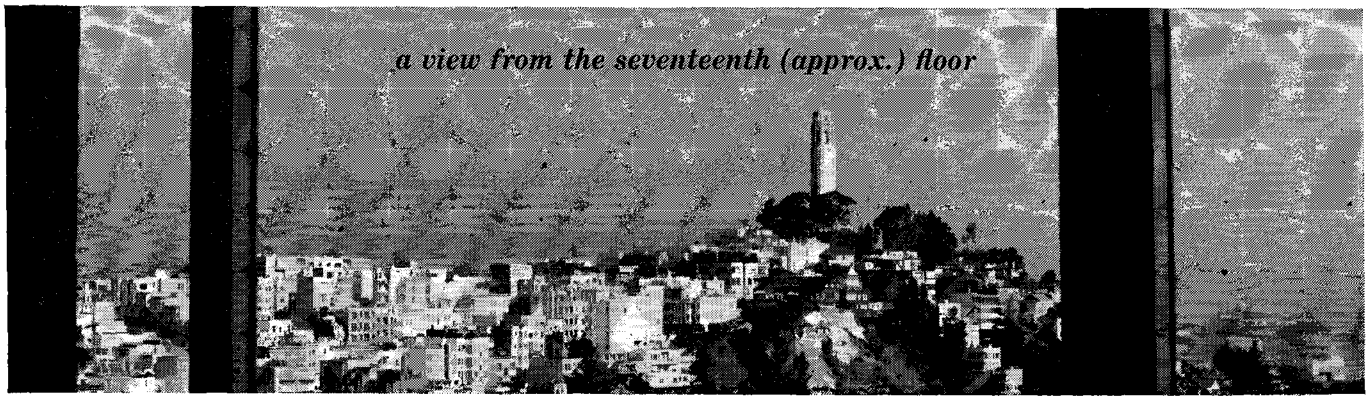

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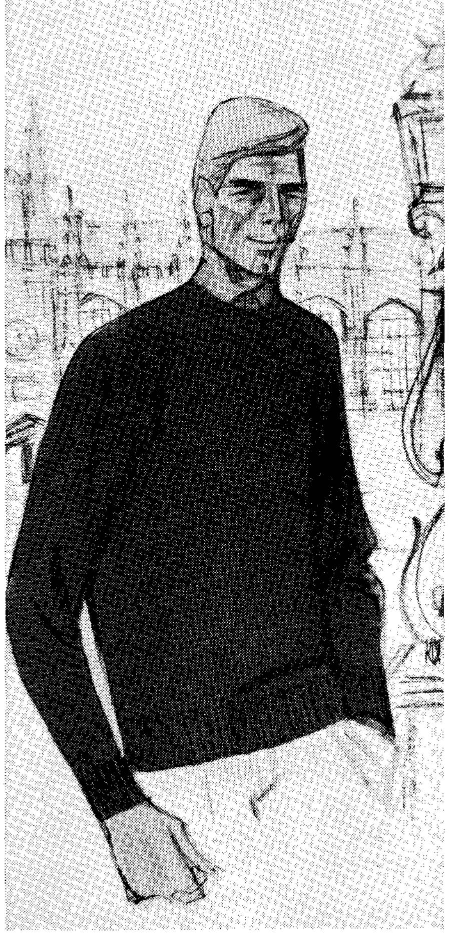

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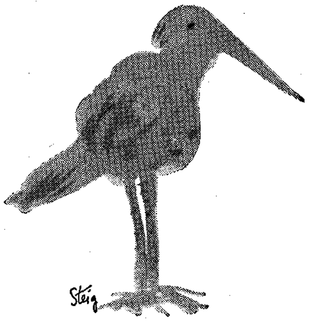
after one o'clock when I shook hands with him and said good night. "Come again," he said. As I started down the stairs, he called after me, "And give my love to my friends at Harvard!"

When I met Yevtushenko, he was still skyrocketing. Almost a year later to the day, I attended a banquet at which I was seated beside a senior member of the Writers' Union. Fond of Yevtushenko and not a reactionary, he spoke of the poet with real concern. "*On ogorchil nas vsekh!*" he said. "He has distressed us all. Still, he can be one of our best poets yet, if he survives his own tasteless and thoughtless period. He will cease to be a *pizhon*—what you would call in English a fop. He has the capacity for growth. He can yet become a man and a poet." The implication was that, from the point of view of a moderate man of the older generation, Yevtushenko had backed himself into a corner. How he got there seems worth the trouble of trying to explain.

It is one of Yevtushenko's real talents that he nearly always picks issues that are troubling many people, though the depth of his sincerity, the point at which it becomes fused with bravado and his instincts as a showman, is difficult to evaluate. Nevertheless, as the Russians say, a fact remains a fact, and the fact is that Yevtushenko's first real clash with the reactionaries was triggered by his attack on anti-Semitism in "Babi Yar." I once overheard a conversation between an American writer and an elderly Russian liberal. The American asked why, since everyone knew that anti-Semitism existed, Khrushchev did not come right out and make a statement about it—tell people to stop it, because they were shaming Russia. The old man thought for a moment and then said, "By telling people to stop it, Khrushchev would have to admit that it exists." In many countries, there still remains a conviction among liberals and those of the left that Soviet Russia has cleansed itself of such ills. Anti-Semitism has never been an avowed Party policy—not even during the attacks on the so-called "cosmopolitans" in the nineteen-forties, though a large percentage of those so labelled were in fact Jews. And although there are still very many Soviet bureaucrats who belong emotionally to the "black hundreds," to whom the "*zhid*," or "kike," is still the object of daily anathema, there is officially no "Jewish question" in the Soviet Union. Soviet policy on the matter of anti-Semitism is notable for its inconsistency and vacillation. I suspect that there is hardly more anti-Semitism in the U.S.S.R. than there is in the United States, but the Russians' approach to this particular nonexistent problem tends to magnify it in the eyes of the world and gives anti-Semitism the appearance of a government-inspired conspiracy. In pre-Revolutionary Russia, it was sufficient for a Jew to be converted to the Orthodox faith in order to enjoy the full privileges accorded a "Russian," but, ironically, now that the church no longer enjoys a union with the state, that solution is no longer possible. And always there is the internal passport, with its famous Item No. 5, in which any man whose parents were Jews is declared (in the beautiful script still practiced by clerks) to be "*Evrei*," or "Jewish." In the Soviet Union even today there is a common belief that Jews are not quite Russian—that at least part of their allegiance belongs to their kinsmen in Europe and in Israel. The clearest expression I ever heard of this grass-roots attitude came from a Moscow taxi-driver as we were driving in to town from the airport. We got to talking about the war, and he said that Jews had not made good soldiers. I asked him why. "Oh, it wasn't their war, after all," he said. "It was Russia's war." There has not been—nor does it appear likely that there will be—any official attempt to change this point of view. It is in this context that the importance of Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar" becomes clear. Many Russian intellectuals—not all of them admirers of Yevtushenko, by any means—are agreed on one thing: that the abiding value of Yevtushenko's poem lies in its courageous and forceful attempt to change individual attitudes.

In "A Precocious Autobiography" Yevtushenko relates that he had wanted for a long time to publish a poem on anti-Semitism but that he had found the right form for the poem only after a visit to Kiev, when he saw with his own eyes the ravine outside the city where ninety-six thousand Jews had been slaughtered by the Germans in 1941. Returning to Moscow, he wrote his poem in "a couple of hours." That night, he appeared at the Polytechnic



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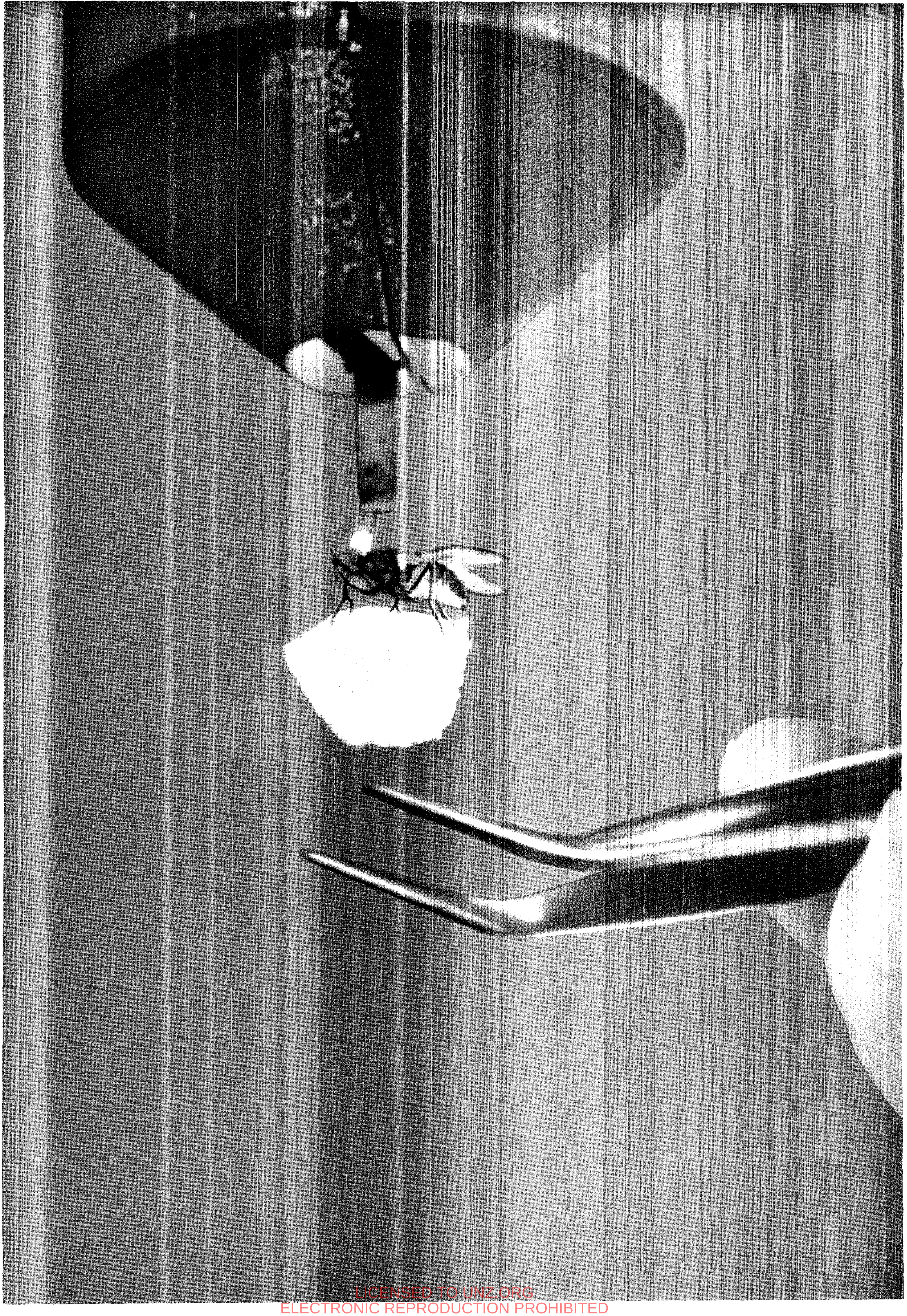

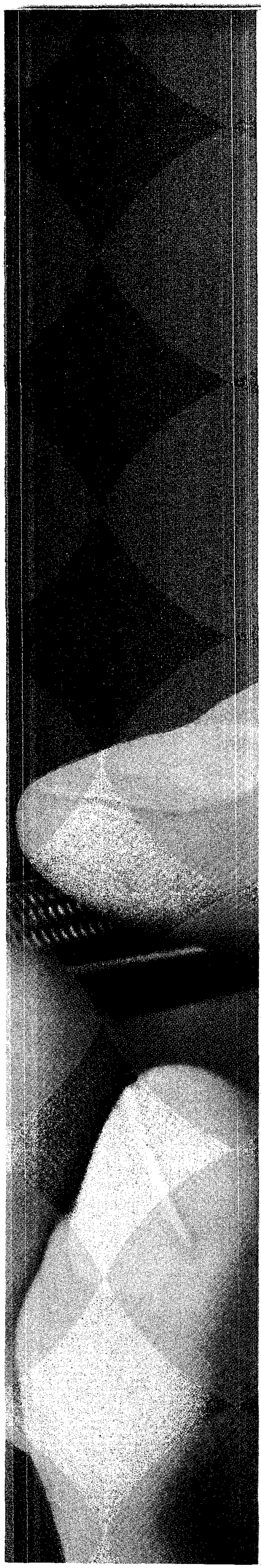

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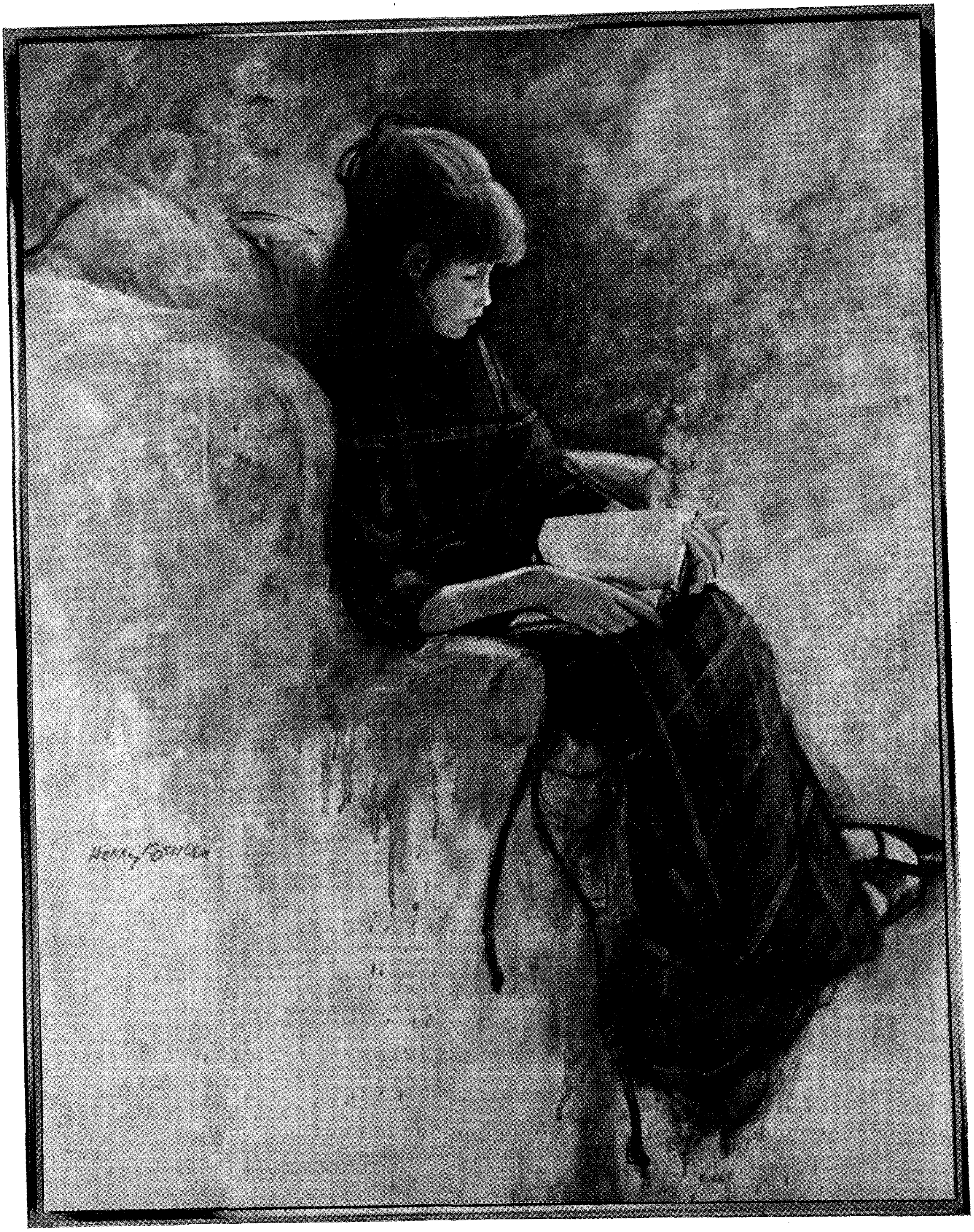
This housefly, holding its "pacifier," is giving information to an IBM computer. These experiments help Caltech biologists gain new insight into how we see, and how we respond to outside stimuli.



She is Little Women come to life. In love with animals and dolls and pogo sticks and people and reading in Daddy's chair while tucked into a warm plaid of blues and greens. Her robe, hers alone. Her fabric, to be found in the nicest children's things at America's nicest stores. Galey and Lord. A division of Burlington Industries.

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Museum and gave the poem its first reading:

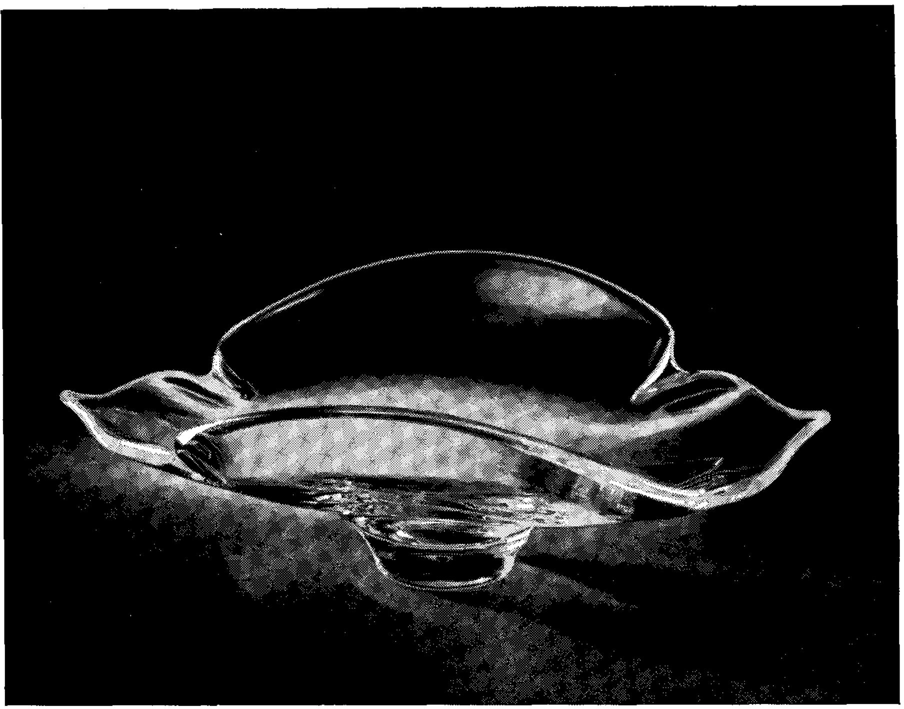
> Usually I recite from memory, but I was so nervous that I kept the text in front of me. When I finished, there was total silence. I just kept folding the paper in my hands, scared to look up. When I did, the entire audience stood. Suddenly, the applause began and continued for nearly ten minutes. People rushed up onstage and embraced me. My eyes were full of tears.

But reading such a poem and having it acclaimed was no guarantee that it would be published. Yevtushenko took "Babi Yar" to the offices of the *Literary Gazette* and read it to a friend. The friend called his colleagues in and made Yevtushenko read it again. Many unpublished poems—and unpublishable ones—circulate in typewritten form, and the newspapermen asked Yevtushenko for carbons. He told them he had come not just to pass out copies of his poem but to have it published. In his autobiography he writes:

> They stared at one another in silence. The idea hadn't even occurred to them. Then one editor growled, "There he is, that bastard Stalin, still part of us." He wrote "For Publication" across the page.
>
> "Don't leave yet," my friend said. "The editor-in-chief has to see it. There might be questions."
>
> For two hours I sat and writhed. People from different departments came by and said reassuring things in uncertain voices. Typists fed me chocolates. An old man from composition came in. "You Yevtushenko? Son, let's shake. I just set it up. It sure looks good." From the deep pocket of his overalls he produced a bottle of vodka and a pickled cucumber. "From the printers. To cheer you up . . . and don't fret! Here's to you! You know, when I was young and in a workers' brigade, we used to stand by the Jews when there was a pogrom. No decent man is an anti-Semite. . . ." The old man talked on, and slowly the weight was lifted from my chest.
>
> Finally, I was summoned to see the editor-in-chief. A middle-aged man, he fixed me with crafty peasant's eyes under bushy brows. They were eyes that had seen a lot, understanding eyes.
>
> "It's a good poem," he said thoughtfully, still taking my measure.
>
> Experience had taught me that when editors begin that way, the poem gets turned down.
>
> "What it says is true," he continued. . . . By then I was sure. "We're going to publish it." The shrewdness vanished from his eyes and they looked severe. "I'm a Communist," he said. "Do you understand? I cannot refuse to publish your poem. No telling what may happen. Are you prepared for it?"
>
> "I am," I said.

Just before midnight, the poem was laid out in page form. Yevtushenko went down to the makeup room. "The foreman gave a signal and the press started rolling. . . ."

It is interesting to remember that



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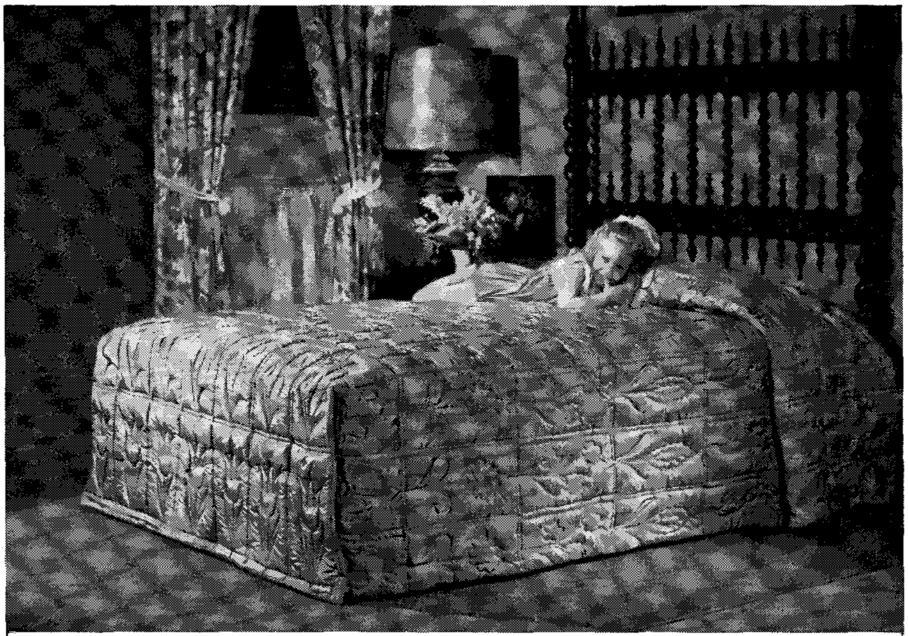

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among the enthusiastic members of the editorial board was Khrushchev's daughter Rada Nikitevna Adzhubei.

This is my translation of the poem:

No monuments rise over Babi Yar.
The steep ravine is like a crude grave slab.
I am afraid.
Today I am as old
as the Jewish people are old.
It seems to me that now
I am a Jew.
I drag myself through ancient Egypt now.
Now, crucified upon the Cross, I die,
and to this day I bear the scars of nails.
It seems to me
that I am Dreyfus now.
The Philistine
my denouncer and my judge.
In prison now,
I fall into the snare.
Hunted down,
spat on,
and despised.
Sweet ladies wearing frills of Brussels lace
poke at my face with parasols and shriek.
Now standing here, a kid in Bialystok,
I see blood spurt and spread across the floor.
The tavern regulars are on their spree,
Reeking of vodka and onions in equal parts.
Kicked aside and helpless now, in vain
I plead for mercy with the pogrom toughs.
To raucous jeers
"Beat the kikes! Save Russia!"
A merchant pounds my mother to a pulp.
Oh, my Russian people!
I know
there are no boundaries in your heart.
Yet often those with unclean hands
clamor loudest in your most pure name.
I know the goodness of my native land.
How vile—
without a quivering nerve
the anti-Semites pompously proclaim
themselves "The Russian People's League!"
And now it seems to me
I am Anne Frank,
frail as an April twig
and full of love.
And I love.
And have no need for words.
That we look at each other
is my need.
How little we can see—
no sky is ours—
How little smell of leaves
now meant for us!
And yet there is so much that we can have—
how tender
to embrace in this dark room.
They're coming here?
Don't be afraid—the clamoring
you hear is spring itself—
spring is coming here.
Come to me.
Hurry, give your lips to me.
Are they breaking down the door?
No—
it's just the breaking ice. . . .
Wild grasses whisper over Babi Yar.
As stern as judges
all the trees stare down.
How silently here everything cries out
as, baring my head,
I feel myself
slowly turning gray.
And I am myself
one vast and soundless howl
above the thousand thousands buried here.
I am
each old man they shot here.
I am
every child they shot here.
No part of me
will forget one part of this!
So let the "Internationale"
ring out
when earth's last hater of Jews
lies under earth.
There is no Jewish blood mixed in my blood.
Yet hated with callous spite am I
by every anti-Semite as a Jew.
If truly I am Russian—
that is why!

Every copy of the *Literary Gazette* was bought up within a few hours of its appearance on the newsstands, and there was trouble almost immediately. The sin of Yevtushenko's that rankled worst with the reactionary faction of the Party was his "overconcern" with the sufferings of the Jews. He had, the reactionaries maintained, singled out the Jews as particular victims of the Nazi policy of genocide and in so doing had slandered the other Soviet peoples. Four days after "Babi Yar" was published, an answer in the form of a poem by a certain Alexei Markov appeared in the right-wing journal *Literature & Life*. Markov referred to Yevtushenko as "a pygmy who has forgotten his own people," and, continuing his attack in an article two days later, accused Yevtushenko of trying to wreck the internationalist policy of Lenin by stirring up hatred among national minorities.

Markov's poem and article were only the opening guns of the campaign. On September 27th, a further attack appeared in *Literature & Life*, this one written by a more important conservative named Dmitri Starikov. Starikov took over where Markov had left off:

> For what possible reason does the management of a literary journal of our Union permit Yevtushenko . . . to attack Lenin's policy of nationalities through

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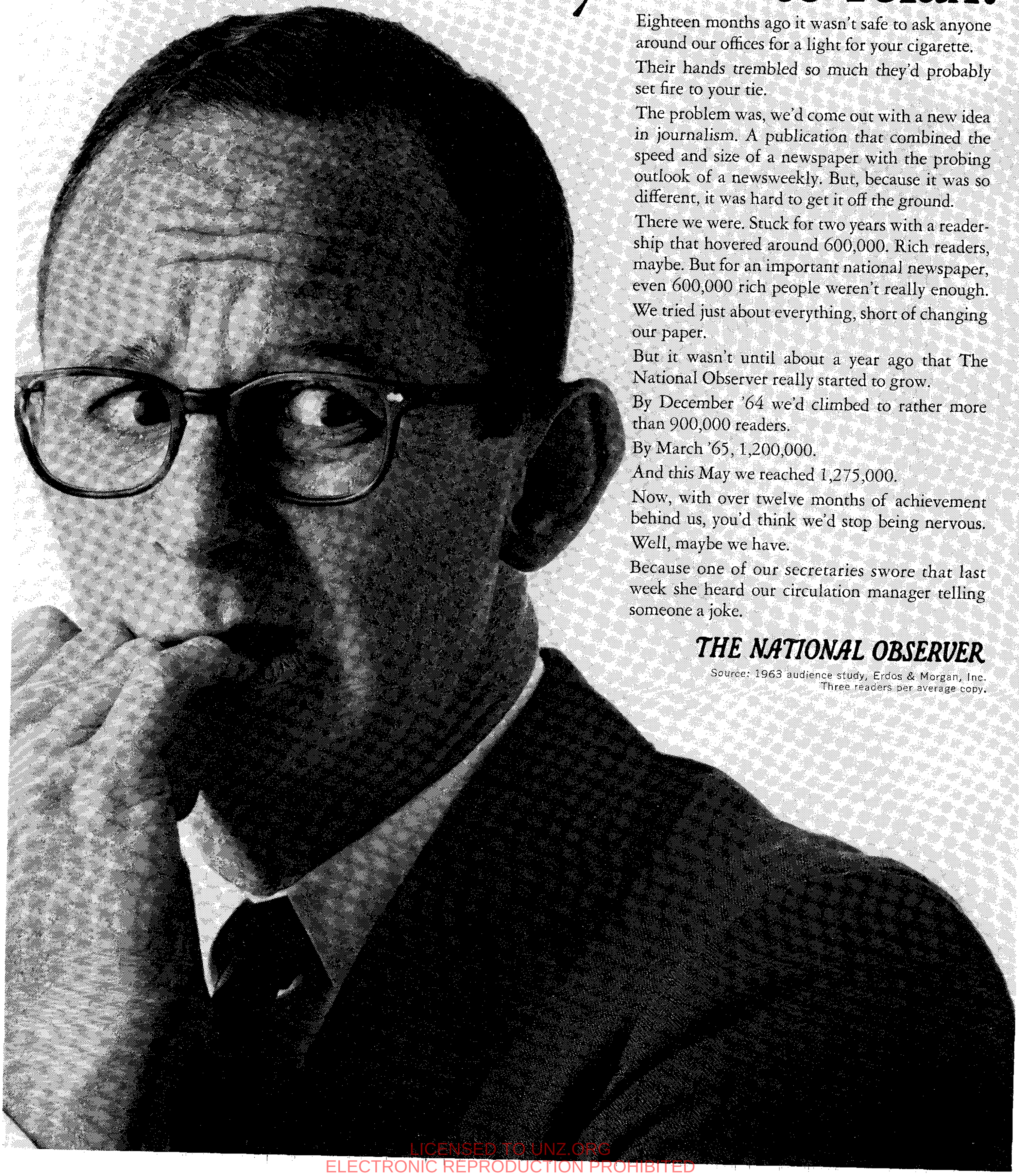

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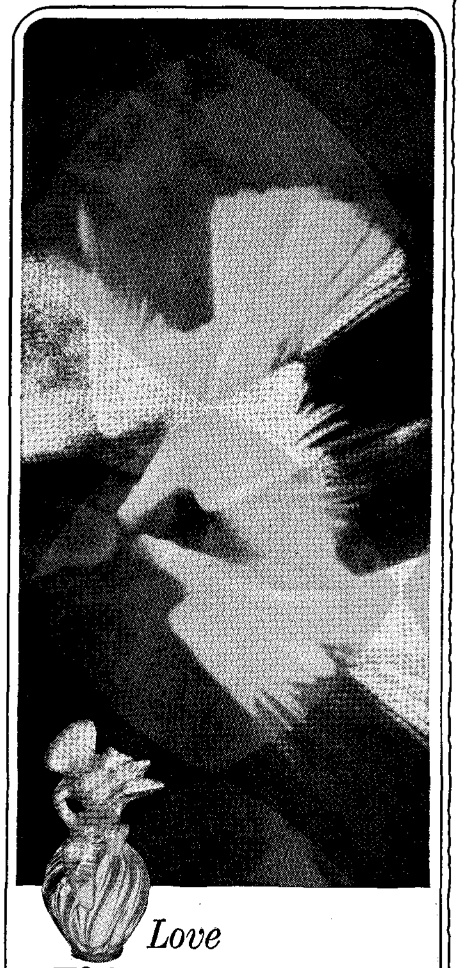

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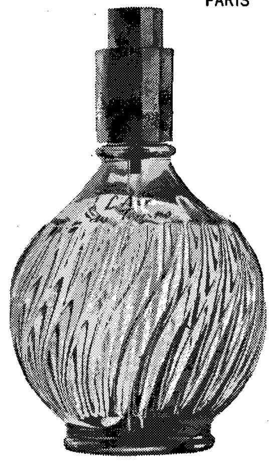

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the association of ideas and by allusions which can only be termed acts of provocation?

No more damaging accusation could be levelled against a Soviet citizen. Yet the fact that Yevtushenko not only could survive a condemnation that amounted to an accusation of ideological treason but could continue to publish his poems gave an early indication of the more moderate, if still uncertain, temper of the period. Furthermore, it suggested, as early as 1961, the strength and daring possessed by the left.

One other item must be cited for its relevance to the attacks on Yevtushenko and "Babi Yar." In support of his accusations, Starikov had seen fit to quote from earlier statements made by Ilya Ehrenburg. The quotations were out of context and appeared at a time when Ehrenburg was abroad on a visit to Italy. Opinion among my friends in Leningrad was unanimous: Ehrenburg would not let Yevtushenko go unsupported, particularly now that his name had been used by the far right. Soon rumors began to filter in from Moscow: Ehrenburg was enraged. He had written a letter to the Soviet press, and if the letter was not published, he would make a statement to the Western press. Whatever the exact nature of Ehrenburg's threat may have been, on October 14th his letter to the editor of the *Literary Gazette* was printed in that journal:

> Finding myself abroad, I received with some delay an issue of the newspaper *Literature & Life* of September 27th, in which was published D. Starikov's article "Concerning One Poem." I consider it necessary to state that D. Starikov willfully misquotes from my articles and letters, editing them so that they will suit his ideas and contradict my own.
>
> With respect,
> ILYA EHRENBURG

Starikov's retraction appeared in a small box in the next number of *Literature & Life*. It was a round for Ehrenburg, for Yevtushenko, and for the daring young men of the left.

YEVTUSHENKO was and remains a complex figure. Starikov was not wrong when he accused the poet of lacking political tact. A sharp and concise appraisal of Yevtushenko was made by the French writer Pierre Forgues in the London magazine *Survey* in January, 1963:

> He is a scandalizer. Turned out of the Komsomol at twenty years of age, he has led, with great notoriety, an amorous life more or less in defiance of the

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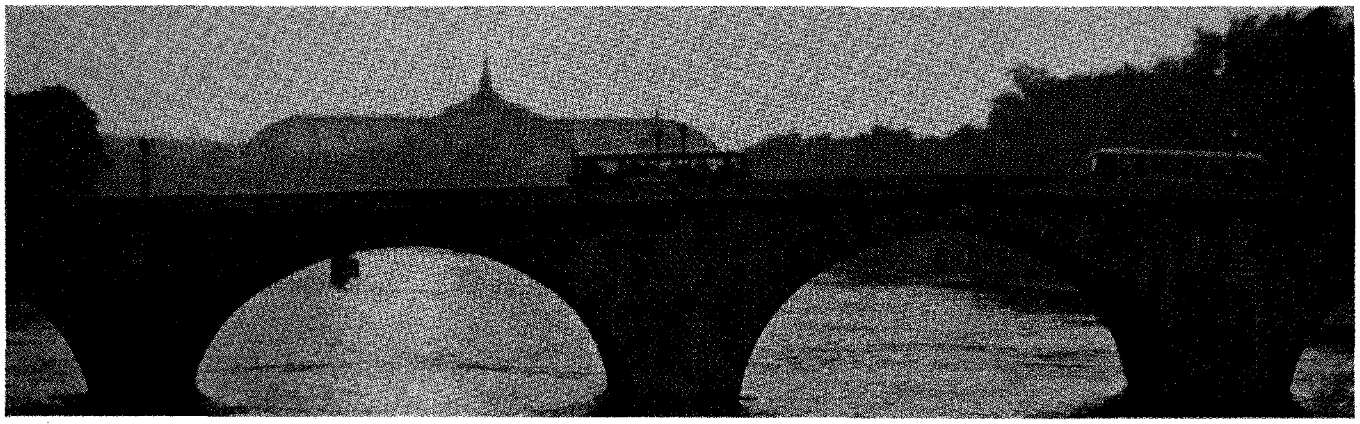

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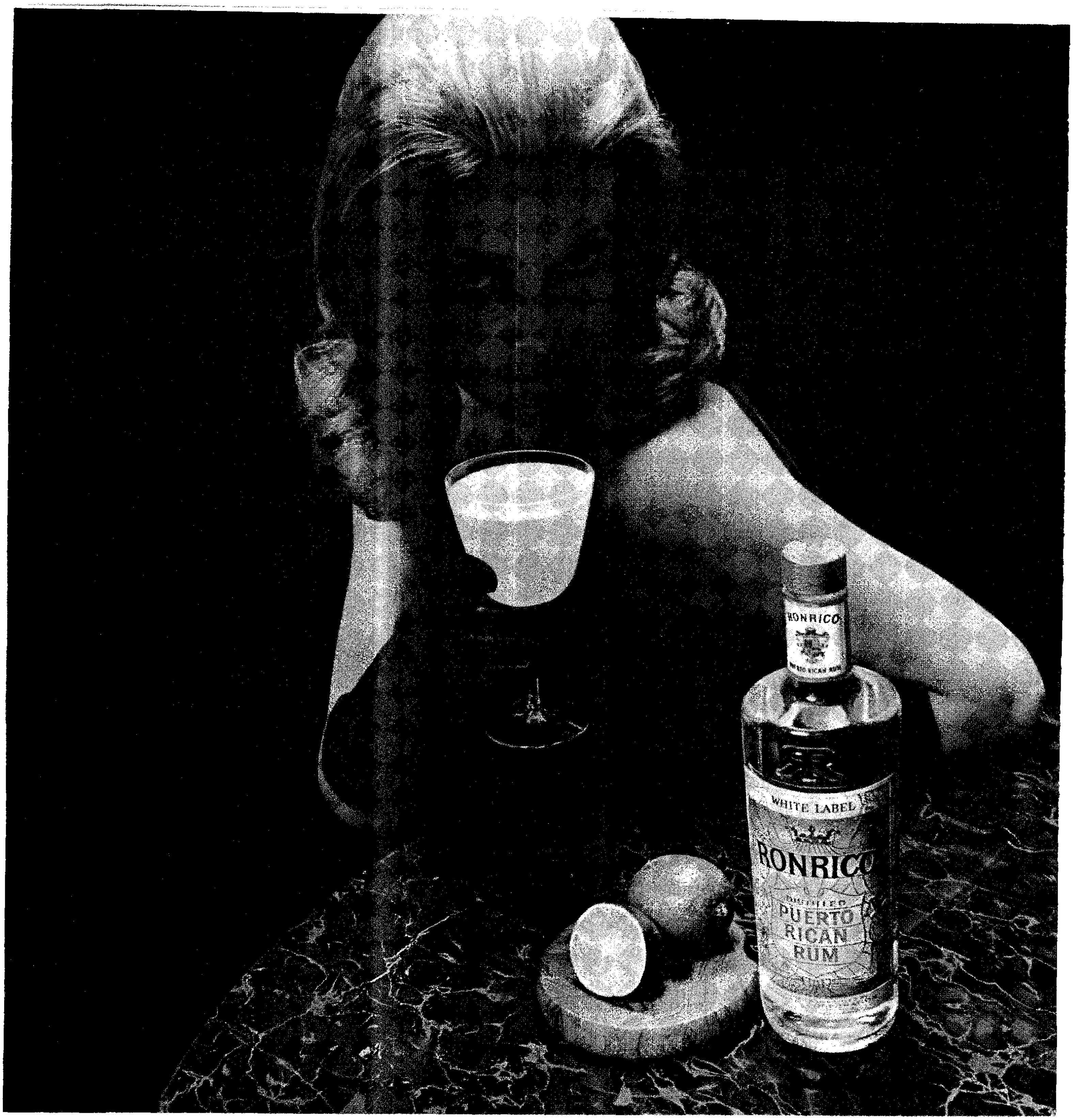
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strict norms of Soviet morals. He likes taking risks, and his poetry is thoroughly "engaged" upon topical affairs. Yevtushenko takes sides, is pugnacious, rebellious, insolent, carnivorous; lucky not to have been born before 1933. . . . Yevtushenko recently declared to a French journalist: "I never write to order, and work to no plan of production." In this he is affirming an independence characteristic of the new generation of Soviet poets as a whole. We can well believe him; this is one of the elements of his immense success with the young people; they are panting for air, for frankness and sincerity, after the great Stalinist carnival of fear and falsehood.

There are moments when Yevtushenko's lack of tact becomes a bitter pill for even his friends to swallow, but there can be no doubt about his courage. In his autobiography he says:

> The street taught me to swear, smoke, spit elegantly through my teeth, and keep my fists up, ready for a fight—a habit I still have. The street taught me not to be afraid of anything or anyone—another habit I have kept.

If bravado can become a habit, so can the impulse to fight against long odds. Added to the poet's pugnacity is an insistence on his mission—on his vocation as a poet. One of the themes he turns to again and again is the need for poets to struggle against the hypocrisy and cant stifling so much that is creative in contemporary Soviet life. Michel Gordey, of *France-Soir*, reported after interviewing Yevtushenko, "He struck me as something entirely new among the Soviet men and women I had met in the last twenty years. He was ready to speak out, to answer every question." Gordey made two things clear about Yevtushenko at the start—that he was not in revolt against the Communist system, and that he wanted to be treated by his government as a trustworthy and grown-up person, with increased freedom to travel and "freedom to read, to write, to think without prescriptions." Most of Yevtushenko's contemporaries whom I have met share with him both his loyalty to his country and his strong desire for greater communication with the outside world. In these important features, Yevtushenko does represent the best of his generation. He is perhaps more outspoken than many of his contemporaries in criticizing Soviet bureaucracy and its abuses, but then he has had more opportunity than most to make his voice heard abroad. At the same time, he is equally intolerant of mistaken or naïve Western views of Soviet life. He has pride in his country and in those who have fought for it. It was this pride

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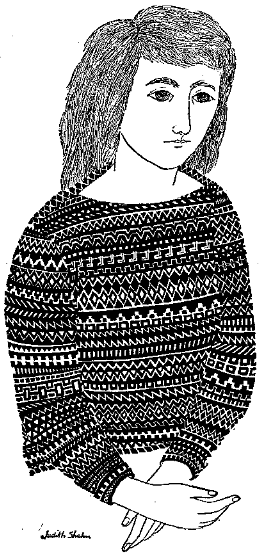
that brought him to his feet in defense of the sculptor Neizvestny during the confrontation between Khrushchev and the "formalist" artists in the Manezh Exhibition Hall. He reminded Premier Khrushchev of the wounds that Neizvestny had suffered for the sake of his country during the war, and when Khrushchev, angered, shot back, "As people say, only the grave corrects the hunchback," the poet answered, "I hope, Comrade Khrushchev, that we have outlived the time when the grave was used as a means of correction." He later told Gordey, "The main thing is that after these arguments we go home without any fears," and added, "Even after shouting at the sculptor Neizvestny, Khrushchev took him by the arm and left the hall talking to him. These are different times, and I still say: It is spring in Russia, it is not a temporary thaw. And spring cannot revert to winter."



Talking to me about Yevtushenko one day, Niktonov said, "From what I know of him, he may not really have considered the difficulties with the reactionaries of much importance. After all, he had got away with a lot of things that might have served to extinguish lesser lights. On the one hand, he may have underestimated the severity of the attack being mounted against him and Voznesensky and the rest. On the other hand, as you know, part of his success derives from his ability to stimulate scandal, from a keen sense of timing, and from an almost theatrical ability to dramatize himself. Publishing his autobiography when he did, and *as* he did, may have been a carefully calculated piece of stage business. And it is still not clear whether he was actually right or wrong."

The first installment of Yevtushenko's autobiography was originally printed in the Paris newspaper *L'Express* on February 21, 1963. That it appeared barely a week after Yevtushenko's arrival in France suggests that the poet reached Paris with "A Precocious Autobiography" partly, if not wholly, written, and with every intention of publishing it there. As Niktonov pointed out, he risked something more than harsh criticism as a penalty for making such a decision. "As you may know," Niktonov said, "after the furor over 'Doctor Zhivago' a ruling was passed by the Central Committee forbidding Soviet writers to publish anything abroad that had not been approved for publication at home."

I asked Niktonov what, in his opinion, Yevtushenko's motives were for taking such a risk.

"Perhaps he figured he was in such serious trouble already that he would not be allowed to publish any more at home," Niktonov said. "If that was his reasoning, it follows that he wanted to take his last opportunity to set the record straight about his life, about 'Babi Yar,' about many things. I imagine that he meant the word 'Precocious' in the title to carry a double irony."

I said I did not understand.

"It is ironic, first, to publish your autobiography at such a tender age," said Niktonov. "Then, given the uncertainty of those months, he may have believed it was his last chance to write an autobiography."

By the middle of March, 1963, copies of *L'Express* containing the fourth installment of the autobiography had reached Moscow. In it Yevtushenko deals with the persistence of the Stalinist mentality in the Party, with the determination of the young liberals to fight against a perpetuation of the mistakes of their fathers, and with the persecution that the young (and Yevtushenko in particular) were suffering because of this determination. Certainly such passages were not written with the intention of mollifying the anger of Stalin's heirs, and what happened next, after Yevtushenko was summoned home to Moscow, is most revealing. According to Françoise Giroud, writing in *L'Express* on April 4, 1963, Yevtushenko's original manuscript was mailed to him from Paris on March 19th, so that he might examine and approve cuts and changes in the fifth, and final, installment. The manuscript never reached him, having evidently been intercepted by the K.G.B., the security police. On the same day, the reactionary journalist Yuri Zhukov announced somewhat ominously that it was his task to "go over the tracks" of poets who had travelled abroad. Satirical lampoons on Yevtushenko were published in *Izvestia* and *Pravda* on

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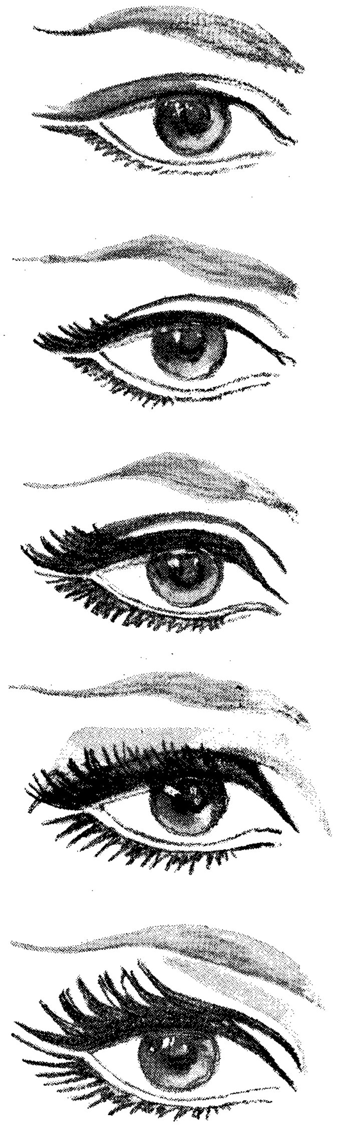

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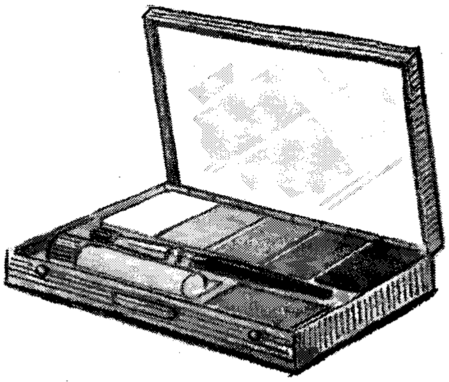


Elizabeth Arden

March 22nd and 24th. On March 26th, at a plenary meeting of the board of the Writers' Union, the reactionary poet Alexander Prokofiev, a Lenin Prize-winner for 1961, derided Yevtushenko and other young poets as "neon innovators." When Yevtushenko rose at the meeting to defend himself on the matter of the autobiography, it was, as Miss Johnson has pointed out, "with an incomplete text, translated from Russian to French and back to Russian, knowing that the original was in the hands of the security police."

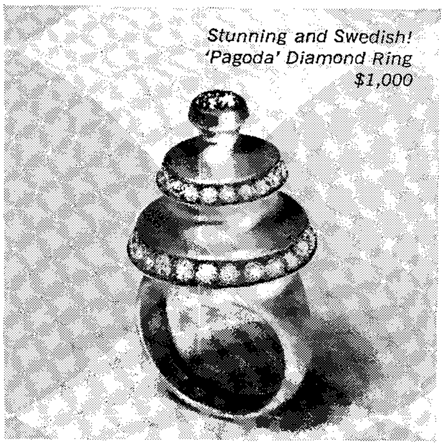
On March 29th, Yevtushenko's recantation was published in *Pravda*. He neither apologized for writing "A Precocious Autobiography" nor repudiated what he had written, contending that it was, on the whole, "serious and mature," but he did admit grudgingly that "it has much that is superficial and immodest." He sidestepped the accusations of disloyalty by stating, "My most serious error was that I forgot about the morals of the bourgeois press, and for this I have been most cruelly punished"—punished, as it were, for an oversight. Then, in conclusion, he applied the conventional formula of confession to the "error" he himself had identified:

> I have committed an irreparable mistake. I feel the burden of guilt on my shoulders.... In these days, I have lived through and felt many things. It will be a lesson to me for my entire life. I want to assure the writers' collective that I fully comprehend and recognize my error, and that I will try to correct it by all my future work.

The reaction among my Leningrad friends ranged from disillusionment to disgust. Niktonov took a different view, remarking cynically that "the change of atmosphere will do him good."

Taken aback, I asked him what he meant by such a callous remark.

"Over the past few years, our young intellectuals have been indulged with small concessions." he said severely. "A little jazz, a new café to recite in, more liberty for so-called experiments. Why? To take the momentum out of a movement, that's why. Now they are getting soft. You are American, so perhaps you are too spoiled to be corrupted. But it is just as well for our young poets to get an occasional slap in the face. It should serve to remind them that there is a price to pay for their privileges. Like dogs on a long leash, they have been brought to heel. Maybe now they will remember that they have only themselves to rely on. When the caress is followed by a blow, the Party



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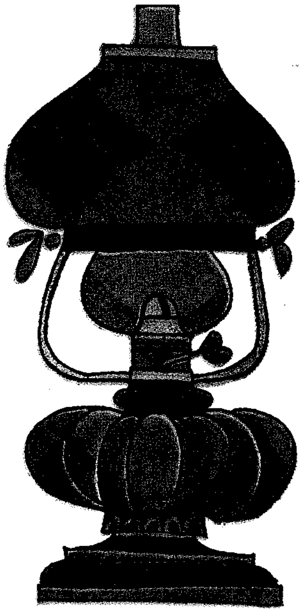

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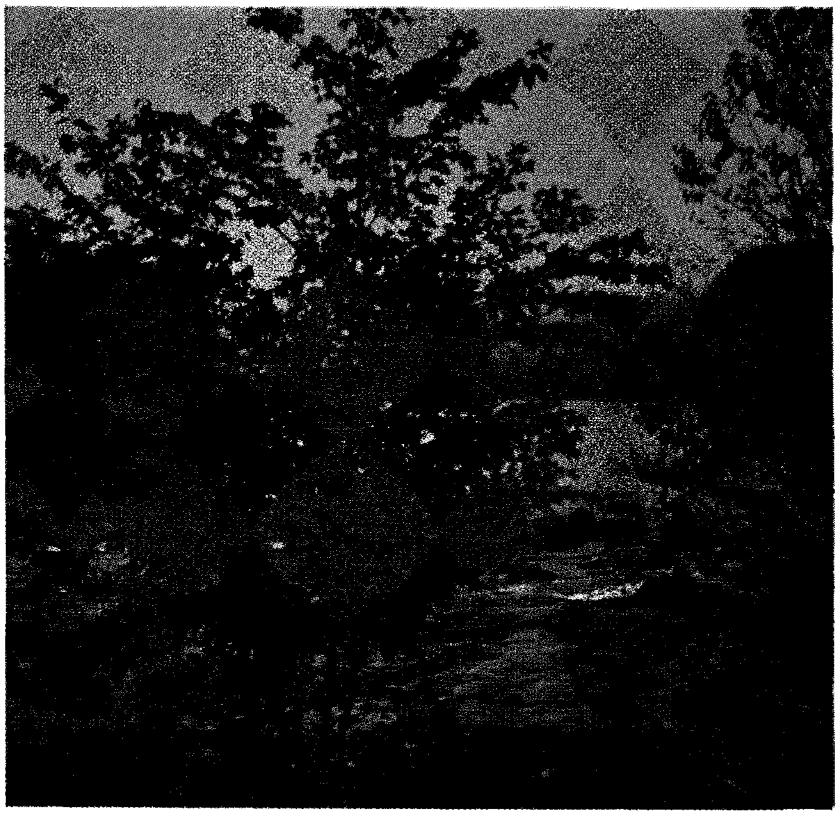

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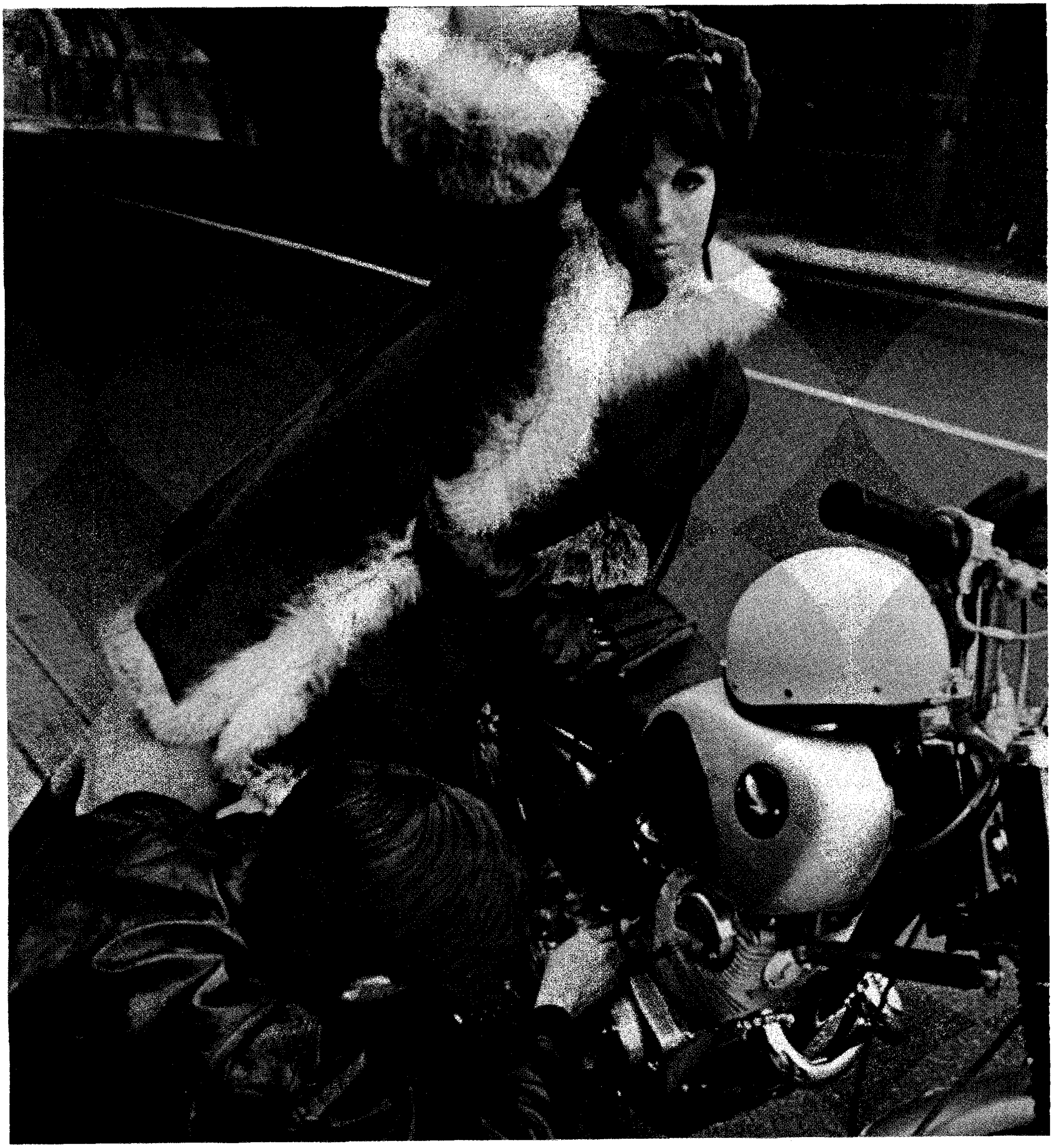

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is doing them a favor, though they may not know it."

"A favor? By attacking them?"

"By guaranteeing that they will not become the new bureaucrats of literature," Niktonov said. "How easy it is, after all, to buy a man with a dacha, a new car, or a trip to Paris. So much more effective than to persecute him. Wasn't it Philip of Macedon who said, 'No wall built around a city is so high that an ass laden with gold cannot jump over it'?"

I thought again of the words spoken by the cynical young artist in Ehrenburg's novel "The Thaw": "Ideas don't pay, but they can certainly break your neck." He was speaking for another generation, but perhaps the new generation in Russia, with the unwitting assistance of the regime, is learning that ideas do pay. And that if your neck is tough enough, it may not be broken after all.

NEXT to Yevtushenko, the most difficult "sons," in the eyes of the orthodoxy, were the poets Voznesensky and Okudzhava and the writer Aksenov. They were the most outspoken and popular members of a generation in ferment. Everywhere, talented young people willing to run risks in order to secure greater artistic freedom were coming to the surface. Obviously, measures had to be taken. For the time being, all trips abroad were cancelled. Also, the Bureau for the Propagation of Artistic Literature—the agency responsible for scheduling public readings by poets—put an end to the literary concerts at which Yevtushenko, Voznesensky, and the rest had managed to establish such an intimate relationship with their own generation. Yet the channels of communication between these articulate young men and their followers were by no means sealed off. Huge editions of Yevtushenko's and Voznesensky's verse were still in print. Aksenov's stories had been adapted into plays and film scenarios. There was no way of knowing how many tapes of songs by the poet-*chansonnier* Okudzhava were being listened to and copied onto new tapes—losing in fidelity, perhaps, but not in impact. Even though these young men were temporarily silenced, they continued to speak for and to their generation.

One of the fundamental ways in which Yevtushenko and Voznesensky differ is in the matter of style. The divergency between them in taste and personal idiosyncrasy is as apparent in their verse as it is in their personali-

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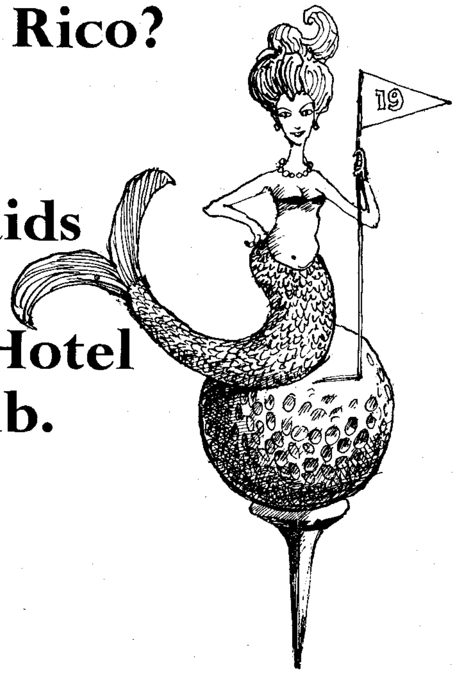

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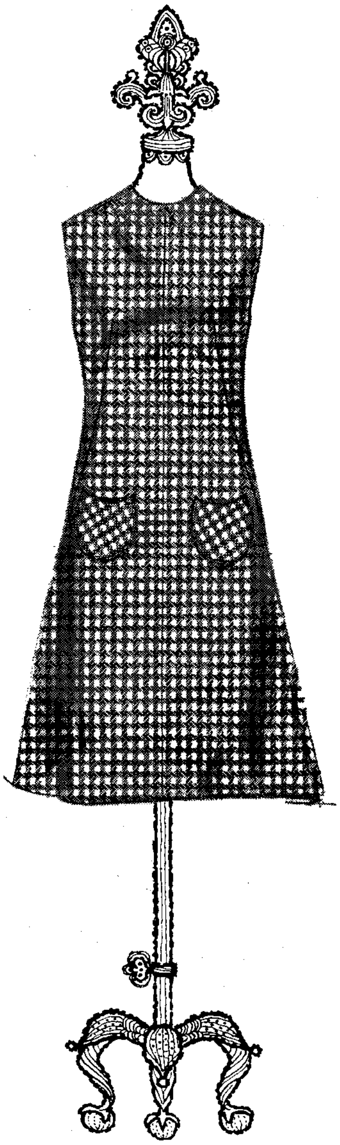

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ties. Often, listening to young Russians discuss the two, I have had the impression that their characters were being compared along with their poetry. The usual conclusion has been that it is the shy, introspective Voznesensky who has produced the more durable poems. Voznesensky's shyness, like Yevtushenko's brashness, is a complex thing. I met the poet only once, when we dined together in Moscow at the home of mutual friends. He is about thirty-two and slight of build, with thinning hair, a puffy lower lip, and pale eyes, which sometimes squint, as though he found the light painful. Sitting opposite him at dinner that evening, I got the impression of a young man who had learned to say what mattered to him only in his work; he rarely spoke unless he was spoken to. But when Voznesensky reads his poetry he is an entirely different man. Miss Blake again:

> An awkward figure, slight and singularly vulnerable, he stood before the microphone with his legs stiffly apart, his Adam's apple bobbing, bearing the applause and shouts of acclaim from the audience as if they were blows. . . . He read poem after poem for perhaps an hour in a powerful, cultivated voice. His awkwardness had gone; now it was his listeners who appeared tense, straining forward to capture the flow of a language unheard-of in Russia in their lifetime. Here, clearly, was Russia's first modern poet.

In the best of his poetry Voznesensky almost always achieves a superb fusion of form and idea. Except for the abstract painters, there is no one in Russia today to whom the reactionaries' epithet of "formalist" may be more accurately applied. His work shows a constant preoccupation with form—but with form as a tool in the service of meaning. Voznesensky was trained as an architect. He learned to be spare and mathematical in his statements, to plan his pyrotechnic effects with a slide rule and try square. He works assonance and alliteration until his lines clang and reverberate as only Russian verse, at its best, can. Yet through all the rhythmic play and associational counterpoint the poem's intent is almost never muddled or forgotten.

"A poet's autobiography is his poetry," Yevtushenko once wrote, and this seems particularly true of Voznesensky. Phoenixlike, he arose from a fire to become a poet. At the Moscow Architectural Institute, where he was studying, one of his projects was to construct a model of a building, which he has himself described as "purest pre-Twentieth Party Congress wedding-cake style." Two weeks before his scheduled

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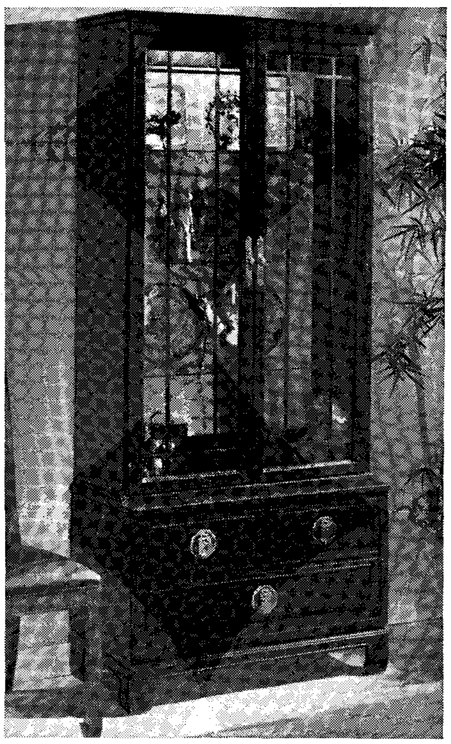

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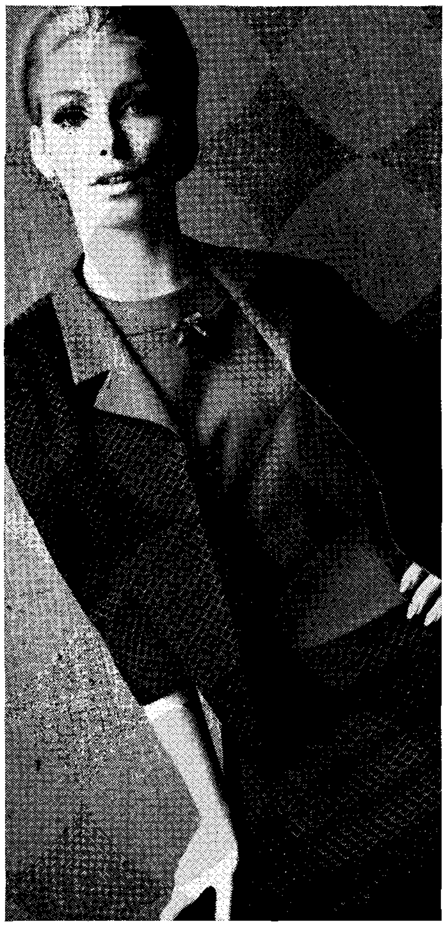

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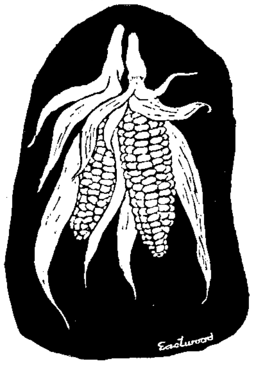
appearance in front of the examiners, the Institute burned down. The fire consumed his model and freed him to write his first poem:

> Fire in the Architectural!
> Through lecture halls and blueprints,
> Like an amnesty through prisons,
> Spreads fire. Fire!

His architectural career went up in smoke with his model, and from that moment the cleansing, liberating nature of fire—actual and metaphorical—became a basic image in his work. "If you live, you burn," he wrote. Just recently, Voznesensky produced a cycle of poems entitled "Anti-Worlds." Before that, his collected works included three volumes: "Mozaika," published in Vladimir in 1960; "Parabola," published in Moscow the following year; and "The Triangular Pear," published in Moscow in 1962, in an edition of fifty thousand copies.

In answering a questionnaire sent out by the magazine *Problems of Literature* for its issue of September, 1962, Voznesensky wrote:

> Communism comes by way of the heart. The heart is within the province of poetry.... I don't think that closeness to his literary predecessors is very good for a writer. "Incest" leads to degeneracy. I have got more from Rublev, Joan Miró, and the later Corbusier than from Byron.... In poetry, as in architecture, technique has made the highest achievement. You can balance a building on a needle's point. Rhyme has become boring. Every fifth-former can rhyme brilliantly. In our poetry, the future is with the technique of association. . . . Form must be lucid, bottomlessly disturbing, and full of higher meaning, like a sky in which only radar can sense the presence of an airplane.



From the ashes of the Architectural Institute and his intended career, Voznesensky carried off his architects' instruments and applied them to the technique of poetic structure. Many of his poems deal with building sites; sometimes, in the evening, he prowls among the concrete setts, the cranes, the stacked girders that are helping to encircle Moscow with an architecture that still lags behind the modernity of his verse. In the autumn of 1961, asked to contribute to an anthology of verse by Moscow writers called "My Best Poem," Voznesensky chose a poem called "Parabolic Ballad," in which he sketches his own autobiographical trajectory; the artist, riding a rocket course, becomes the man of the parabola. He takes Gauguin as his model:

> To reach the royal Louvre
> from Montmartre
> He took
> a detour via Java and Sumatra;
> He fled, forgetting the madness of
> money,
> The cackle of wives, the vacuum of
> academies.
> He overcame
> the force of gravitation . . .
> And entered the Louvre—not cross-
> ing the great threshold but as
> A wrathful parabola
> bursting through the roof. . . .

This image—the obstinate detour in the opposite direction from the one taken by everyone else—is touched with humor. And it is Voznesensky who brought humor—through wordplay and idea—back into Soviet verse, just as Aksenov restored it to prose.

It is hardly surprising that Voznesensky's detractors soon accused him of formalism. He was at first bold in his own defense; up to the end of March, 1963, he made no attempt to excuse, and little to explain, the course he had set for himself. In one poem, "Evening on the Construction Site," he addressed himself to his critics in an insulting pun: "The experts reeking/Of formalin and incense . . ." By the beginning of April, he had made as many enemies as Yevtushenko had, and his confession was the price exacted. Voznesensky's statement was quite extraordinary. He gave nothing away. His announcement was neither a retraction nor, by any stretch of interpretation, an apology. He did what was required of him in seven terse sentences:

> It has been said at this plenum that I must not forget the stern and severe words of Nikita Sergeievich. I shall never forget them. I shall remember not only these severe words but also the advice that Nikita Sergeievich gave me. He said "Work." I do not justify myself now. I simply wish to say that for me the main thing now is to work, work, work. What my attitude is to my country, to Communism—what I myself am—this work will show.

When Voznesensky's poetry is at its best, the music is almost impossible to conserve in translation, but I have tried, in translating one of the early poems, "I Am Goya," to retain some of the extraordinary tone of knell and dirge. The guttural "g"s recurring throughout the poem mount until they attain the tolling sound of a bell: "*Ya Goya. . . . Ya*

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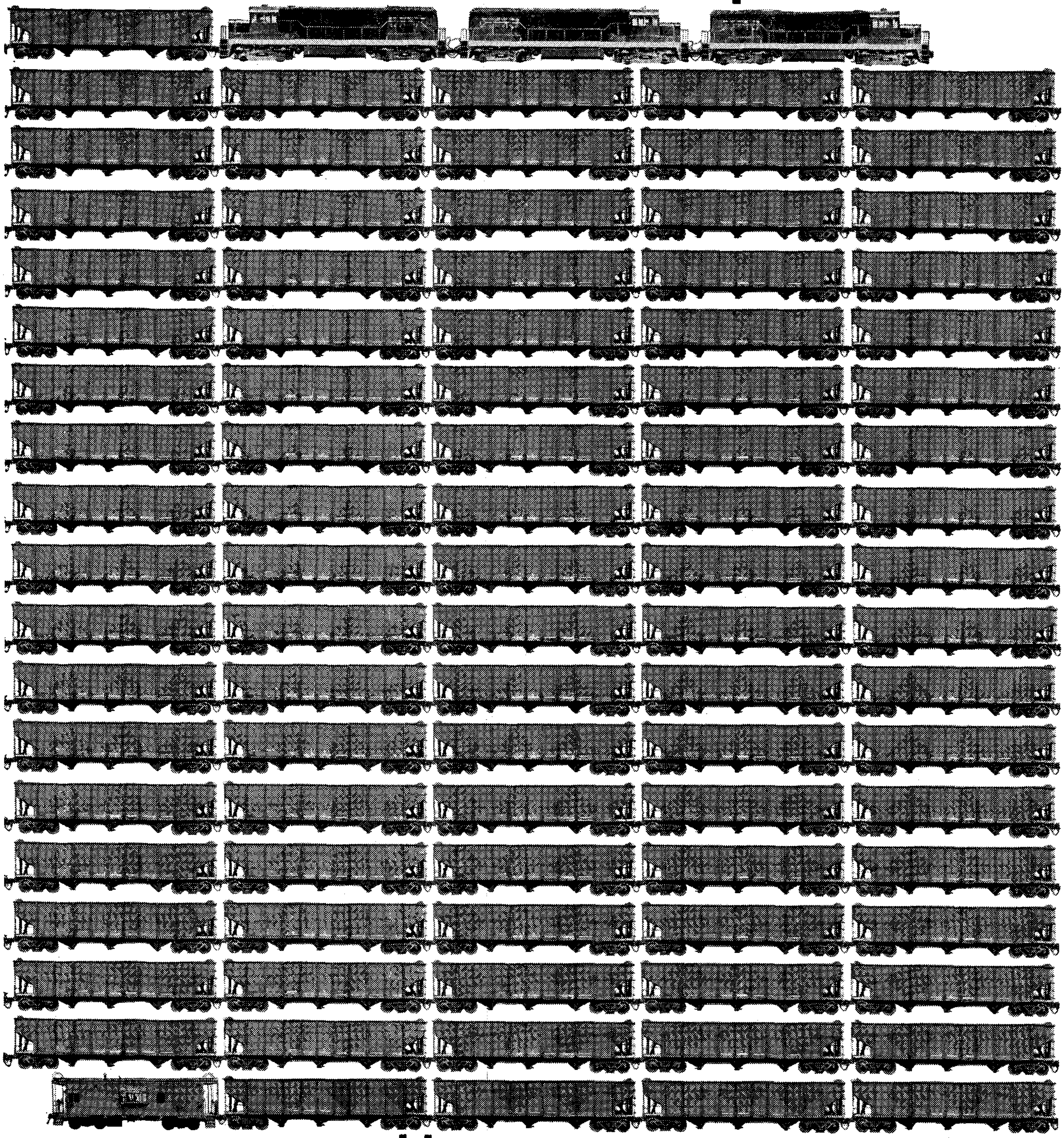

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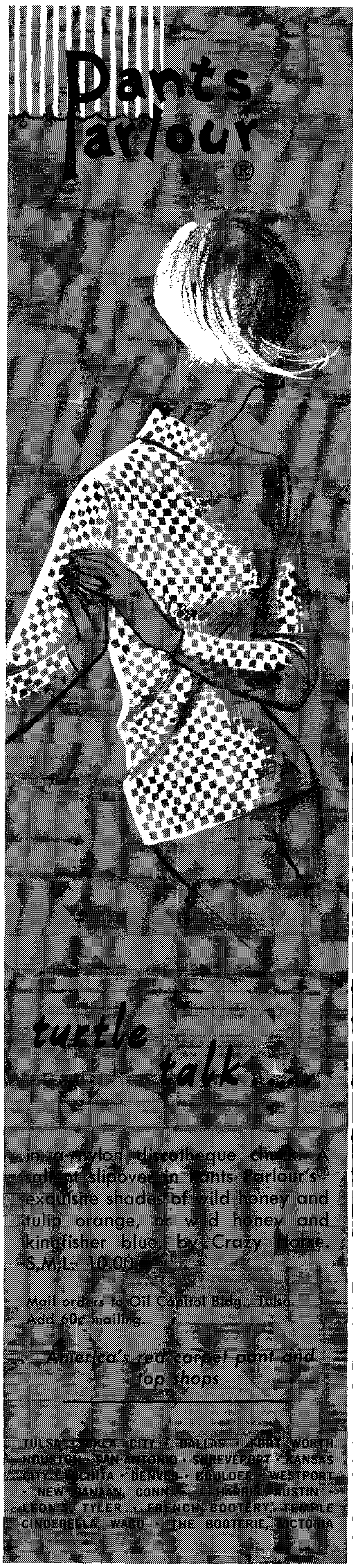
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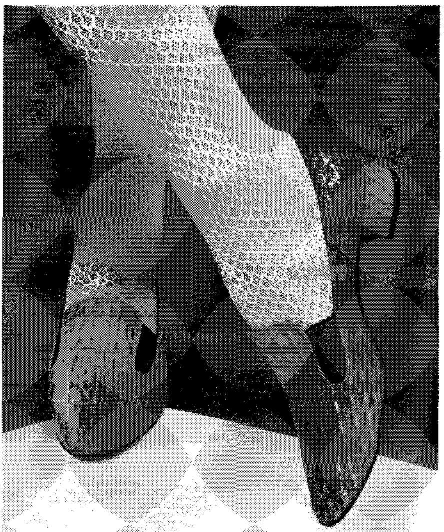
gore. . . . Ya golos, voiny gorodov golovni. . . . Ya golod. . . . Ya gorlo . . . goloi . . . Ya Goya. . . ." As Pierre Forgues has suggested, the effect is capable of "conjuring up the universe of suffering and catastrophe that Voznesensky sees in Goya and in the images that are bound up with Goya in his own mind." Seeing with Goya's eyes, Voznesensky not only has become Goya but has also become the face and body of Russia herself. To the bell-tolling of a dozen and a half lines, the poet portrays the enemy, the destruction, and the victory of the war:

I am Goya,
My eyes craters
Gouged by the foe
Flying above the barren field.
I am grief,
The groan of war,
And char of cities on the snow of
'41.
I am hunger.
I am the gorge of a hanged woman,
Her bell-body
Tolling above the naked square.
I am Goya.
O grapes of wrath!
I am ashes of the unbidden guest
Swirled westward.
I am star-nails
Hammered in the death-list
Sky.
Goya
Am I.

As time passes, and I listen to Voznesensky reading his verse on records, declaiming in the classical style not heard since Yesenin's time, I cannot help feeling that even at the moment of his confession he was still the man of the parabola.

VOZNESENSKY was trained as an architect, Aksenov as a doctor. In fact, Aksenov was interning in a Moscow hospital when he turned to writing. Though he is less of a scandalizer than either Yevtushenko or Voznesensky, he managed to anger the reactionaries by his unorthodox language and by his wide popularity. A year younger than Voznesensky, he reminds one of a youthful Jean Gabin. He has dark hair, cut short and combed flat, and a round face; he frowns a lot, and raises one eyebrow when he makes a joke. In answer to the *Problems of Literature* questionnaire, he wrote, "I am still interested in the process by which the characters of young people in the Soviet Union are formed." Among the modern writers who served him as a "first-class school" he listed Hemingway, Heinrich Böll, Faulkner, and Salinger. (In 1960, "The Catcher in the Rye" was published in its entirety in the journal *Foreign Literature;* a huge success, it was followed by fine transla-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Ever since 1945, as the White Paper reminds us, each of our Presidents has had to deal with the enormous challenges of Communism. For Harry Truman, it was only a matter of months between the Berlin blockade and the crisis of Korea. For Dwight Eisenhower, the East German revolt was followed quickly by the French defeat at Dienbienphu and Red Chinese threats against Quemoy and Matsu. For John Kennedy, there was the Berlin Wall and the eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation over missile bases in Cuba. For Lyndon Johnson, there are the multi-faceted problems of Viet Nam. And so it goes.

To prepare this White Paper account of our 1945-65 foreign policy, executive producer Fred Freed's staff has spent some five months in researching, reporting, writing, filming and editing. Unit producers were dispatched to film interviews with such government officials as Maurice Couve de Murville, Foreign Minister of France; Michael Stewart, Foreign Secretary, Great Britain; and Gerhard Schroeder, Foreign Minister of Germany. Here at home, where Chet Huntley (in New York) and David Brinkley (in Washington) will be spearheading the program's special analysis, NBC News correspondents have interviewed Secretary of State Dean Rusk and other important figures (both in and out of government).

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We feel similarly about this "American White Paper: United States Foreign Policy." Indeed, if it's possible for any one subject to be considered *more* important than civil rights, it would be the right of mankind to continue breathing. And that's what this Tuesday night's special is really all about.

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tions in *Novy Mir* of "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor" and "A Perfect Day for Bananafish." Russian translation today is, generally speaking, on a very high level, and the translators who work for *Novy Mir* and *Foreign Literature* are particularly good. Salinger's translator, Rita Reit-Kovaleva, who also translated Hemingway's play "The Fifth Column," did a superb job. Equally good was her translation of Faulkner's "The Mansion," which suggests a range unequalled in the annals of the craft. Before I left the Soviet Union, I heard that she was at work on "The Great Gatsby.") One day, during a discussion of Aksenov, Niktonov said to me, "Our writers look to Hemingway and Salinger as models in the same way that our painters turn to Kandinsky, Henry Moore, Léger, and Picasso. They want to know what the Western hero has been up to during Stalin's lifetime. But don't forget something else: there is a great local tradition, too—a tradition in Russian fiction—of the hero in search of meaning in his life. Well, maybe Aksenov's boys aren't Lermontov's Pechorin or Tolstoy's Pierre Bezukhov. But it is an honest tradition, after all, and our own."

The two features of Aksenov's work that have most severely offended the reactionary Establishment are his use of slang and his preference for heroes who do not know what they will make of their lives. In the long story "Ticket to the Stars," which was published in the magazine *Youth* and which first brought Aksenov to prominence, a group of young Russians who have just finished school are taking a holiday before settling down to life and work. Like the heroes of the film "The Gate of Ilich," Aksenov's characters are intensely concerned with the question of how to live their lives. Their dilemma is hardly peculiar to Russia, but the choice of such a theme, with its admission that such a dilemma exists for Soviet youth, implies (according to Aksenov's enemies) a failure on the part of Soviet society in general and a criticism of the generation of the fathers in particular. Nevertheless, the popularity of "Ticket to the Stars" was such that it was subsequently made first into a play and then into a film, both under the title "My Younger Brother." The same theme—of young people in search of meaning—was explored in Aksenov's play "Colleagues" and in the mild and tender film "When the Bridges Rise," for which he wrote the scenario.

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Aksenov represents a very disturbing problem. The realistic jargon that his characters speak, their searching without necessarily finding *the* answer—these are only part of the difficulty. From the official position, the great inadequacy of current Soviet literature lies in its lack of a "positive hero"—a truly Soviet hero who can be regarded as embodying the proper values and traits for the new generation. To the young readers of the new literature, the old revolutionary jingoism and inflamed imagery are boring and unacceptable. Soviet literature is still in a no man's land between conceding that problems exist and acknowledging that they admit of no easy solutions. Writing that touches on the crimes of Stalin and even delves into the area of bureaucratic abuse and failure has become acceptable, in moderation, for these are problems that have been recognized by the fathers themselves. But when the theme is education—moral education above all—the fathers become extremely touchy, because into each statement of this unsolved problem they read a personal accusation. However, it was only after the Polish weekly *Polityka* printed an interview with Aksenov that he found himself subject to real pressure. (Earlier, Leonid Ilichev, of the Ideological Commission, had faulted some of Aksenov's critics, who, the implication was, had gone too far in attacking the writer.) Aksenov, in his interview, declared that his own father had been among Stalin's victims, and demanded, rather melodramatically, of the surviving fathers, "How could they have permitted the year 1937 to happen?" After that, Aksenov could no longer count on support from Ilichev when the reactionaries attacked him for his slangy stories and nihilist heroes, and on April 3rd Aksenov's apology was published in *Pravda*.

In his recantation, Aksenov referred only to the *Polityka* interview. More wordy than Voznesensky, he followed Yevtushenko in passing the buck, maintaining that he had been incorrectly quoted by the Polish weekly. Then, in one of the few examples of personal sniping encountered at any time during the controversy, he both defended himself and, indirectly, ticked off Yevtushenko. He pointed out that his interview had been given to a Communist paper, not to a capitalist rag, and added that it had taken place "under official auspices in Moscow, not abroad under the spell of bourgeois flattery." Finally, according to formula, he promised that he would work hard in the future to correct his errors. In my opinion, his

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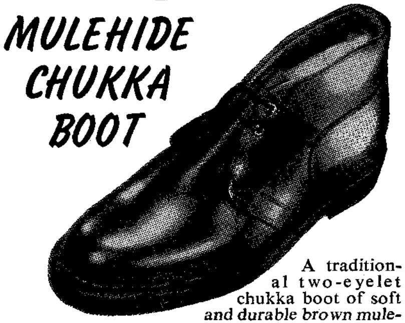

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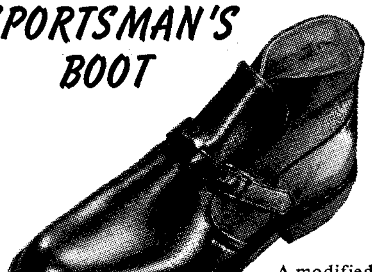

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dig at Yevtushenko was the most revealing and interesting element of his apology. For it came as a surprise—a human touch in the midst of litanies and counterlitanies—reminding us that, great as the solidarity of the liberal intelligentsia may be, there are still independent minds at work, and real personalities in conflict.

Aksenov seems to have got off relatively unscathed. According to *Pravda* of May 7th, he and Voznesensky were sent away from the capital to get "closer to life"—Voznesensky to Vladimir to work in a factory, Aksenov to Siberia to work on a construction job. In spite of that, the next issue of *Novy Mir* announced that Aksenov was at work on a new manuscript for the magazine. And then, as if to show that all was forgiven, Aksenov was chosen as one of the delegates to the meeting of the Community of European Writers held in Leningrad in August, 1963. Among the other delegates were Ilya Ehrenburg, Solzhenitsyn, and Alain Robbe-Grillet.

PROBABLY Solzhenitsyn is the best prose writer in Russia today and Voznesensky the best poet. But to me Bulat Okudzhava is something special. From the government's point of view, he presents an unusual problem. He cannot be kept in line by the threat of not allowing him to publish, because he doesn't publish—has never published, except for an almost unknown volume of poetry, "Islands," which appeared in a small edition early in 1961; a second volume of verse, "Lyric," also 1961; and a novella, "Good Luck, Schoolkid!," which was included in an anthology published in the early fall of that year. Yet Okudzhava is well known and popular in the Soviet Union. He belongs to a special oral tradition—that of the poet-*chansonnier*. He makes up songs and sings them to his own guitar accompaniment. They bear titles like "The Paper Soldier," "Song to Fools," and "Midnight Trolley Bus," and they are typical of the no-nonsense existential mood of the generation that is emerging, to the horror of the older Party members. Like Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, he has participated in dozens of literary concerts. His songs—over a hundred of them—have been recorded on tape and circulated widely through the country. He is still regarded as a maverick. Just before I left the Soviet Union, I heard of a possibly apocryphal interview that was supposed to have taken place between Okudzhava and Alexander Romanov, then assistant to Ilichev on the Ideologi-

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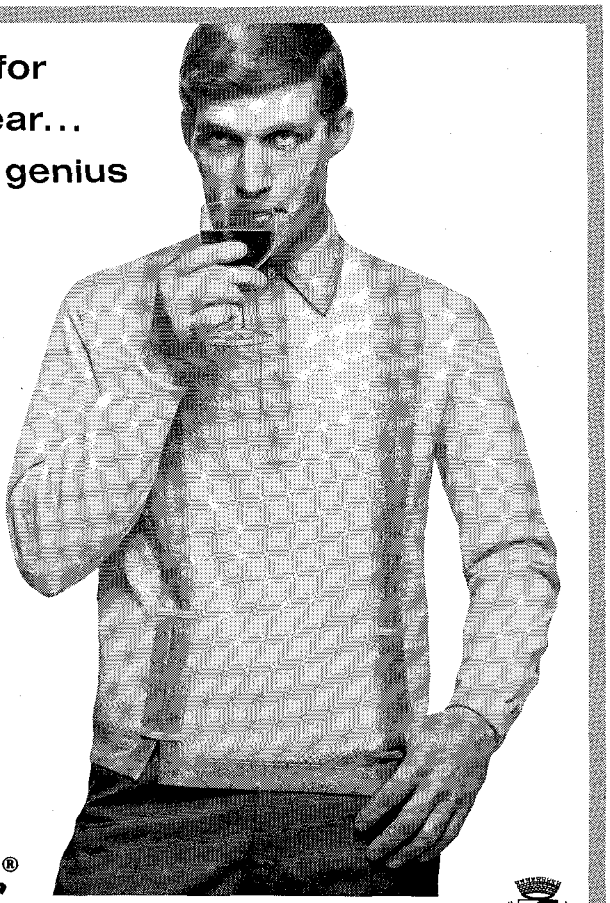

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cal Commission. Okudzhava was summoned to Romanov's office and questioned:

Romanov: Why are you such a pacifist?
Okudzhava: Is it not true that peace is our policy?
Romanov: Very well. But why are you such a pessimist?
Okudzhava (*with a shrug*): These have been hard times.
Romanov: It is something of a problem for us, you know, the way your songs circulate on tapes, unofficially.
Okudzhava: A problem?
Romanov: You know what I mean. Speculators have been taking advantage of this situation. What solution would you recommend?
Okudzhava: You might put out records of my songs. That would deprive those speculators of their market.

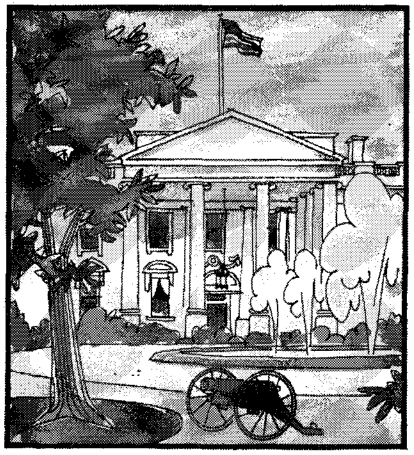
Okudzhava is about the same age as the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny—that is, forty. Thus, he is older than his colleagues in the younger generation, but he is one of them nevertheless. He is a Georgian—or, more exactly, a Georgian-Armenian. His father, a native of Mingrelia, in western Georgia, which was the Colchis of ancient times, was one of the founders of the Georgian Communist Party, and, like Aksenov's father, he was murdered in 1937. Okudzhava has a dark complexion, and his frizzy hair is touched with gray. One thing in particular sets him apart from Yevtushenko and the younger poets: he was a soldier in the war. While some of his songs are tender and lyrical, many are ironic and bitterly anti-war.

"It isn't just his pacifism that's troublesome to the government," Nikitonov once said to me. "Okudzhava belongs to an old tradition. In Russia, *chansonniers* were in vogue during the years just before the First World War. Strumming on their guitars in smoke-filled rooms, they sang songs of 'decadent atmosphere'—sentimental songs akin to the songs of Paris. Sometimes the *shansonetki*, as they were called, verged on surrealism. There was one, 'The Parrot,' about a Moscow dandy, that began:

> He says *jamais, jamais, jamais,*
> And when he weeps, he weeps in
> French.

Hardly the kind of song we encourage today."

The Revolution rid Russia of the *chansonnier*, but the thirst for the *shansonetka* and its exotic evocations survived. When Yves Montand came to the Soviet Union in the mid-nineteen-fifties, he was a wild success—not only because he came from Paris and had great personal charm but because



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he was a *chansonnier*. And now there is Okudzhava.

Creating the proper mood is not easy in a hall hung with Komsomol slogans. Okudzhava does not have the advantage of the old *café chantant;* his public appearances are usually at literary concerts. I had often wondered why he was allowed on the stage at all, since these concerts are official occasions, arranged by the Bureau for the Propagation of Artistic Literature, and I asked Niktonov.

"Listen, you forget that even here commerce thrives," he said. "The men responsible for the literary concerts probably aren't any too fond of Yevtushenko, either, but he fills the house. So does Okudzhava."

"But who gets the proceeds? Certainly not Yevtushenko and Okudzhava."

"The government. Did you know that the 'Tarzan' films were shown everywhere in Russia for a time? They made millions for the government. No pretense at culture there—just a good money-making proposition. Well, Okudzhava is almost as popular as Tarzan."

Onstage, Okudzhava is casual and relaxed, strumming his guitar and singing in what we might call a throwaway manner. As though apologizing because he hasn't much of a voice, he prefaces each song with "*Ya napoiu vam . . .*" ("I will hum for you . . ."). His songs range from some that the audience finds extremely funny to those bitter and melancholy ones about war, about soldiers and their return to civilian life. And always the celebration of war is unheroic. Occasionally, he sings a gypsy lament. Sometimes (particularly at unofficial gatherings) the songs he "hums" come from a genre known as the *blatnaya pesnya*—songs of prisoners and of the underworld, also traditionally a part of the prerevolutionary *chansonnier's* repertory. As a Soviet *chansonnier*, Okudzhava has added to the traditional Russian quality of *toska*—melancholy and weary sorrow—a touch of acid that is corrosive to cant and hypocrisy. Most often you taste it in those of his songs that tell of soldiers returning from the front. In this mood, Okudzhava is almost like Brecht—pitiless and hard-eyed. But in some of his songs there is another mood—a romantic vision of the revolutionary. Okudzhava has managed to put the younger generation in touch with the revolutionary spirit of its grandfathers. His Communism—and Yevtushenko's, too, for that matter—is not a nationalistic religion but a patriotic love of

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country. They both turn to the Revolution as a purely romantic event, as when Okudzhava sings:

> I will die in a righteous war, a
> civilian war . . .
> And commissars in dusty helmets
> Will bow their heads in silence
> over me.

Those "commissars" are not from the generation of the fathers—who, after all, don't even use the title any longer. They are the spiritual commissars of an earlier generation, who will remain alive as long as someone like Okudzhava is around to sing about them.

The anthology in which Okudzhava's novella, "Good Luck, Schoolkid!," was published was called "Tarusa Pages," and there was trouble over it from the start. The title derives from the town of Tarusa, which is on the Oka River on the border between the Kaluga and the Tula districts, about seventy miles south of Moscow. Tarusa has been a cultural center since the nineteenth century, and in recent years Konstantin Paustovsky and a number of poets and writers who have grouped themselves around him have made Tarusa their home. But it was the anthology that really put the town on the intellectual map of contemporary Russia. The *skandal* that surrounded "Tarusa Pages" lay not so much in the book's contents as in the circumstances of its publication. It was printed at the Kaluga publishing house without clearance from Moscow—an act of local initiative that was regarded in Moscow as a challenge to Party control. So strong was the reaction in the capital that after only a few thousand copies had been sold, the remainder of the edition was ordered withdrawn from open sale. Even as late as December, 1961, however, copies could still be obtained from the bookstore on Moscow's Kirova Street, in the department devoted to "local publications." And when there were no longer any copies to be found in Moscow, the anthology could be obtained by the most innocent means imaginable—by writing directly to the publishing house in Kaluga. That is how I eventually obtained my copy.

The popularity of "Good Luck, Schoolkid!" was not wholly the result of its having appeared in "Tarusa Pages." While the notoriety that surrounded the anthology helped publicize the story, it would unquestionably have achieved a reputation of its own if it had been published separately. The schoolkid of the title, who is also the narrator, is a boy of eighteen or so in the nineteen-forties who has just com-

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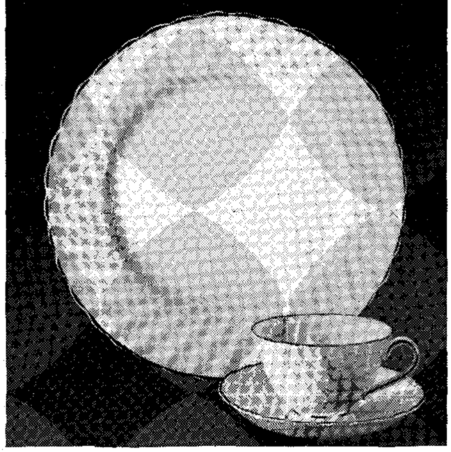

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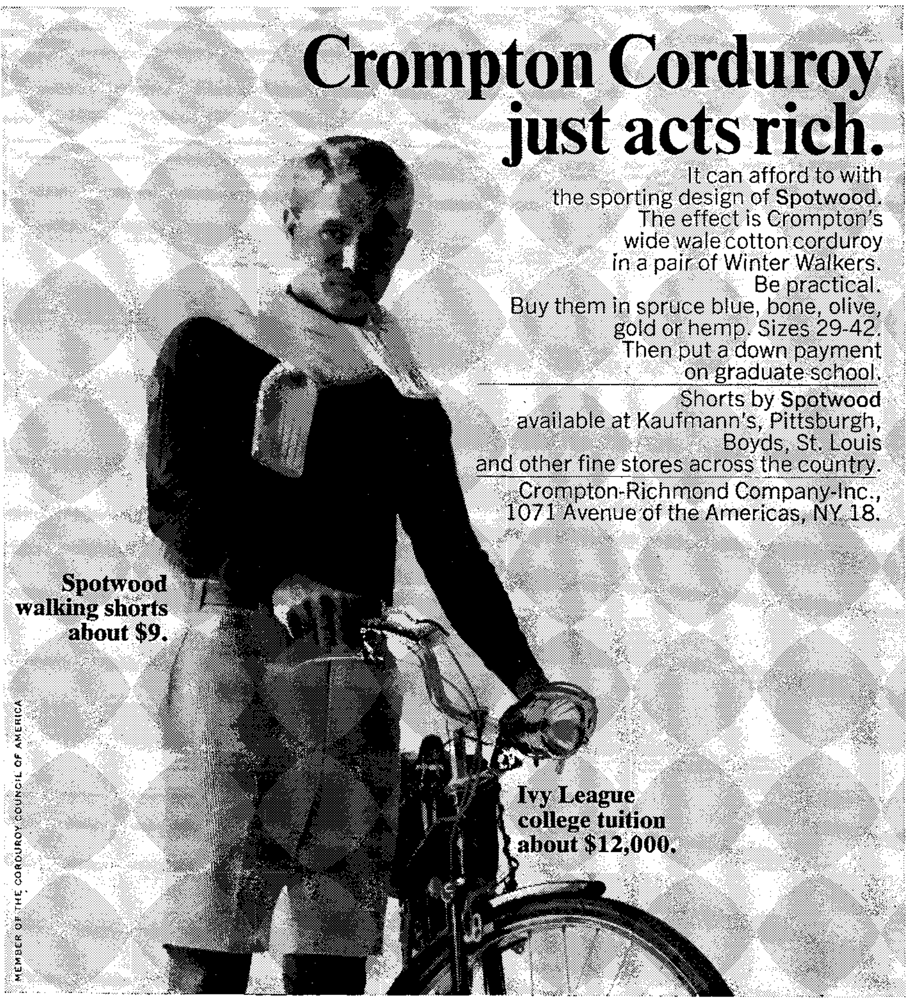
pleted the "ten-year course," making him the equivalent of our high-school graduate. Okudzhava is saying that he no sooner graduates than he becomes a "new boy" again—a green recruit arriving at the front, his classroom knowledge useless when it comes to manning a mortar, burying dead comrades, and dying in battle. The nameless narrator learns his new lessons as best he can, and by the end of the novella he has become seasoned and is, if not a hero, at least a veteran. Yet his veteran's attitude of superiority toward the green rookies is not the official "positive," older-brother-with-outstretched-hand image of a Russian soldier. It is not in keeping with the "community" way of describing events of the Great Patriotic War. Unlike the young recruits in Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," who come to understand that they are being used as cannon fodder, the boys in "Good Luck, Schoolkid!" look no farther than their wounds. The narrator preserves his ideals, but he makes it clear—and for the first time, really, in Soviet war literature—that nobody shouts slogans in the trenches. When he talks about life at the front, he picks on details unrelated to heroics and glory. He writes of the confusion—fighting an enemy you never see, whose position you know only by tracer bullets and exploding mortar shells. At the same time, he shows the steady advance into the grip of battle life, toward knowledge, toward death, always accomplished over fear.

The mood and style of Okudzhava's story suggest other wars in which Russians have fought. Some people see in its author a kinship with Lermontov, the campaigner, and with Tolstoy—the young Tolstoy of the "Sevastopol Sketches." But if "Good Luck, Schoolkid!" belongs to a great tradition, Okudzhava's critics overlooked the fact. The *Literary Gazette* pointed out that while Okudzhava records details of suffering and death, he never once refers to the high ideals that motivated all men in the Great Patriotic War. The *Literary Gazette*, however, was wrong; the references are there, but they are scored in such a way as to be inaudible to those who listen for the official music, the paean of heroism that is supposed to be present in such stories. Okudzhava's writing is pitched for what Niktonov called "the dog's ear of the new generation."

Although Okudzhava has come in for less official criticism than either Yevtushenko or Voznesensky—he was not dispatched to the country to get



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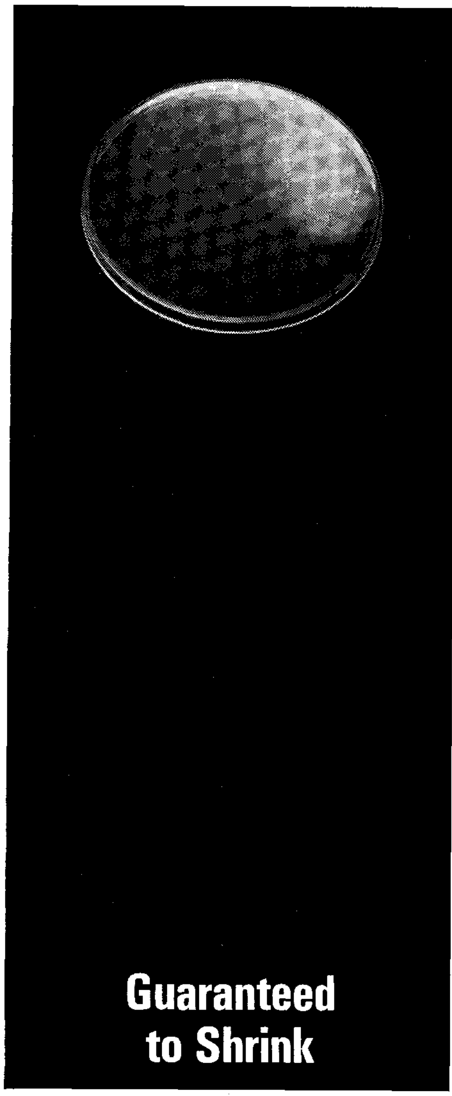
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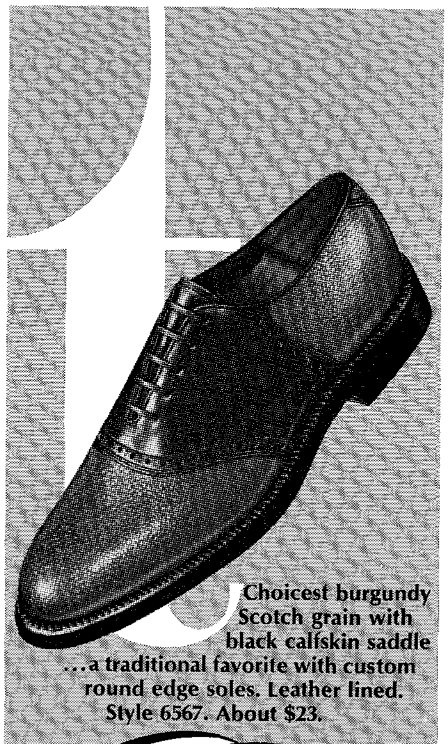
closer to life, and at no time has he made an apology or shown any sign of having agreed to accept Party discipline in the future—the Party has made it clear what kind of songs the poet-*chansonnier* should be writing. To be pleasing to the fathers, the songs should "stir revolutionary thoughts and feelings . . . elevate man and mobilize him against the enemies of the working people." Khrushchev, in his speech in the Kremlin's Sverdlov Hall on March 8, 1963, explained in detail the sort of songs he likes. He cited as his model a certain Demyan Bedny (Demyan the Poor), a writer of sorts who joined the Bolsheviks before the Revolution. Khrushchev said:

> Remember how the poetry of Demyan Bedny was adopted at the time by our people? In the years of the Civil War, when the Soviet people were defending the world's first Socialist workers' and peasants' state in fierce battle against world imperialism, Red Guardsmen and Army men and guerrillas went into combat singing Demyan Bedny's songs—songs that stirred everyone, songs understandable to everyone, even to illiterate peasants in the Red Army. See how the thoughts and feelings of the people are imprinted in "My Mother Saw Me Off to the War."

If Demyan Bedny's songs satisfied a need of the fathers in their time, Okudzhava's songs do the same for the younger generation now. The failure of the Party and the Ideological Commission to understand this fact serves only to broaden the gap in communication between the generations. If, as Khrushchev asserted, the fathers gather to sing the old songs, they do not sing them together with the young. Nevertheless, the new generation is united to its revolutionary heritage by a strong bond. The links are men like Okudzhava and Yevtushenko. In their romantic view of the events that brought Soviet Russia into being, they continue to cherish the original "commissars in dusty helmets." Yevtushenko's maternal grandfather was a tough and grizzled lieutenant general of artillery who was executed in Stalin's 1938 purge of the Red Army. A sense of continuity with the Soviet past far stronger than anything Khrushchev could evoke is present in Yevtushenko's last recollections of his grandfather. This passage from the poet's autobiography is one that even old Bolsheviks find moving and true:

> But even in his commander's uniform he remained the peasant he had always been, and he retained his religious belief in the Revolution.
>
> I saw him for the last time in 1938, when I was five. I remember our con-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versation well. He came into my room. I had already been put to bed. He had in his hand a box of liqueur chocolates, and he sat down on the edge of my bed. Usually his eyes smiled mischievously, but that night they looked at me from under his gray, prickly crewcut with a tired and sad expression. He offered me the chocolates and pulled a quarter bottle of vodka from his trouser pocket.

"I want us to have a drink together," he said. "You have the candy, and I'll have the vodka."

He slapped the bottom of the bottle with the palm of his hand, and the cork shot out. I helped myself to the chocolates.

"What shall we drink to, then?" I asked, trying to sound grown up.

"To the Revolution," said my grandfather severely.

We touched glasses—that is, my sweet touched his bottle—and we drank.

"Now go to sleep," said my grandfather.

He switched off the light and remained sitting on the bed. It was too dark for me to see his face, but I felt him looking at me. He began to sing softly. He sang the melancholy songs of the chain gangs, the songs of strikers and demonstrators, the songs from the Civil War.

And I fell asleep.

I never saw my grandfather again. My mother told me that he had gone away for a long time. I was asleep when, that same night, he was arrested on a charge of high treason.

Yevtushenko's grandfather and Aksenov's and Okudzhava's fathers survive in the aspirations of the new generation. In them there is nothing even faintly disloyal—no hint of "youth in revolt"—of the sort that some Western writers hope to discover. These young men, it seems to me, are laying claim to their own heritage. But they are doing so without mock eloquence and without sentimentality. In quiet and level voices, suited to the task of restoring to words their original meanings, they speak with the narrator of Okudzhava's novella:

> This is not an adventure story. It is about the way I fought, how they wanted to kill me, and how I was lucky. I really don't know who I should thank. Maybe nobody. Anyway, don't you worry. I am alive and healthy. That news will make some people happy and others, to be sure, won't like it. But I'm alive, nothing to be done about it. Still, you can't please everybody.

—RALPH BLUM

(*This is the second in a series of three articles.*)

•

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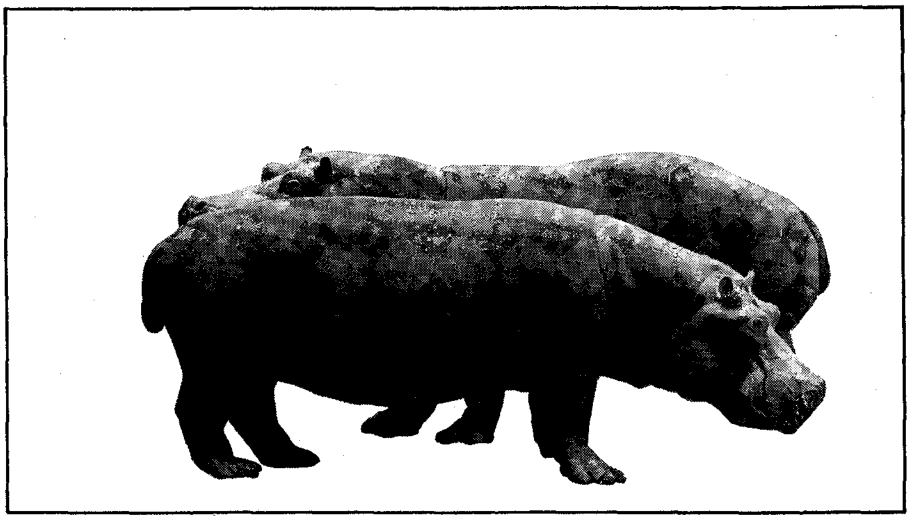

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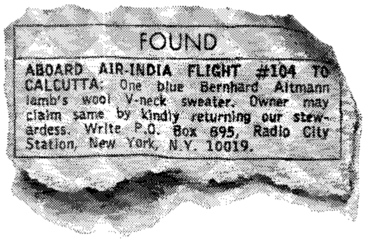

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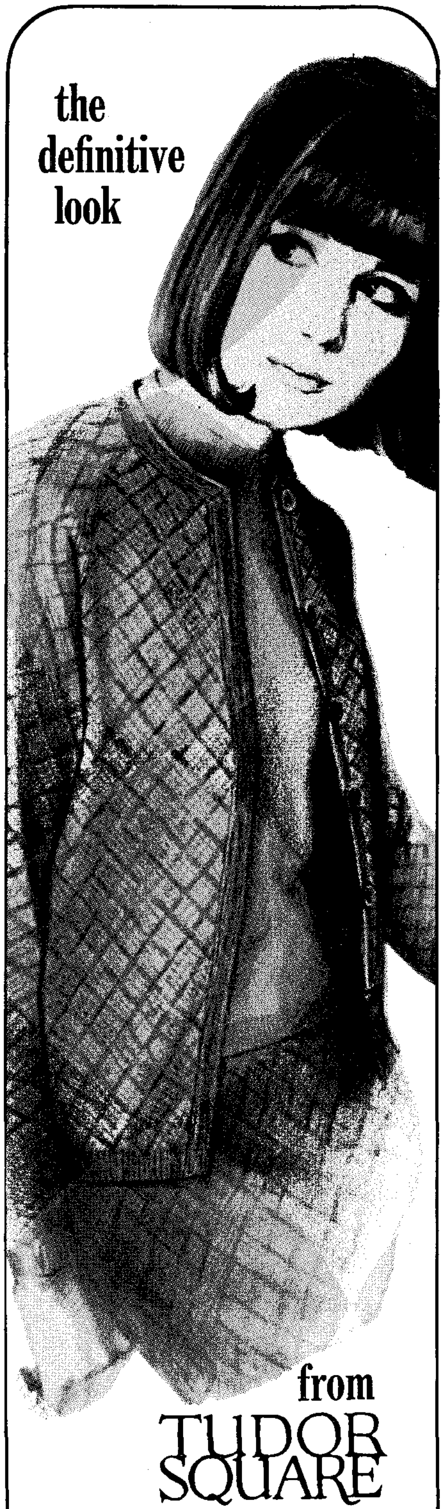

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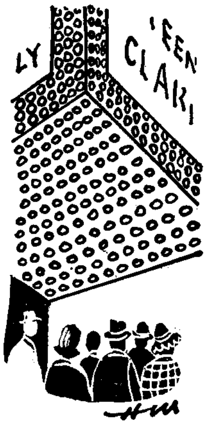
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Too Many Seagulls

THERE are movies so doggedly, doomedly, drearily, and damnably arty that they would make the back teeth of a stone phoenix ache, and a prime specimen of this not sufficiently rare genre is "Rapture," which was put together in France out of wind, rain, creaking doors, and a tun of girlish tears. The picture was directed by John Guillermin, and boasts—an odd word, under the circumstances—an international cast, including Patricia Gozzi (the melting-eyed child in "Sundays and Cybèle," but Miss Gozzi is now sixteen or so, and "melting" is the least of what she does with her eyes this time around), Melvyn Douglas, Dean Stockwell, and Gunnel Lindblom. Actors are never to blame for the artiness of arty movies, but a man who will encourage seagulls to overact will certainly do no less for his professional charges, and Miss Gozzi has taken terrible advantage of the opportunity to hurl herself about like an adolescent Bernhardt, while Melvyn Douglas bites his lip and glowers, bites his lip and glowers, and then bites his lip and glowers, in a truly painful demonstration of how to play An Old Man With A Guilty Secret That He Wishes He Could Get Off His Chest, But No.



The pretentious screenplay of "Rapture," written by Stanley Mann, was taken from a novel called "Rapture in My Rags," by Phyllis Hastings, who may yet surprise us all with a sequel entitled "Misery in My Minks," or, more briefly and pertinently, "Brontë in My Blood." For a strong whiff of stale Yorkshire pudding hangs over this transplanted Gothic revenant, in which a troubled and probably dotty little girl is to be seen living with a troubled and probably dotty old father in a great stone farmhouse on the storm-swept coast of Brittany. The child's sole companions are a tough, sexy-looking blonde, who is not above entertaining gentlemen callers in her bed by night; battalions of the aforementioned seagulls; and a collection of squalid dolls. The child steals her father's wedding suit from a trunk in the attic and stuffs it with straw to make a scarecrow, which she then falls so deeply in love with that when a handsome young man, wounded in attempting to escape from the police, stumbles into the garden and disguises himself in the scarecrow's clothes, the child believes that her straw friend has come to life, and . . . But it is not my intention to make you weep; suffice it to say that the plot, if surpassingly squeaky and predictable, is nothing like as irritating as Mr. Guillermin's handling of it. Never have I encountered more self-indulgent flights of fancy camerawork—all matched by sound effects, musical and non-musical (those dratted gulls again!), that assault our ears as harshly as the whirling darks and brights on the screen assault our eyes. Mr. Guillermin beats us to our knees with symbols that amount to a catalogue of vulgar stereotypes, and that turn his picture into a model of how not to load natural objects with a dead weight of great big solemn meaning. Indeed, for students taking advanced courses in how not to make movies, attendance at "Rapture" should be compulsory. To everyone else I say, "Beware!" —BRENDAN GILL

•

LILY GROVE

By Mrs. J. F. Gann

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Gann and Earl Calladine spent the 4th of July Sunday.

Johnny Gann mowed oats for hay.

Johnny Gann is going to Jamesport Tuesday to get oil for his car. He may go fishing on the road home.

Johnny Gann and wife started cleaning the house.

Johnny Gann was in Jamesport Monday to get oil for his tractor.

Johnny Gann may shock oats Tuesday afternoon, if it doesn't rain.

Grover Laffey called on Johnny Gann Wednesday evening.

Lovell Cummings was in Chillicothe Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Gann helped Beulah Gay pick and can beans Tuesday. Johnny Gann cut and hauled wheat for the chickens Thursday morning.

Johnny Gann and wife and Beulah Gay were in Jamesport Saturday evening. Visited Bud Lint and wife and Fred Lint and wife, Flossie.

Harold Godman and wife were in Shearwood Saturday evening.

Mr. Wiserman has been hauling Mennonites. He's a dandy man. He lives close to church and the Mennonites. They are good people. They go to church. They are good people. I think you do not see people like them.—*Chillicothe (Mo.) Constitution-Tribune.*

They don't get around like Johnny Gann, though.

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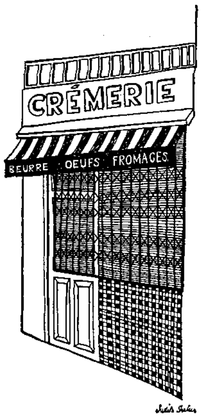
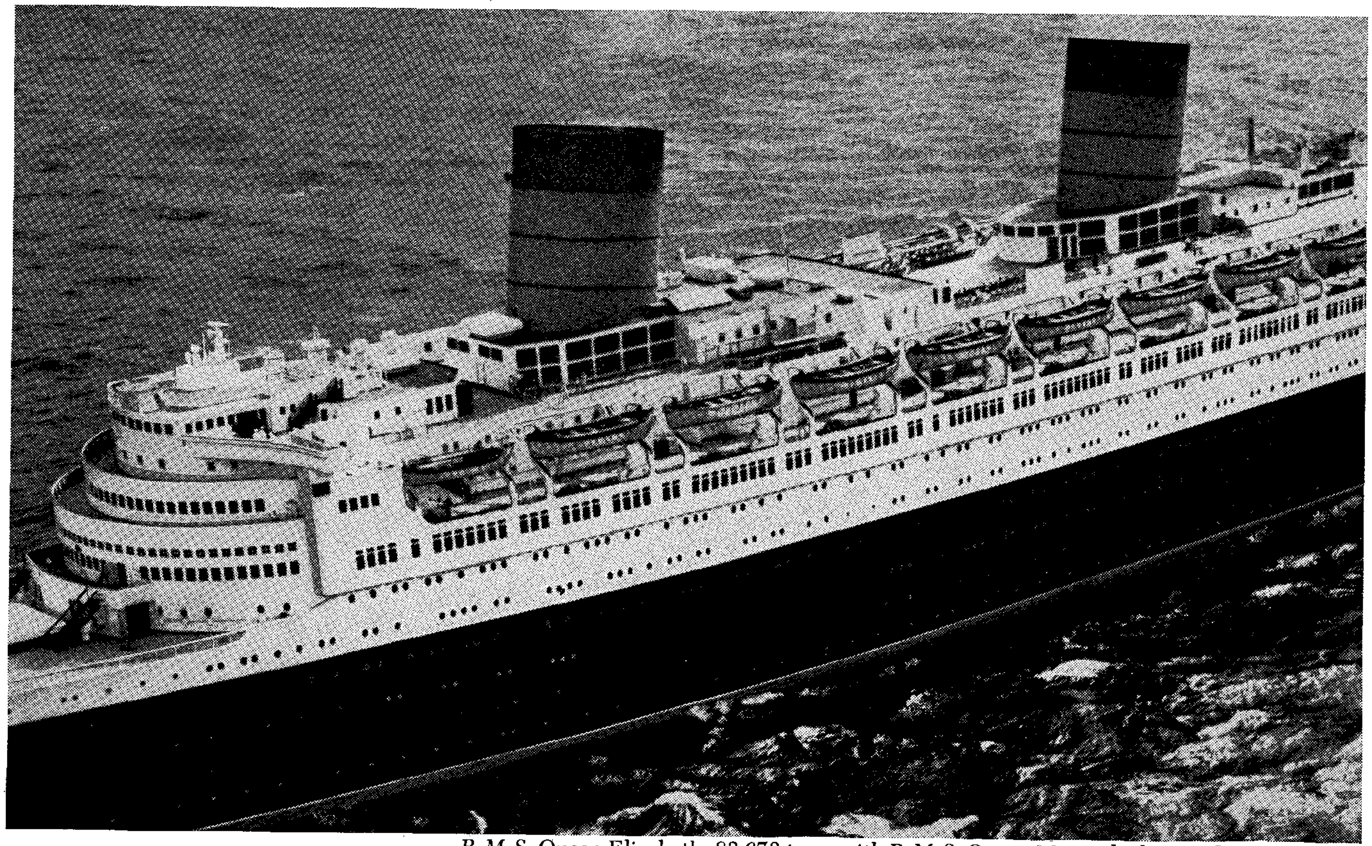
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 25

IT was Louis Philippe, otherwise a monarch with little enough aesthetic sense, who in 1830 saved Versailles by turning it, at his own expense, into "a museum consecrated to all the French glories." A few years later, this was translated, without losing much of its exalted implication, into the simpler title of Musée National d'Histoire de France, which it still officially bears today. Already in Louis Philippe's time there was talk of making Versailles a military hospital or a college; Napoleon had considered tearing it down and building something in his own style; and the bourgeois businessmen of the eighteen-thirties wanted to get their hands on the vast Versailles gardens and cut them up into attractive building lots. Until this year, the interior of the château mostly retained its uninhabited, museum appearance, except for special apartments, astonishing to the tourist eye with their rich remnants of furnishings, such as the overloaded, remarkable Clock Room. This summer, Versailles has been changed by the opening of fifty rooms authentically restored to the times and styles of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI, with the seventeenth century installed in the north wing of the château and the eighteenth century in the central section. These fifty *salles*, which had lain empty and dilapidating for a century and a half, their *boiseries* accumulating decades of dust, and sacking covering what had been their silk-hung walls, today afford visible connections with Versailles' past as the Bourbon family's château and home (nineteen royal infants were born there, of whom few lived long, possibly owing to the famously malodorous palace sanitation), from the glorious, stilted long reign of the Sun King to the murderous edge of the Revolution. What today's visitor looks at are magnificent, if not numerous, authentic period furnishings beneath a population of royal-family portraits, including mistresses, on the silk walls—luxurious damask seats, gilded beds, facial likenesses, and dress and wig styles of two centuries of uninterrupted opulent, dominant, and spendthrift French history. And this year's Bourbon presentations are only the beginning. M. Gérard Van der Kemp, the director of Versailles, plans next year to open some twenty rooms in the South Attic, which will be devoted to Napoleon Bonaparte's Empire and style; the following year, the North Attic will be consecrated to the Bourbon Restoration period, the July Monarchy, and Napoleon III's Second Empire. This will make Versailles the most explicitly historical grand château of all Europe.



As has been pointed out in museum circles here, M. Van der Kemp's exceptional suitability for his post lies in his fresh museological ideas and his invaluable social relations with French and foreign multimillionaires who love art and Versailles. The funds that Versailles receives from the state for purchasing new acquisitions are derisory, the equivalent of only three hundred and forty thousand dollars being annually provided for this purpose for all the museums in France. The reliable generosity of Mr. David Rockefeller furnished a unique treasure to the recent Versailles refurbishings (after he had first had a copy of his gift made for himself). It is a large gros-point carpet of dark brown strewn with small flowers, which Marie Antoinette and her sister-in-law Mme. Elizabeth worked on at Versailles, and which the two wretched ladies had time to finish in the Temple Prison before being beheaded. (A border that someone later attached to the carpet states these facts in embroidery.) The restoration of the Queen's apartment contains certain furnishings that she actually lived with, such as her fancy marble chimneypiece, a commode, some salon furniture, and the silk cover from her bed, patterned with garlands of pansies. This last article recently turned up in a New York antique shop and was presented to Versailles by an anonymous American admirer. Princesse Doan de Champassak (the former Barbara Hutton) gave the Queen's exquisite pale Savonnerie carpet. In its prime, Versailles was so overstuffed with furniture that the sale of its contents by the Garde Mobilière continued for two or three years after the Revolution, and it is doubtless from those sales that odd, invaluable pieces still turn up. Another American donor to Versailles is Mrs. Florence Gould, who gave a Louis XV commode made of tôle—the only one ever heard of—which was probably gold-washed for His Majesty but is now a faded copper



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color. No relics of his dauphin's bedroom could be found, so superb equivalents from the period were donated by Comte Guy de Boisrouvray, including a Polish-style gilded bed that was once the property of the Marquise du Châtelet, the famous young female mathematician who was also the mistress of the elderly Voltaire. However, the most glittering reconstitution of any is that of the room in which for years the mechanics of all French power resided—La Chambre du Roi, restored in part as the spectacle that Louis XIV himself looked on. The restoration is a wall covering of blazingly scarlet-patterned gold-and-silver cloth, its overpowering color and glitter interspersed with woven representations of green marble pillars—the chilling formal touch suitable to this monarch "whose presence, in any place, imposed a silence that was almost a sort of terror," according to the memoirs of the watchful little Duc de Saint-Simon. The pattern of this silk, salvaged from fragments still in storage, is of such complexity that only one weaver today in the Lyon silk establishment was competent to repeat it and train the necessary helpers. The silk that has been put up so far is the gift of the late Arturo Lopez-Willshaw; a new Maecenas is needed to pay for what should still go on the looms to complete the King's Chamber.

In the eighteenth-century rooms, the most interesting elements are the Académie Royale collection of portraits of themselves and each other by the epoch's painters, and portraits of King Louis XV's personal favorites, including that great member of the amoral intelligentsia Mme. de Pompadour. Also fine is Nattier's gallery of portraits of the King, his Queen, and his children, the best of Nattier being available only at Versailles. In the final room is the last portrait of Louis XVI, already helplessly wearing a tricolor cockade on his hat, for the Revolution was close. Its approach is apparent in David's astonishing, enormous sketch of the Jeu de Paume Convention leaders, also in the room. Like certain other classicist painters, he first drew in his figures stark naked, then dressed them—magnificent, cold-lined males with the occasional tracing of a shoe on a bare foot or the vague indication of breeches soon to cover thighs. At the right of the sketch, painted in color, are the heads and faces of some of those fighters for a people's constitution. The room is hung with a copy of a cotton print of the Revolutionary Phrygian bonnet, in tricolor, and this, together with David's great unfinished canvas, gives

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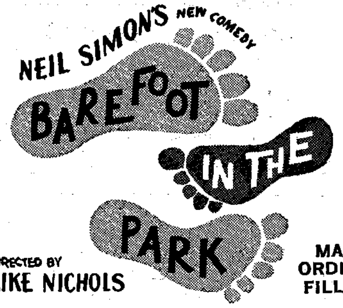

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PHOTO: U.S. ARMY DESIGN: GENE PAUL MUZIO

These words were spoken by U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, one of 67 distinguished scholars and statesmen from 19 countries who came together in New York before an equally representative audience of 2500. They convened to talk about the requirements for peace—"peace pure, simple, and durable." Reports of the meeting were beamed around the world by more than 350 members of the press, radio, and television.

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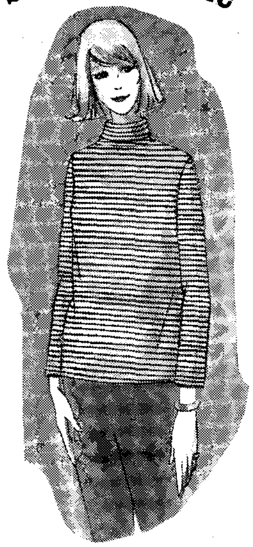
terrific effect to what followed the French kings of the other rooms.

This may well seem a very lengthy report on what intelligent tourists who can survive three hours' peering and walking can now see in Versailles. So far, there is no catalogue of the fifty new rooms' contents, adding the fatigue of close inspection of identification cards to the weariness of the visitor's poor feet. Still, it is a remarkable, rare, and artistic French history lesson, produced by the reigning inhabitants of the château, and now illustrated, in part, for the first time.

MATCH, France's biggest news and picture weekly, which this month has been featuring a retrospective serial, with documents and photographs, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the end of the United States' war in the Pacific, interrupted itself this week to announce that "owing to the grave events in Los Angeles, we have postponed to next week the fourth chapter of our big historical series, 'The Final Assault—Hiroshima—The Capitulation.' " The substitute new cover, superseding even the dropping of the world's first atomic bomb, was a dramatic color photo showing a row of flaming shacks behind a Negro boy scowling into the camera while standing beside his father, who is smiling with the same sort of hatred and flexing his powerful right arm. Inside, *Match* carried thirty-four pages of photos, many in color, on the Watts riot. Regarded by the French as one more bloody incident in what many of them think of as our sporadic civil war between our two races, the upheaval in Los Angeles dominated the French headlines and was carried as the alarming leading international news on the national French radio; as soon as enough horrifying photos could be relayed across the Atlantic, they were shown three times a day for two days on the state TV.

It has been a summer of exacerbating news, major and minor—major like the Watts bloodshed and the bitter power struggle in the streets of Athens and in Algeria, and minor like the small Belgian riots over language this last weekend in Ostend, with fighting about whether Flemish or French should be used in the churches to preach the Sunday sermon. Adding to the violence of humanity, even nature, at least in this area of the Continent, has continued to furnish little pleasure or reliability. There has just been a heavy August snowstorm in Andorra, which lasted for eight hours. The city of Nice had a diluvian rainstorm from



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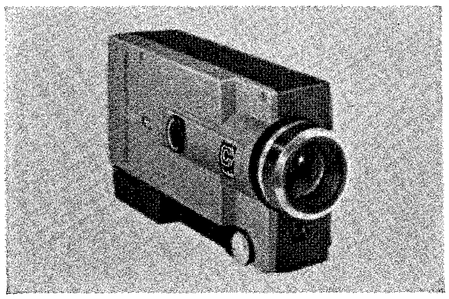

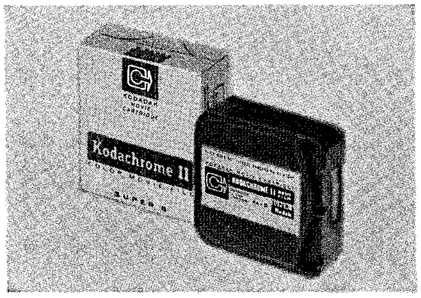

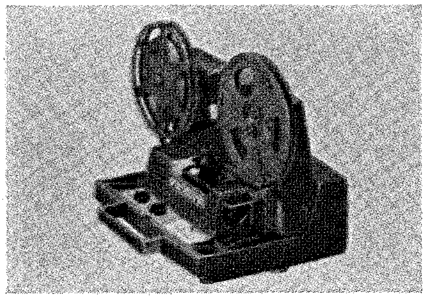

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Sunday at dawn to Monday at breakfast, as well as a frightening three-hour electrical storm, with tornado winds that blew campers' tents out over the Mediterranean, leaving them unprotected and hip-deep in water and mud from the torrents suddenly rushing down the hills. According to *Le Monde*, a journal little given to joking, a cow was washed down from a hill pasture, and was fished out and put on her feet near the Promenade des Anglais. Outside Paris, in the Ile-de-France, the hay crop has been poor, but, to the astonishment of the peasant farmers, always pessimistic, the government calculates the cereal crop to be promising, with a good yield of barley and a pretty good one of wheat, soon to be threshed, the harvest having been delayed two weeks by inclement weather. The grape situation looks so much improved that the government has now raised its expectations to near sixty-six million hectolitres, which is three million more than it talked about last month. The possible slip between the cup and the lip cannot be estimated, however, until the grapes have been pressed; only then can the vintners know whether France will have a lot of very ordinary wine or something a little superior.

THE summer international theatre season, which, had it been important, would have been intellectual, is ending several degrees lower than that at the Olympia Music Hall with a series of what have been publicized as Olympiades. These are national music-hall shows, starting with one from Moscow (much like last year's), then moving on to what was new—music-hall shows from Tel Aviv and Bucharest, of which nationals here were not proud. The series will end with a show from the United States, and has just opened a show from the République Libre de Cuba, as it is billed. In anticipation, this aroused a certain curiosity here over whether Communism would give the Cuban production the vigor that had marked the Russian entertainment. Actually, what the Cubans needed was the capitalist Manhattan touch—the speed and pace that only New York direction gives such productions. The Paris press gave the hundred and twenty Cuban participants polite, if not very enthusiastic, reviews, the Communist paper *Humanité* being the most polite and perhaps the least enthusiastic of all. The second half of the program, an hour-long ballet called "El Solar," was what last Saturday night's middle-aged, middle-class audience had

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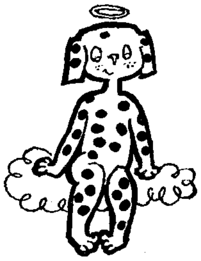

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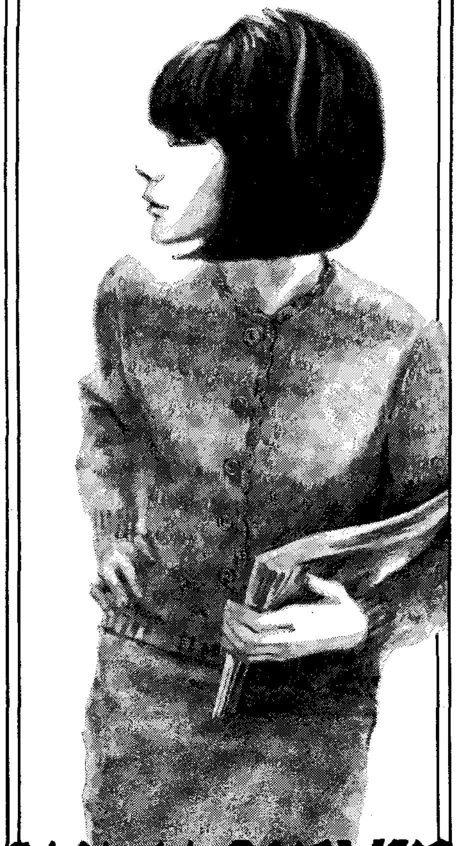

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come to see; there were no sharp young people present. It is a ballet depicting humble life in the courtyard of a poor apartment house, with better dancing by the idle males than by the workaday females with their brooms, which also figured in the choreography. The social climax is the organization by a passing soldier of the shiftless apartment people into disciplined marching and united rhythm, until in joy they all break out singing "Cuba Es Linda" ("Cuba Is Pretty"), with a recurrent phrase about "our Fidel from the hills," while the soldier, now their leader, repeatedly stretches forth his arm with fingers pointing, in Lenin's familiar sculptured gesture. It was subtle propaganda for those who noticed it at all. Otherwise, "El Solar" was a well-enough-danced contemporary folk ballet.

—GENÊT

P.S.: As a result of typographical confusion, M. Pierre Schneider was recently referred to in these columns as the art critic of *Arts*, a weekly he had just roundly slated as the art critic of *L'Express. Mille excuses.*

•

RESCUE

I have looked at this photograph
Of you at rest in that rowboat
For hours, but can't see your face.
When my eyes finally go slack,
The dark space
Between your white shirt and hat
Becomes a hole in the bay
Behind you, and I fall in.
I am no better swimmer
Now than I was at five,
And the past is more treacherous water
Than the creek you fished me from
Then, finding me by the bubbles
That were the chain of my breath.
Going down again, lifesaver,
Where it is darker and deeper,
I leave the same trail,
Believing that where you've been
Is the only depth I'll sound
That may save me from myself.

—DABNEY STUART

•

Demolitions are primarily a hot war weapon. A Special Forces man can use them most efficiently against people, communications, production and storage facilities and other military or political targets. It can give an opponent a funny feeling to have his car blow up under him when he turns the starter—or to have his bathroom go up in smoke when he turns the door knob.—*Armed Forces Week leaflet, 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne).*

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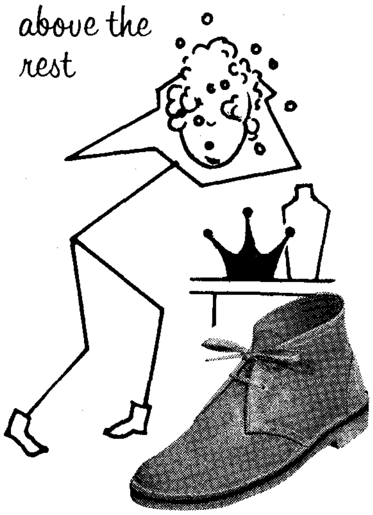

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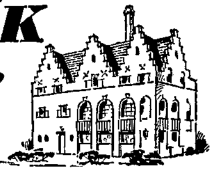

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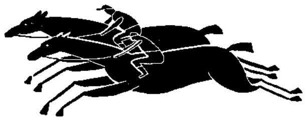
THE RACE TRACK

Ta-Ta, Spa

AS everyone—or almost everyone—expected, Buckpasser won the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga Springs last weekend. He also confirmed in no uncertain fashion the widely held view that he is the best two-year-old in training. He stumbled as he left the starting gate, but he recovered quickly and, setting sail for the leaders, went around them in the stretch to finish two and a half lengths of open daylight ahead of Impressive, a stablemate. Indulto was third. The time for the six and a half furlongs was 1:16, which is only two-fifths of a second slower than Bold Lad's time in the race a year ago. It was Buckpasser's seventh victory, and his fourth in a stakes, since he finished fourth in his maiden effort at Aqueduct last May, and he has picked up $184,875 in prize money. Ogden Phipps, who owns the rangy bay colt, says that his next start will be in the Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago next Saturday. With that event in mind, I find it slightly depressing that Buckpasser continues to be slow on the getaway. (He was left at the post in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth, you may remember.) Still, he has always come through with a decisive turn of speed when it is needed. Anyhow, he has an able front-running mate in Impressive, who went at it hammer and tongs with Indulto; they did the quarter in 0:22, the half mile in 0:44⅘, and six furlongs in 1:09⅗, which equals the track mark for that distance. There were four other starters in the Hopeful, but none was ever in the picture. This is not the first time that colts from the same stable have finished ace, deuce in the Hopeful. H. P. Whitney's Boojum and Whichone did it in 1929, and Mrs. Payne Whitney's Devil Diver and Shut Out did it in 1941. Incidentally, Amphitheatre, who was third that merry afternoon in 1941, was from the Manhasset Stable of Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, who now races the Greentree Stable in partnership with her brother John Hay Whitney, and since all three colts were trained by John Gaver, they ran as an entry.



There's an old saying that good horses always have a lot of poor relations. Moccasin, a full sister of Ridan, who was unbeaten in seven starts at two and was one of the leading three-year-olds in 1962, certainly isn't in that category. She romped away with the Spinaway Stakes, the Spa's top prize for two-year-old fillies, although there were several well-thought-of youngsters among the half-dozen other starters. Quickly disposing of Around the Roses, who had impressed observers earlier in the meeting, she won by nearly four lengths from Swift Lady and Forefoot, who finished noses apart. Bull Hancock, Moccasin's owner and breeder, will send her after her fourth straight in the Matron at Aqueduct next Saturday.

Looking back on the Saratoga meeting, I'd say the race that will be longest remembered was Kelso's in winning the Whitney Stakes. To my mind, the old boy has never run more gallantly. By the way, I have a notion that the management is disappointed that the new grandstand and the other new amenities did not attract larger crowds. Attendance was only slightly over nine thousand higher than last year's. The Racing Association will make up for that at the Big A on Labor Day, for Kelso will be running in the Aqueduct Stakes.

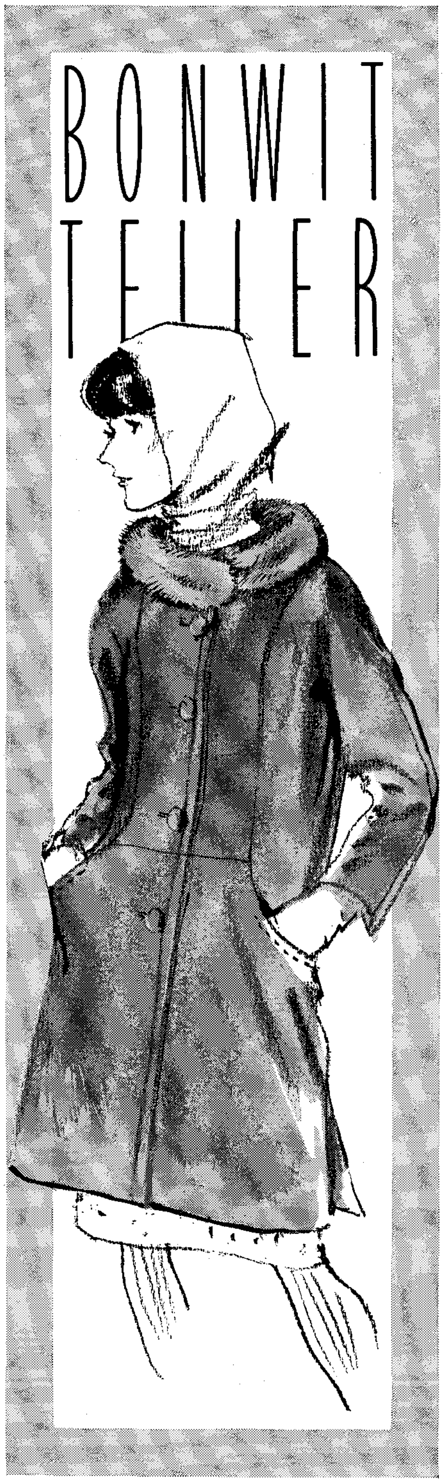
TOM ROLFE won the Arlington Classic at Chicago last Saturday, but from all accounts it wasn't easy; in fact, he beat Royal Gunner, to whom he gave six pounds, by what the chart-maker called a neck. Seven horses ran, and Beaupy, with ten pounds in his favor, set off in front. For three-quarters of the mile, he tried to make a runaway race of it, but on the turn for home Royal Gunner and Tom Rolfe moved up, and Shoemaker, on the latter, had to ride his hardest to get his mount home in the vital last dozen strides. Oh, well, a mile isn't Tom Rolfe's best distance. He'll go better in the American Derby, at a mile and a quarter, at Arlington on the thirteenth.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"We have asked the National Academy of Science to help us recruit scientists to on space missions," he said. A knowledge of flying will not be an initial requirement. "We wi teach them how to fy," he said, as if he was talking about teaching them how to spell.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Times.*

Stay on the ground, men, if you know what's good for you!



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M. ZUCKERBERG'S HEART

I ARRIVED in America, a refugee doctor, in late summer of 1941, and in November I began to study English in preparation for a test by the New York State Board of Medical Examiners. Classes, which were arranged by the Resettlement Committee for Foreign Physicians, were held in an old auditorium on Lexington Avenue near Ninety-first Street. I lived with my wife and son in the mid-Seventies on the West Side. When I had a nickel, I commuted by crosstown bus; otherwise, I walked across Central Park. Even when the weather grew wintry, these walks had a certain charm for me, for they reminded me of my house calls to the villages surrounding Mattersburg, the town in Austria where I had practiced. In those days, instead of using my car, I often chose to trudge across the empty white cornfields in the stinging air.

One snowy day early in December, I was returning from class along Broadway, my head down against the wind, when I bumped into someone coming from the opposite direction. The English-study notebook I was carrying fell to the sidewalk. I retrieved it and straightened up, and I found myself looking into a familiar face—birdlike, with a wingspread of giant ears. "M. Zuckerberg!" I said.

M. Zuckerberg (as I will call my friend) embraced me, kissing me on both cheeks. "*Mais Docteur, c'est pas possible!*" he shouted. "How wonderful to see you alive!" His French still retained a faint East European accent.

We went to the Tip Toe Inn, at the corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Broadway, and sat at a table by a window.

"I am healthy, Doctor," M. Zuckerberg announced at once. "You wouldn't believe it, but, *parole d'honneur*, I don't need a doctor anymore. But tell me, how are Maria and Peter? When did you get here?"

"We're all fine," I said. "We arrived in August."

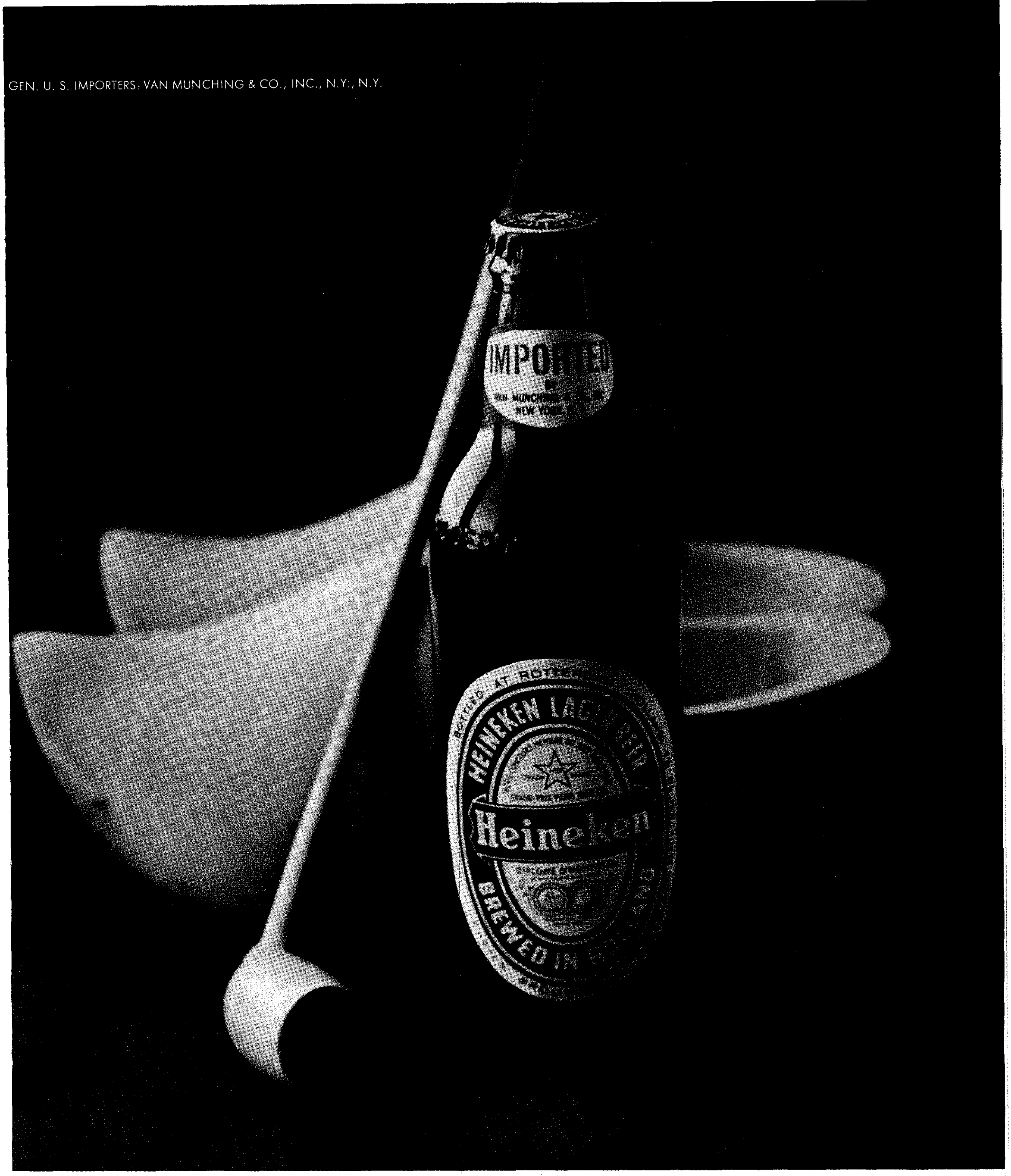
"From Bordeaux?"

"No, Marseille, then Morocco—"

"Morocco! Then you didn't fall into the hands of those bastards who were taking refugees to Portugal. Do you know what the captain of a Spanish freighter wanted? Ten thousand dollars! What could I do? The Nazis were at the outskirts of Bordeaux. I gave him almost all I had, and my wife gave him her necklace, which was worth at least five thousand. I had just about enough left for two tickets on an American boat—tourist class—and we came to New York. It was August a year ago." He grinned. "Do you know what I'm doing? I run an elevator on Riverside Drive. My wife works in a doll factory!"

BACK in Neuilly-sur-Seine, in the suburbs of Paris, M. Zuckerberg had owned a mammoth sawmill. I met him in Paris, where we had fled after the Anschluss, through an old friend of mine, Hans Klein, who had come to Paris four years earlier. Klein was a psychoanalyst, one of the closest to Freud, and in Paris he had joined the psychoanalytical society, which didn't require one to have a license to practice. I was a general practitioner, and, like hundreds of other refugee physicians, was left alienated from my profession by the need of an unattainable piece of paper. So when I ran into Klein one day in April, 1938, I was eager to hear about his good luck. A Gauloise Bleue hung from his lips, and he had developed a taste for Pernod; otherwise, he was Klein from the Praterstrasse in Vienna. We sat in the Café Weber in the Rue Royale and talked at length about possibilities for getting me established; there seemed no way of circumventing the license problem.

Suddenly Klein slapped his forehead and exclaimed, "Why, for God's sake, didn't I think of Zuckerberg? He is just the case for you. What he wants is a personal physician. He was my patient when I first came to Paris, but after a while I got so busy with my practice I had to give the old man up. He's a businessman, tremendously successful, and rich! Anyhow, he needs a good, down-to-earth general practitioner. Are you interested? Wait here." He ran to a telephone booth, talked for some time, and then came back with a broad smile on his face. "You always were lucky in a critical moment," he said. "Really, it's fantastic that we ran into each other. It's settled. I convinced him you are the right man. Tomorrow, at eight in the morning, he expects you at his factory." He wrote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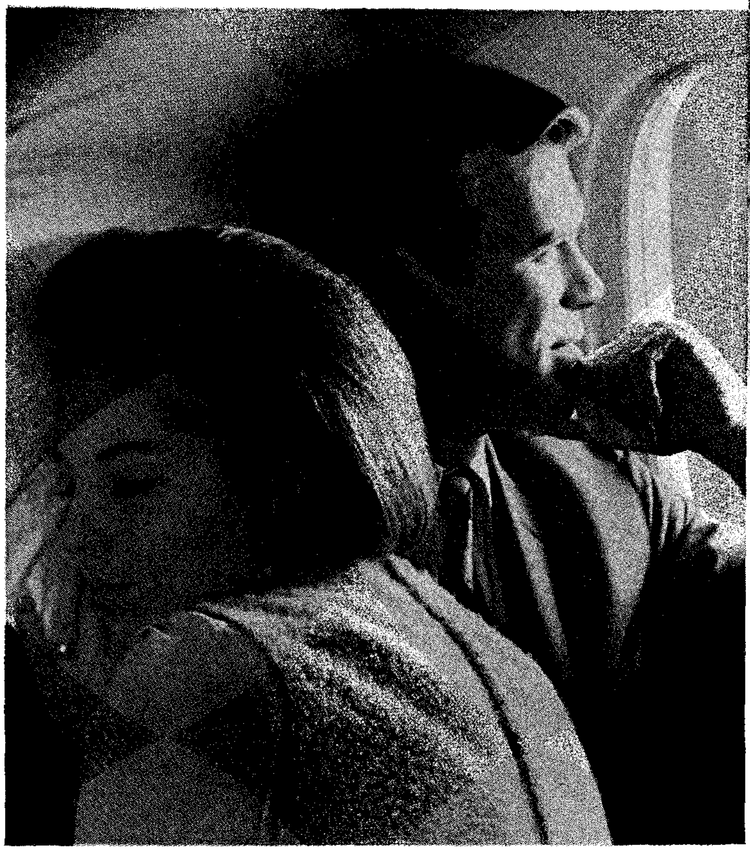

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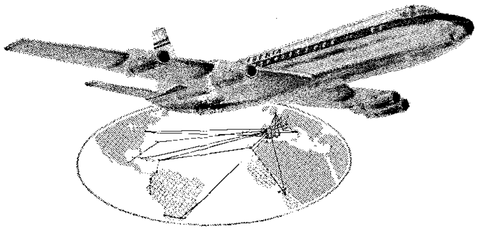

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down the address on the margin of a *Paris-Midi.* "Give me a ring afterward," he said.

Next morning at six, I set out for Neuilly. It was a complicated trip; after the last Métro stop, I had to change buses three times to get to the address Klein had given me: a giant square filled with timber. The air resounded with the noise of wood saws, and a fine snow of sawdust fell upon me. In the office, a young, very pretty girl was manicuring her nails and humming a popular song that went *"J'attendrai, le jour et la nuit j'attendrai toujours."* She refused to believe that M. Zuckerberg was waiting for me. "Every salesman says the same."

"But I am a doctor," I said.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, and rushed to a loudspeaker.

Hardly a second later, a man stormed through the door. "Where is the doctor?" he shouted. He was clad like a lumberjack, in torn overalls—a man of about sixty, six feet two and broad-shouldered. "I am M. Zuckerberg," he announced. "Follow me!"

We entered his office. He closed the door and brusquely stripped to the waist. I took my stethoscope from one pocket and blood-pressure apparatus from another. I examined him thoroughly while he rested on a couch. I noticed that he had a large scar above his right eyebrow. After I had finished, I said, "You are all right."

"Listen once again," he said. "At the insertion of the left fourth rib on the sternum there is a murmur."

I listened again. "No murmur," I said.

"Dr. *Klein* always found the murmur."

"I don't hear it."

"Didn't he tell you that I have heart disease?"

"No."

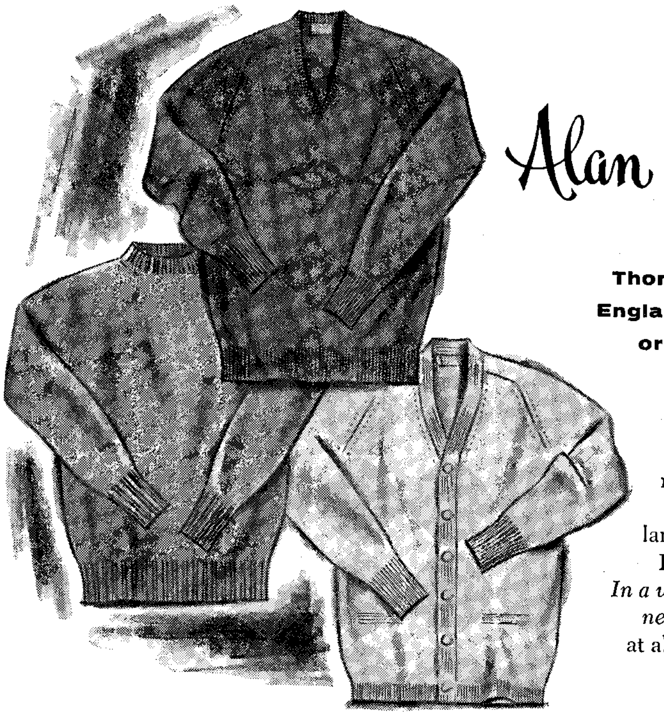
M. Zuckerberg pulled up his overalls. "At 8 P.M. I expect you at my home," he said. "With your suitcase."

"I don't understand," I said.

"You're my personal physician, aren't you? Didn't Klein tell you anything? I need to have a doctor at hand. You will sleep in the room next to mine. Around eleven at night, I have palpitations and dyspnea. And even during the day it happens occasionally. There's a comfortable room here at the mill for you to use during the day. Any books you want you just have to ask for. You'll have them next day. Your salary will be three thousand a month and full maintenance. Agreed?"

"No," I said, without hesitation.

He looked at me from curious little



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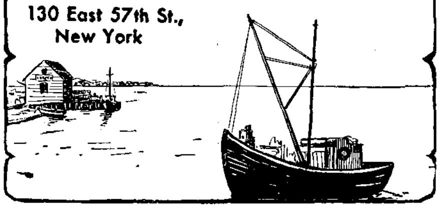

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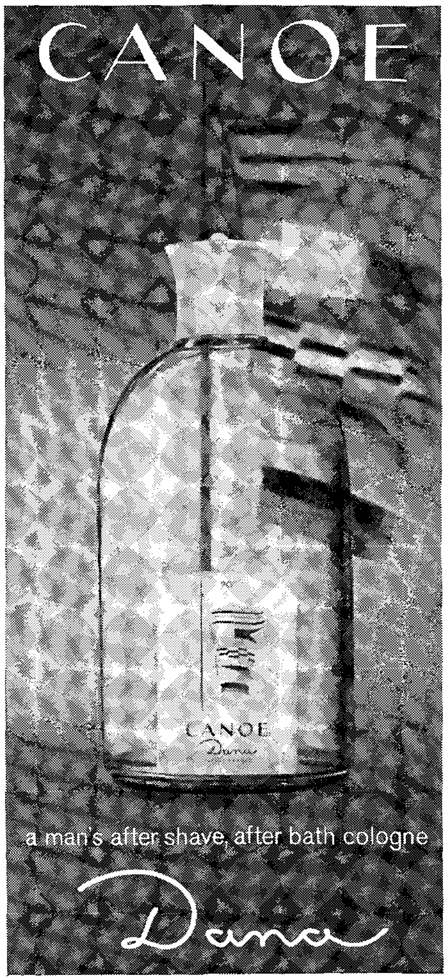

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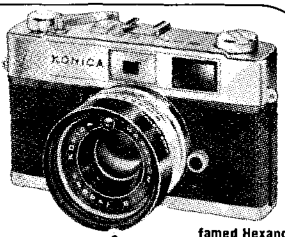
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eyes; his lower lip reached upward, touching his nose. "All right," he said. "I can get refugee doctors—as many as I want."

"That's fine with me," I said.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'll give you five hundred more."

"But you don't understand," I said. "I'm married and have a small child."

M. Zuckerberg paced up and down. "O.K. I'll give you two afternoons off."

"Let me think it over."

"At 8 P.M. sharp! *Au revoir.*"

When I got back to the small hotel where we lived, I telephoned Klein. "It's absolute slavery," I said. "What is this man?"

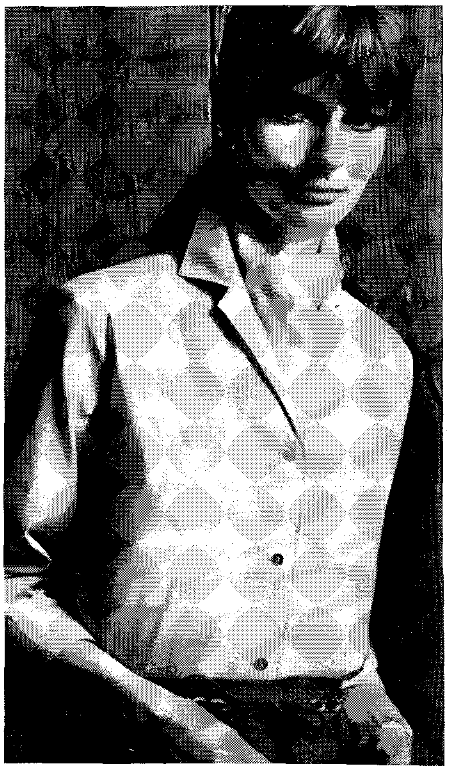
"A perfect regression into *Kindheitsideen*—the primitive fear of a three-year-old child. It's nothing. Anyway, it's a temporary job. Don't be an idiot."

I discussed everything with my wife, Maria. We had no choice. At eight in the evening, I rang the bell at a door on the Avenue de la Grande-Armée. A servant in livery opened the door and led me to my room, which was furnished in Empire style. I had hardly had time to unpack my clothing when the same servant entered, bowed, and announced that dinner was served.

Around the table, the family was assembled—Mme. Zuckerberg, in a blue evening gown with a deep décolletage, M. Zuckerberg and his son, an overfed teen-ager, in tuxedos. Mme. Zuckerberg had a fine oval face and warm brown eyes; compared to her husband, she looked tiny. But during the meal she led the conversation, speaking a fast Parisian French. The impending visit of the British royal couple was the talk of Paris, and Mme. Zuckerberg thought it would be a deterrent to any ambitions Hitler might have for conquering Europe. "*N'est-ce pas?*" She turned to me. "*Il est fou!*"

The meal was superb. At the beginning, I felt self-conscious in my business suit, which was not even freshly pressed, but soon I took part in the conversation. I agreed with Mme. Zuckerberg about the Führer's mental status but thought that more should be done to check his ambitions. Mme. Zuckerberg assented. Her husband was mostly silent, uttering only a few "Hmm"s.

After dinner, I went up to my room, lay down on a couch, and read a book called "La Rue du Chat-qui-Pêche," which dealt with the problems of refugees in Paris. I heard M. Zuckerberg pacing up and down in his room. Then I fell asleep. I awoke to find M.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Zuckerberg standing before me in his nightshirt; he was panting heavily and calling my name. He tottered back to his room and lay down on his bed. I placed my stethoscope on his chest. His heartbeat was regular, his chest clear and free of rales.

"You are all right," I said. I must have sounded slightly annoyed.

M. Zuckerberg sat up. "Repeat it," he said.

"You're all right. Fine, fine, fine!"

"You sound convincing," he said, and lay back. A few minutes later, he was snoring peacefully.

A servant woke me at six. After I finished my toilet, I found M. Zuckerberg sitting at a breakfast table that had been set up on the terrace outside his bedroom. It was a wonderfully clear spring morning, and there was an uninterrupted view to the Place de la Concorde at the end of the Champs-Élysées. M. Zuckerberg looked rested and had rosy cheeks; his appetite was splendid. After breakfast, we went downstairs, where a large black Citroën was waiting, a uniformed chauffeur standing at attention by the open door. He bowed as we entered the car.

In Neuilly, M. Zuckerberg changed into his overalls, and I was taken to my daytime quarters—a comfortable room stacked with books. Through a window, I watched M. Zuckerberg lift heavy pieces of lumber and gesture and shout at his workers. At intervals, he would stagger into my room, panting, and ask for an examination.

We returned to the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, had dinner, and retired to our rooms.

At eleven that night, M. Zuckerberg had his regular attack. And so it went, day after day. His energy remained undiminished, but soon I was exhausted. One night after his attack, I said to him, "M. Zuckerberg, won't you tell me a bit about these fears of yours? After all—"

His tousled black eyebrows lifted. "I hired you as a G.P., didn't I?"

"Yes, but you are healthy. There must be psychological reasons for your complaints."

"For *those*, I have an analyst," he said in a curt voice. "Three times a week—five hundred francs a session. *He* investigates my Oedipus complex. Now let me sleep. Tomorrow I have a busy day."

In spite of this exchange, little by little something like a human relationship developed between us. One week, he offered me a third afternoon off. Mme. Zuckerberg would invite me for walks in their beautiful park, explaining

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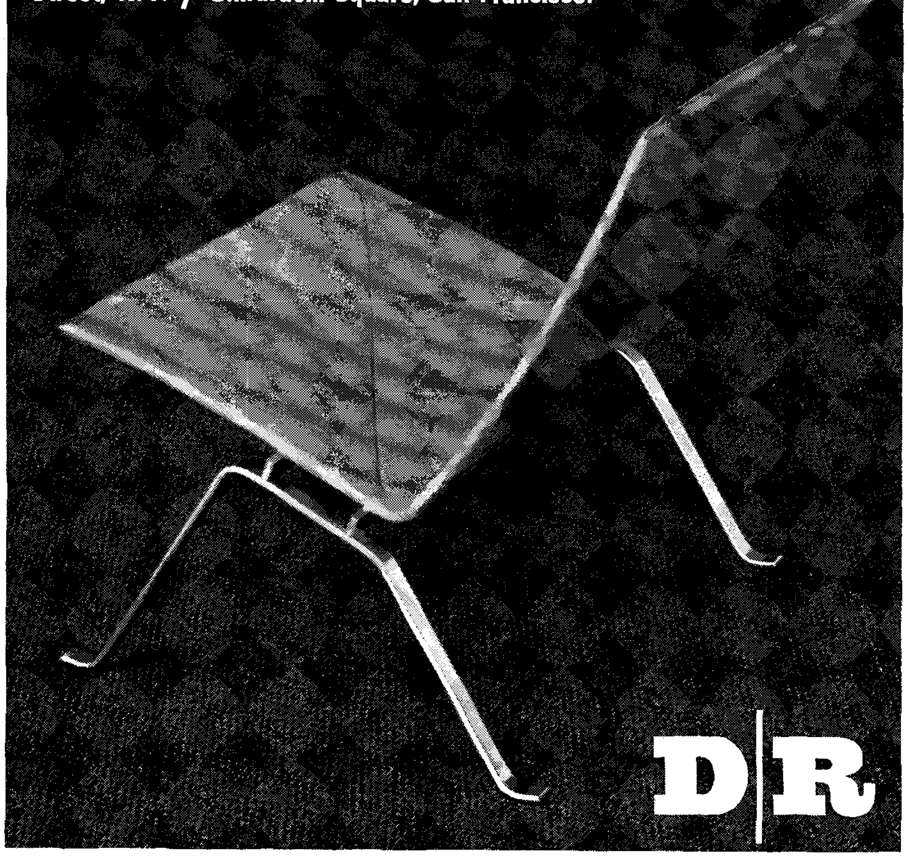

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to me how hard it was to cultivate exotic flowers in the uneven Paris climate. She was an educated woman, well read. She loved baroque music. Often we would sit in the park, talking. She would tell me what a kind, fine man her husband was—a tender, understanding being, although a self-made man. "But what a life," she said one time, weeping, "with a doctor as his sleeping companion!" I could have wept with her.

In the middle of the summer, I accompanied M. Zuckerberg on a business trip to Rumania, where he bought forests in the mountains of Transylvania. From Bucharest we travelled to Rome, where M. Zuckerberg negotiated with the Italian government to plant trees in the dried Pontine Marshes. From Rome we took the train north, along the Italian Riviera to the Côte d'Azur, to rest. As we travelled through San Remo, Ospedaletti, Bordighera, the scent of blooming roses everywhere filled our compartment. The change of scene had done nothing for my patient's complaint. He slept in the lower berth, and at his familiar summons I would crawl down the ladder with my stethoscope and blood-pressure apparatus. Afterward, I would listen to M. Zuckerberg's sonorous snoring until the dawn filtered through the fringes of the drawn curtains.

It was in Marseille, after returning from the diner one evening, that M. Zuckerberg, in a reflective mood, finally spoke of his past. "You're a fine, smart man," he said. "And I'm a dope. I make millions, and I even have the Officer's Cross of the Legion of Honor. But what the hell do I get out of my fortune! Nothing. Doctors, doctors, and again doctors. What a pity." He sank back on the plush seat of the compartment. Taking long pauses, he told me his story.

He was born and raised in Kishinev, a Russian town inhabited by many Jews, near the Rumanian border. He was the youngest of eight children, all boys. All would eventually have to serve in the Czar's Army, a terrible ordeal for Jewish boys. There was no legal way of getting a passport for a boy so that he could escape to a foreign country, and the Zuckerbergs decided on a desperate measure to save one son at least. They would raise the youngest, Moishe, as a girl. In the town's registry, he was entered as "Judith." He wore girl's clothes. The secret was kept among fellow-Jews. Years passed. Around the turn of the century, there was a pogrom in Kishinev that in cruel-

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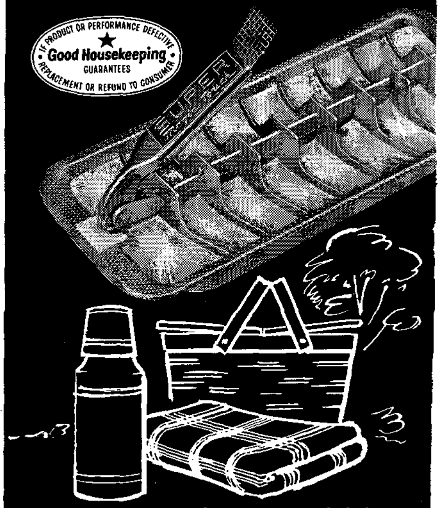
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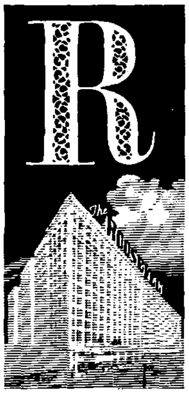

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ty surpassed any of the routine pogroms in the realm of the Czar. Several of the Zuckerberg boys and their father were killed, and Moishe-Judith's forehead was struck by a Cossack's sabre. It was after this that the mother applied for passports for herself and her daughter—quite a problem, for the girl had grown into a giant. Somehow, they obtained them and made their way to Paris. There, for the first time in his life, Moishe (now called Marcel) wore men's clothing. He was twenty-one years old.

"I have told my story a hundred times to psychiatrists," M. Zuckerberg continued, "but they say that my psychological trauma developed long before my forced 'transvestism,' as they call it. Who knows? Doctor, please be honest—is my heart really healthy?"

"It is, M. Zuckerberg," I said. "Believe me!"

In the fall of 1938, I received a commission as a physician on the Ivory Coast, and I left M. Zuckerberg in the care of another refugee G.P. A year later, I returned to Paris and again became his physician—or, rather, his consultant, for he kept his other G.P. as a routine watchdog. The money I received for my services became the backbone of our meagre income. In June, 1940, before the Germans entered Paris, I once more said goodbye to M. Zuckerberg. On this occasion, he said, "*Au revoir, Docteur*. I hope we shall meet again in this life."

THE waitresses of the Tip Toe Inn began to set the tables for dinner. M. Zuckerberg ordered another cup of coffee. "The last one," he promised. We had talked for nearly an hour, mostly about our hasty exits from Europe.

"*Alors, cher Docteur*," M. Zuckerberg said in summation. "*C'est la vie.* My son is a prisoner of war in Germany. He sends us letters through the Red Cross. I know the Boches don't feed their prisoners too well. His mother always cautioned him not to eat so much. Poor Étienne." He looked reflective for a moment. "Tell me—you haven't said what you do besides study English. Are you earning a living?"

"You wouldn't believe it," I said, "but I'm precisely in the state I was in when I first met you—penniless and waiting for a damned license!"

"Ah," said M. Zuckerberg. "*Je regrette beaucoup que je ne peux pas vous aider.*" A deeply troubled look crossed his face, and then he laughed. "But well, what's the use of thinking

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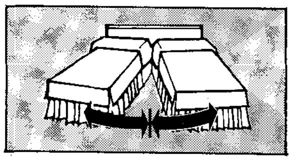
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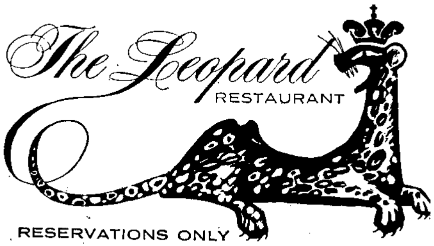
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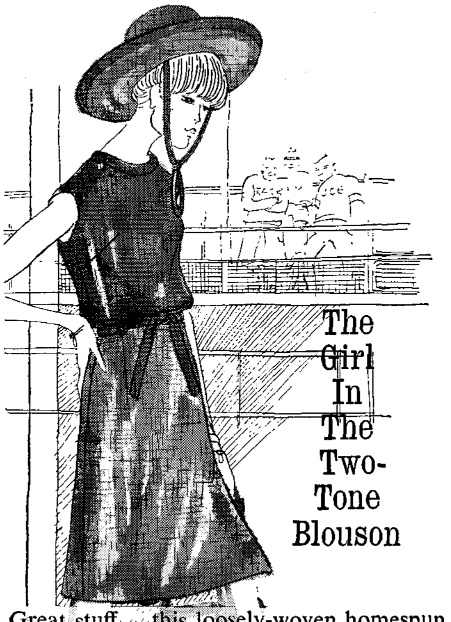
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what it would be like if I still needed my doctors!"

"By the way," I said, "how did it stop—the palpitations you complained about."

Zuckerberg's eyes became brighter, and he smiled. "It was in Lisbon. Finally, we got there from Bordeaux. Safety! The only thing we could afford was one of those small hotels near the port—no bathroom, no decent plumbing, and one bedroom for the first time in our married lives! We were very tired after our trip and went to bed early. I lay wide awake, thinking what would happen two hours from then, and what it would be like later, here in New York, without money, and no house doctor, no psychiatrist, no consultant. I felt helpless, abandoned. I needed someone to talk to. I spoke to Alice. No answer. I had never known what a sound sleeper Alice was. She began to snore while I was talking to her. I looked at my watch; it was nine. And then I must have fallen asleep, too. Suddenly I felt that familiar tight feeling in my throat." He clutched his throat and simulated a look of fright. "I opened my eyes. Broad daylight! I shook Alice and said, 'Can you imagine, I slept through the entire night!' She opened one eye, looked at me in disbelief, and went back to sleep. The following night, no palpitations; the next night, no palpitations; and since then, *none!* I've often thought what brought that change about. Didn't my heart become stronger because I needed it more? What do you think, Doctor?" He picked up the check. He did not look at me. "Just the same, Doctor," he said, in a wistful voice, "would you mind listening to my heart—occasionally?"

I said I would be glad to.

We stood. M. Zuckerberg slapped the table. "It's the only good thing that son of a bitch Hitler did for me," he said. —RICHARD BERCZELLER

•

The inclemency—wind, rain, the lightning, and thunder—held attendance to 1,023. At the close of the Mozart Symphony, the hardy souls on the lawn and in the free seats were invited inside and the canvas curtains were drawn. The resulting intimacy hinted at what we are missing. —*Chicago Tribune.*

Keep your mind on the music!

•

Three days after the kidnap attempt Mrs. Ahlborg spotted an armed prowler sulking in the yard of her parents' home. —*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Blue Monday, probably.

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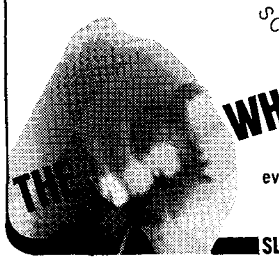

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Schatten Affair, by Frederic Morton (Atheneum). A wonderfully imaginative and vigorous story about present-day Berlin. Leon Spey, a highly gifted but habitually self-deriding American public-relations expert, comes to Berlin to promote the opening of the latest of the worldwide Dowle luxury hotels. Leon, a Jew, born in Austria, approaches the bland, prosperous, brand-new Berlin in a state of ironic exhilaration that is next door to madness, and he soon finds that the only sane place available to him in the city lies behind the almost inaccessible walls of the great estate where Prince Schatten lives wrapped in mystery and silence. Mr. Morton's characterizations are deft and worldly; Leon, Irene Ahn-Schatten-du Sard (the Beautiful), Dr. Ida Holze (the Dreadful), gentle Uncle Julius, and the others are well and clearly drawn, and they are all very much alive.

GENERAL

Notes from a Sea Diary: Hemingway All the Way, by Nelson Algren (Putnam). A rambunctious account of a lowlife trip to the Orient (shipboard poker, waterfront sharpies, and sailor-town whores and whoring) that also includes a hard-headed attack on currently fashionable literary critics of the sort for whom (in the ringing words of one of them) "a book is assumed to be guilty until it proves itself innocent," plus a passionate appreciation of Ernest Hemingway's work. Mr. Algren's travel sketches have a kind of cheerful burlesque idiocy, and his sections on Hemingway, though shrewd and perceptive, are perhaps a bit too wholly approving. It is his detection and demonstration of the pretensions, evasions, and asininities of those critics that give his book its weight and worth.

The Long Fuse: An Interpretation of the Origins of World War I, by Laurence Lafore (Lippincott). An excellent brief history, emphasizing the Balkan and East European origins of a conflict that Western Europeans and Americans tend to blame on Western tensions, such as Anglo-German naval rivalry. Mr. Lafore thinks that the decline of Turkey and the competition between Russia and Austria-Hungary—the raw material of the assorted Eastern crises and Balkan wars of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—were more important. His swift, coherent narrative sets these sorry tales in understandable order and explains their importance to the destiny of Europe. On the question of war guilt, he offers an important reminder: no influential European of 1914 conceived that a modern war could last longer than six weeks. Mr. Lafore does not dispute Germany's eagerness for a military solution of her Austrian ally's problems, but no German wished for the war that happened.

The Hunt, by Maurice Sachs, translated by Richard Howard (Stein & Day). Sachs was a minor French literary figure, a Jew, and a homosexual. This sequel to his autobiography, "Witches' Sabbath," covers his last years. He fled Paris before the Germans arrived in 1940, but then decided that he was too insignificant for anyone to bother about, and returned. He proved to be correct, and for a while he lived a high life in Paris by embezzling and dealing in gold. In 1942, he turned up as a factory worker in Hamburg, and the next year he disappeared. Sachs's opinions are not as interesting as he thought (the two purest passions this book records are for Colette's works and for the German character), but his experiences are of the greatest documentary interest.

Kepler's Dream, by Johannes Kepler, with an introduction by John Lear; translated from the Latin by Patricia Frueh Kirkwood (University of California Press). Surely one of the oddest and most remarkable scientific works ever produced. Kepler (1571-1630), one of the greatest of all astronomers, was under constant pressure from the Lutheran Church because of his Copernican views. (His mother had been tried as a witch and, although acquitted, died as a result of her treatment while awaiting trial.) Therefore, he cast his most radical ideas in the form of a "dream," in which he

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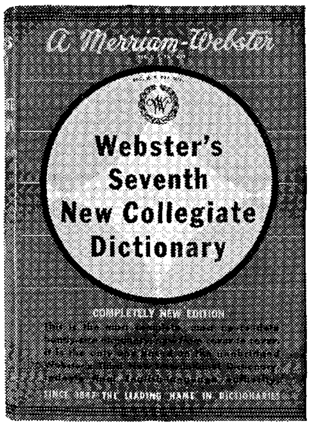
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travels to the moon and has a chance to reveal his most profound astronomical views. The dream is written in a highly allegorical style, which Mr. Lear beautifully unravels in his long introduction. Kepler deals with all aspects of lunar travel, and his writing ranges from the purest fancy, as when he describes the lunar reptiles ("It is wonderful how they expose themselves to the sun at midday, as if for pleasure"), to the purest science, as when, in a casual footnote, he makes an absolutely clear statement of the law of universal gravitation—this being more than half a century before Newton reformulated it in exact mathematical language and used it to deduce the marvellous planetary regularities that Kepler had postulated.

VERSE

About the House, by W. H. Auden (Random House). The turn taken by Auden's later poetry could not have been foreseen in the early and experimental stages of twentieth-century verse. In this latest collection, written during the poet's own forties and fifties, no flattened-out replicas of early experimental writing occur. All is inventive, inquisitive, ingenious—and, in the best sense, light, with currents from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries frequently perceptible. Often cryptic to a degree, Auden completely avoids the inflated and the wistful. He succeeds in exploring the most crucial aspects of his world and time without yielding to the trivial or the frivolous. And his poems reflect, even in their most startling eccentricities, a sensibility continually being renewed, not merely shifted around into old stylistic (and other) patterns. Firmly located in the present, the poems often let intimations of the future appear—a future the poet contemplates without fear or favor. This book, like all original work, requires the alertness of an unjaded audience, since there has been nothing quite like it in English verse annals.

•

Tomorrow night's $100-a-plate Democratic Congressional fund-raising dinner appears to be a solid success—the promoters have booked an overflow dinner crowd of 2,875 into the Washington Hilton Hotel on top of about 5,500 that are not expected at the D.C. Armory.

—*Washington Star.*

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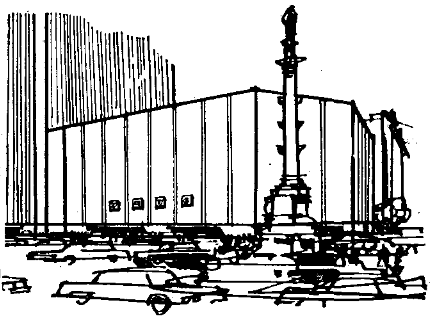

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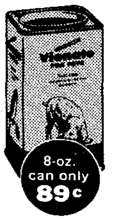

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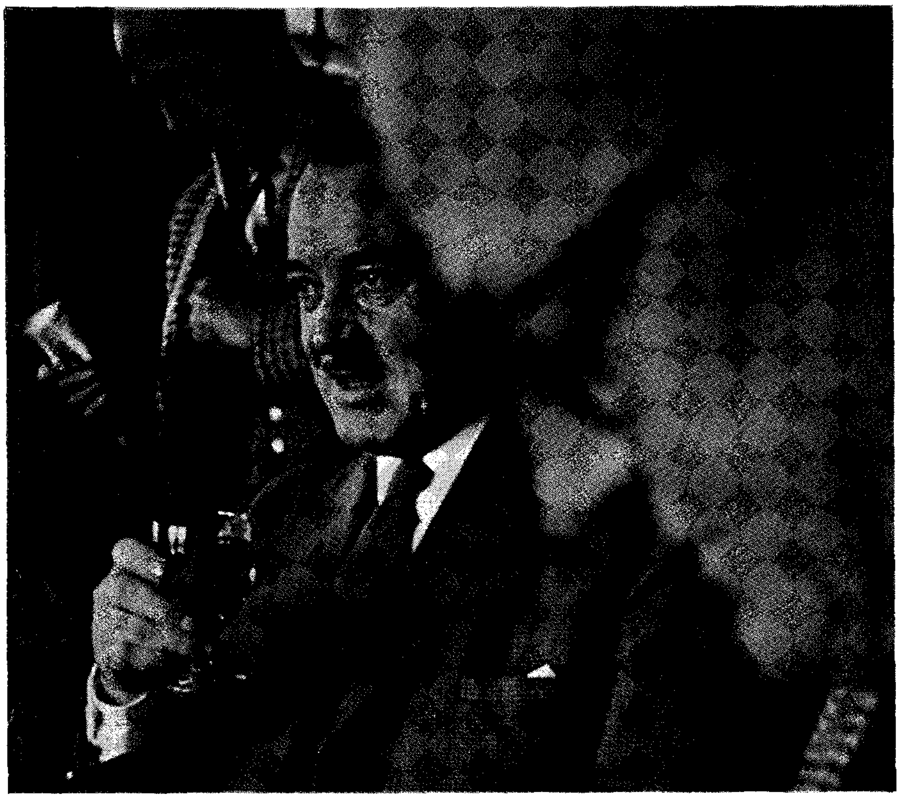

George Thomson, Director and master blender of John Walker & Sons, shown here at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club, Scotland.

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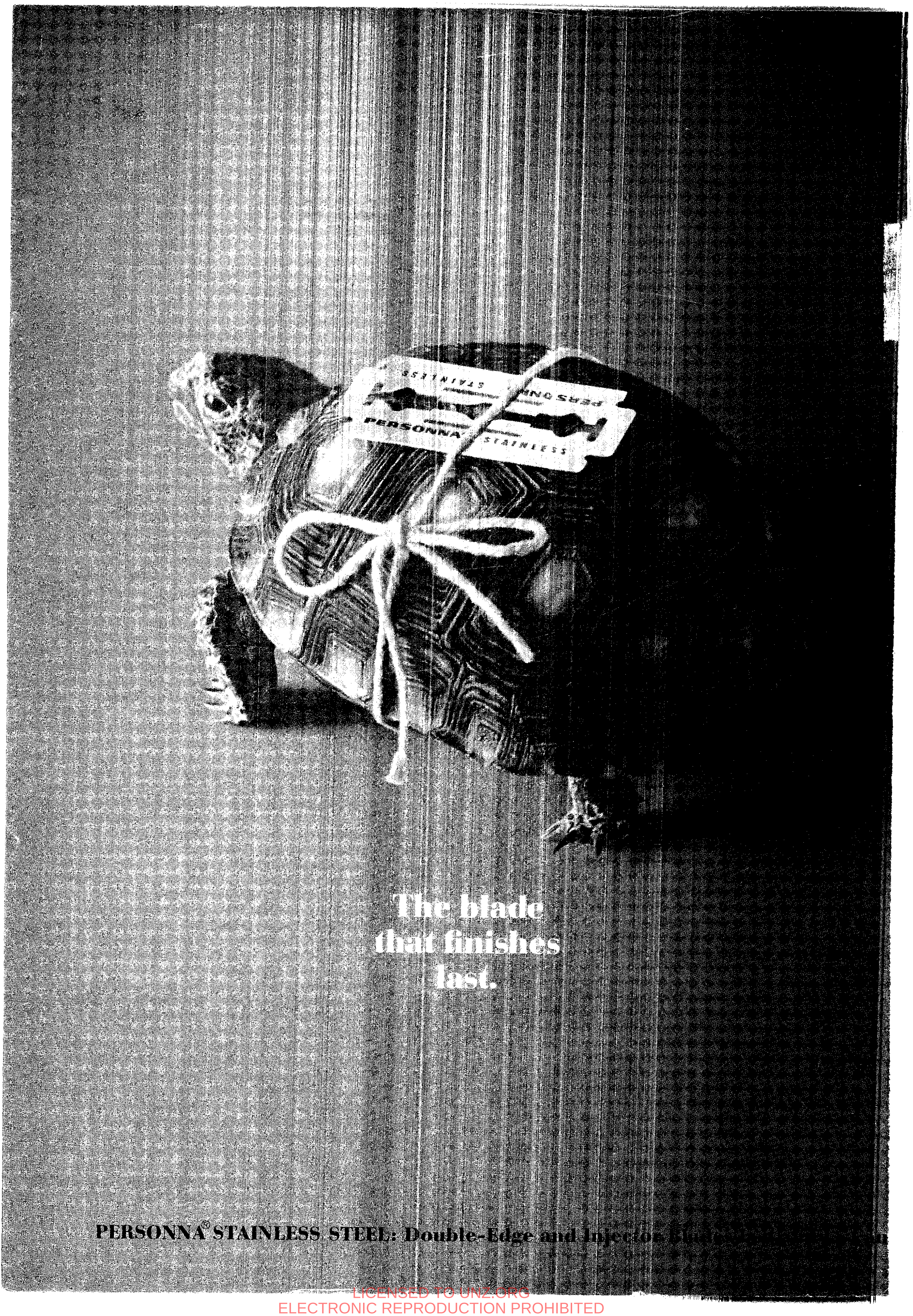
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